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EDINBURGH:

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LODOISKA;

AN

OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

J. P. KEMBLE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FOLANDERS.

PRINCE LUPAUSKI,	<i>Mr Aickin.</i>
COUNT FLORESKI,	<i>Mr Kelly.</i>
BARON LOVINSKI,	<i>Mr Palmer.</i>
VARBEL,	<i>Mr Suett.</i>
ADOLPHUS,	<i>Mr Caulfield.</i>
GUSTAVUS,	<i>Mr Trueman.</i>
SEBASTIAN,	<i>Mr Fairbrother.</i>
MICHAEL,	<i>Mr Bland.</i>
CASIMIR,	<i>Mr Benson.</i>
STANISLAUS,	<i>Mr Webb.</i>
1 PAGE,	<i>Master Welsh.</i>
2 PAGE,	<i>Master Gregson.</i>
PRINCESS LODOISKA,	<i>Mrs Crouch.</i>

Captives.—Guards and Attendants.

TARTARS.

KERA KHAN,	<i>Mr Barrymore.</i>
ITHORAK,	<i>Mr Dignum.</i>
KHOR,	<i>Mr Sedgwick.</i>
JAPHIS,	<i>Mr Bannister.</i>
KAJAH,	<i>Mr C. Kemble.</i>
TAMURI,	<i>Mr Banks.</i>
CAMAZIN,	<i>Mr Boimaiscn.</i>

The Horde.

LODOISKA.

ACT I: OVERTURE.

The Act begins towards sun-set ; the Scene lies upon the borders of Poland, and represents a moated castle in the Forest of Ostropol.

CHORUS OF TARTARS.

Ithorak—Khor.

Let's advance ; we see no danger,
All around is hush as night.

Japhis and other Tartars.

To each heart pale fear's a stranger,
Honour bids us to the fight.

*Kera Khan, Kajah, Tamuri, Camasin, and the rest of
the Tartars.*

CHORUS—Horde.

Kera Khan, whene'er you head us,
Dauntless to the charge we go ;
Gallant chief, then instant lead us
On to conquest, and our foe.

Kera Khan. Here, my friends, here stands the castle of Lovinski.—This cruel Polander is the scourge of his own little territory, and a devouring plague to our Tartar tribes; but the hour of retribution is at hand.—We are too few to storm it now; to-morrow's dawn—I lose time.—Attend; line all the outlets of the forest, and seize on every passenger you meet with; but, I command you, spare the lives of those who fall into your hands.—Remember, my brave comrades, the innocent should never suffer for the guilty, nor must we purchase our revenge at the price of justice and humanity.—To your posts;—be-gone. [*Exeunt all the Tartars, except KERA KHAN and ITHORAK.*] The day declines apace; much is to be done before morning.—No stragglers to give information!—no watch upon the towers!—the ramparts naked!—Is this fear or design?—No matter which.—Come, let us examine farther the situation of this devoted fortress. [*Exeunt.*

Enter COUNT FLORESKI.

AIR.

Lodoiska, wide over the world
 I'll roam, till I find thee, my fair;
 Thy charms shall banish
 Cold despair:
 Love's torch shall illumine
 The desert's thick gloom,
 And guide with cheering ray
 The pilgrim's doubtful way.
 But, alas!
 Should cruel destiny ordain,
 That our true love
 Must hapless prove,
 And we are ne'er to meet again,
 Its malice I'll defy,
 And for my Lodoiska die.

Enter VAREEL, with a Portmanteau.

Var. Vastly well, sir, vastly well; you seem in

tip-top spirits ; sing away, sing away. I told you I saw the portmanteau fall ; but the Tartars have gallop'd clear off with the poor beasts ; I thought them as safe grazing there, as if they had been in our own stables.—Well, we have miss'd the road to the village, and here we are, wand'ring on foot, in the heart of the forest of Ostropol.

Count. It was your fault, that they discovered the horses.

Varb. Yes, and it was my fault too, that they did not discover us.—A house !—then all my fears are over. I thought we should never have found an end to this black wood ; and, to tell you the truth, I had made up my mind to the comfortable prospect of passing the night in the arms of one of the bears that were howling about us.—Won't you go in, sir ?—though I see no body there to open the door to us.

Count. I shall gain no intelligence in this sequestered corner. I don't know what to do.

Varb. I know what you should not have done ; you shouldn't have given your vote to a candidate, who was opposed by your mistress's proud father.

Count. Not given it ?—Called to the election of a king, honour exacted the performance of my promise ; my friend obtain'd the crown of Poland ; I discharged my duty to my country ; and we should hold every sacrifice cheap, to maintain a good man on a throne.

Varb. Very true, sir ; but, all of a sudden, you seem to forget, that, for that very reason, prince Lupauski had discharged himself of his promise to give you his daughter Lodoiska.

Count. Cruel father ! Why so mysteriously conceal the place of her retreat ?

Varb. But, dear sir, consider she can't be conceal'd for ever. Now wou'dn't it be more natural to get back to Warsaw as fast as we can, and wait there till her father sends for the princess home again ? It

must happen sooner or later. That's certainly the best way; and, for my part, I won't budge a step for all the Lodoiskas in Christendom.

Count. Is this your regard, your fidelity? Come on this moment, or——

Varb. Sir, recollect, we have fasted all day: I can't live upon love, if you can; I am almost starved, and I must eat—I did not fetch the portmanteau for nothing.——I can't stir.

Count. Wretch! you are for ever embittering my griefs with your upbraidings! Why wou'd you follow me?

Varb. Why?—why wou'd I follow you? Why, because my heart got the better of my head, and made me resolve, in spite of common sense, to accompany your search, that I might carry half the load of your griefs for you.

Count. Forgive me, my true fellow.

Varb. Come, don't be melancholy; I won't eat, if you don't like it.—I must try to divert him.—It's I that have most cause to be out of spirits; every thing going on so smooth with the old prince, the happy morning fix'd with the young princess;—there was I practising how to behave myself, as master of the ceremonies, among the musicians, singers, dancers, lords, and ladies, on your wedding day.

SONG.

I.

Hark! hark! the music—
 Oh! charming dinning!
 The guests are seated,
 They're all beginning
 With the dancing fiddle,
 Shrill squeaking hautboy,
 The tinkling harp too,
 Soft am'rous flute, sir,

The lively trumpet,
The drum so angry,
The bells so merry,
The buzzing cymbal,
The grumbling basso——
And these delights I've lost
By your wedding's being cross

II.

Look, look around, sir.
The grave ones bridle,
The youths all noddle,
The maidens siddle
To the dancing fiddle,
Shrill squeaking hautboy
The tinkling harp too,
Soft am'rous flute, sir,
And lively trumpet,
The drum so angry,
The bells so merry,
The buzzing cymbal,
And grumbling basso——
Oh, wouldn't it vex one to miss
Such a ravishing concert as this!

Count. My dear Varbel, we have lately pick'd up some information; search with me but one day longer,—

Varb. Heavens and earth!—but where will you search for her?

Count. Here, every where, in every corner of the earth.—Oh, Lodoiska! Lodoiska!

Enter KERA KHAN and ITHORAK.

Varb. As I hope to be saved, sir, there are a couple of Tartars.

Count. With all my heart.

Varb. With all your heart! Egad, that's very pretty talking.—Now, I suppose, if you don't cut their throats, they'll cut ours.

Count. Dare you fight, Varbel?

Varb. I can't tell, I never tried.—But you're a good master, and I'll stand by you to the last gasp.

Ithorak. From the castle, doubtless.

Kera Khan. And shall give us information.

[*ITHORAK draws a pistol, which KERA KHAN strikes out of his hand.*]

QUARTETTO.

Kera Khan—Ithorak.

Yield your arms on noble quarter;
Yield; resistance is in vain.

Floreski—Varbel.

No; first win them, haughty Tartar;
Base surrender we disdain.

Kera Khan—Ithorak.

Yield, &c.

Floreski—Varbel.

No, &c.

[*They engage. VARBEL drives ITHORAK before him, KERA KHAN is disarmed; VARBEL returns with ITHORAK'S sword.*]

Kera Khan. Thou art brave, and should'st be generous; I ask my life; I should have spar'd thine.

Varb. Don't believe him; there are millions of them about: He is only laying a trap to catch you at disadvantage.

Kera Khan. Liar!—

Count. Hold! I trust to your faith.

[*Gives him his sword.*]

Kera Khan. Young man, my obligations to thee shall live in my heart.

[*A tumultuous noise of Tartars is heard.*]

Varb. There, there, I told you so! I knew you'd

throw us into the hands of these Tartars again, and I can't go on fighting all night.

Kera Khan. These Tartars are at my command.

Enter all the Tartars, headed by ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, KAJAH, TAMURI, and CAMAZIN.

Halt! halt! respect these strangers; they are under my protection.

Ithorak. Protection! Kill the slaves.

Kera Khan. Ha! do you growl, cur?

[Throws ITHORAK to the ground.]

Ithorak. Mercy! mercy!

Kera Khan. Arise; and let the mercy I extend teach thee to feel for others.—Put up. *[The Tartars all sheath their swords.]* You spared my life, I have preserved yours. Give me your esteem, and let this embrace confirm us friends. *[KERA KHAN and COUNT, VARBEL and ITHORAK, embrace.]*

Count. For ever.

Kera Khan. Tell me, do you belong to the castle? Came you from it when we attacked you?

Count. No; we are utter strangers here.

Kera Khan. What is your name?

Count. I am the count Floreski.

Kera Khan. What is thy name?

Varb. I can't say that I have acquired any very great name yet, sir.—I am the lowly, but faithful, 'Squire of this unhappy young gentleman.

Kera Khan. Unhappy, say'st thou? What can I do for thee?

Count. Nothing can relieve my woes, till I find her, for whom alone I live.

Kera Khan. O, love is thy complaint; that's a pain that never disturbs us Tartars; though we love pretty women heartily too,—and have plenty of them.

Count. You never saw my Lodoiska.

Kera Khan. Shall we conduct you on your way to her?

Count. Alas! I know not where to find her.

Kera Khan. What! wand'ring through these deserts after her, without knowing where she is to be found? Are there no other women in the world?

Varb. Egad, that's a very sensible question.

Count. No, none for me.

Kera Khan. Why then we Tartars love women better than you do; for we are fond of all we meet with. Can I in any way alleviate thy grief?

Count. Impossible!

Kera Khan. We'll talk no more on't then; if I cannot comfort, my curiosity shall not afflict thee.—I must be gone.—Once more remember, these strangers are our friends.

QUARTETTO AND CHORUS.

Kera Khan, Ithorak, Khor, Japhis.

We swear, and all our hordes around us,
By the swift arrow and the bow,
Tho' countless perils should surround us,
Who injures them becomes our foe.

Floreski.

Accept our thanks, illustrious chief,
Thy faith and courage well we know,
And, if it could admit relief,
Such friends might sooth Floreski's woe.

CHORUS—*Horde.*

We swear, and all our hordes around us,
By the swift arrow and the bow,
Tho' countless perils should surround us,
Who injures them becomes our foe.

Kera Khan. Before we part, Floreski, I wou'd yet farther deserve your regard: think not the thirst of

plunder drew Kera Khan into these cantons; the baron Lovinski, whose castle you behold,—

Count. Lovinski?

Kera Khan. Soon shall he feel my vengeance. I was examining the place; and to prevent surprise, had charged my followers to disarm and secure all passengers.—Knock at his gates; he will not surely refuse a shelter to his countrymen; tell him you have been attacked by the Tartars, by Kera Khan—he knows my name.—As I cannot answer for all our parties that are abroad to-night, I advise you to beg a lodging under his roof; but remember to fly far from it early in the morning;—early in the morning;—remember that.—Give me your hand:—Adieu, my gallant friend!—Think sometimes of Kera Khan, and, if ever you want his help, you shall see how he will serve you.—March!

[*Exeunt KERA KHAN and Tartars.*]

Varb. 'Egad, these Tartars are fine fellows!

Count. And, for that reason, you were going to chop off the head of their leader.

Varb. The heat of the battle ran away with me; a man has not his courage always at command.

Count. Lovinski!—I think he is a dependent of Lodoiska's father.

Varb. Is he? he'll be no friend of your's then; don't think of lodging here.—Do, sir, let's take a mouthful, and then pack up and return.

Count. Again return!—but do you as you will.

Varb. [*Taking victuals out of the portmanteau.*] Come, my dear master;—look, under their old grated window, there's a snug hospitable porch for us. [*Sits down in the niche.*] They can't see us here.—
[*Eating.*] Are you hungry?

Count. No, not I.

Varb. I am very—that little tilting bout with the

Tartar has so sharpened my stomach, that I cou'd eat —'gad, I believe I cou'd eat the Tartar himself.

Count. An adventure of a strange nature !

Varb. Don't let it surprise you too much ; I dare say, it is not the last we shall light upon ; we are in a fine train for adventures.—Sir, your good health ! [*A large stone falls from the tower.*] Holla ! here's an adventure already, of a nature to crack a man's crown.—Are they throwing the stones of the tower at me ?—I may as well leave table.—'Much obliged to you ; but I'm not used to deserts at my dinner, and always thought wall-fruit particularly unwholesome.

Count. Silence !—don't I see a hand moving there ? Stand still, Varbel.

Varb. Not I, indeed ; if you wish to have an old house about your ears, I don't. [*Another stone falls from the tower, with a paper fastened to it.*]

Count. A second ! what can this mean ?

Varb. I'll tell you ; it means, that the good people here aren't fond of company who are not invited ; and this is civilly to give us notice, that, if we don't decamp in a moment, we shall have the rest of the castle to carry away on our shoulders.

Count. [*Taking up the first stone.*] What do I see ? writing !—Varbel—read, read, what is scratched here.

Varb. [*Reading.*] “ Oh, Floreski !—It is Floreski.” —Are you sure there are no witches in this wood ?

Count. Who can know me in this solitude ?—Ha ! give me the other.

Varb. [*Giving the second stone.*] Ha ! here's a paper.

Count. [*Snatches the paper, and reads.*] “ Inform my father, that Lovinski has abused his confidence, and confines his Lodoiska in this”——[*Drops the note.*] Oh, Varbel ! she is immured in that horrible tower.

Varb. Poor lady!—What a damn'd rogue that fellow must be.

Count. My Lodoiska! my life! my soul! I will release, or die for thee.—*Varbel!*

Varb. My lord.

Count. Where is my friend? Where is my Kera Khan?—call him;—now, now, I demand his help.—I rave, I rave—alas! he's far away.

Varb. Ay, so most friends are, when you want 'em.

TRIO.

LODOISKA, COUNT, and VARBEL.

Lodo. Floreski!

Count. 'Tis her voice—O, blessed day!

Var. Hush! where we are, consider, pray.

Lodo. Fly, fly, this instant, ere my guards appear:

No power can save thee, if they find thee here.

Count. Oh, I've a thousand things to say!

Var. Another time, sir;—let's away.

Lodo. Ah, yet a little moment stay.—

Dearest friend,—

Count. . . I attend,—

Var. . . . Make an end,—or I'll be gone.

Lodo. At midnight,—

Count. . . At midnight,—

Varb. . . . At midnight,—well, well go on.

Lodo. You may send,—

Count. . . I may send,—

Varb. . . . He may send,—so, listen now.

Lodo. What you write,—

Count. . . What I write,—

Varb. . . . What you write,—but tell us how.

Lodo. Tie it to,—

Count. . . Tie it to,—

Varb. . . . Tie it to,—to what, I pray?

Lodo. This ribband,—

Count. . . What ribband?—

Var. . . . A ribband!—aye, that's the way.

Lodo. Given by you,—

Count. . . Given to you,—

Varb. . . . Given by you,—see, see it there.

Lodo. Which my hand,—

Count. . Which thy hand,—

Varb. . . Which her hand,—'tis good, I swear.

Lodo. Shall let drop,—

Count. . Will let drop,—

Varb. . . Will let drop,—why sure we dream.

Lodo. At that hour,—

Count. . At that hour,—

Varb. . . At that hour,—a charming scheme !

Lodo. From the top,—

Count. . From the top,—

Varb. . . From the top,—now I can tell.

Lodo. Of the tow'r,—

Count. . O Varbel !—

Varb. . . Yes ;—I see it very well.

Lodo. Ere we part, let me remind you,
Caution now must guide your love ;
Should the tyrant's ruffians find you,
'Twould your certain ruin prove.

Count. Can I go ? and have I found thee,
Added torments but to prove ?
Let the tyrant's slaves surround me—
What is death to hopeless love !

Varb. Come away ; let her advise you,
Hear the voice of anxious love ;
If the tyrant's guard espies you,
'Twill our certain ruin prove.

Count. She's gone, she's gone !—Treacherous
Lovinski, dearly shalt thou atone this horrid sacri-
lege !—Come, let us instantly confront the monster.

Varb. Mercy on us ! sir, if you appear before him
in this emotion, he'll discover you in a moment, and
hang us both up for scare-crows on the beams of his
draw-bridge.

Count. You are in the right—I have thought bet-
ter ; I'll be calm.—Lovinski knows me not—Go,
take the bugle, and sound boldly.

Varb. Sound the bugle ?

Count. Sound, I say.

Varb. I'll do it with all the breath I have in my body.

[Sounds the bugle-horn, a trumpet answers, and a Page appears upon the ramparts.]

Page. Speak your degree, and what your errand, that ask admittance here?

Count. Gentle our breeding, and to the baron Lovinski is our greeting. *[Trumpet sounds, and exit Page.]* At length, perhaps, I shall behold her; yet may not this attempt hazard her precious safety? *[The draw-bridge is lowered.]* Hark!—the secret is known only to her father, and this traitor;—let me be wary.—Now observe;—your part is only to confirm my story.—Be bold!

Varb. Depend on me.

Count. They come. *[VARBEL picks up LODOISKA'S note.]*

MARCH.

Baron LOVINSKI, ADOLPHUS, GUSTAVUS, MICHAEL, SEBASTIAN, CASIMIR, STANISLAUS, two Pages, Guards and Attendants, pass over the draw-bridge from the Castle.

The Baron signs to SEBASTIAN and CASIMIR, who take their swords from the COUNT and VARBEL.

Count. Ah, coward guilt!

Varb. There's an end of our fighting, however.

Baron. Approach.—Who are you?

Count. Speak I before the baron Lovinski?

Baron. Thou dost.—What are you?—and whence came you at this late hour?

Count. We come from princee Lupauski; some Tartars, whom we escaped by miracle, plundered us of our horses on the way, and made us much fear we should not have reached your castle this night.—Kera Khan——

Baron. That robber, who coops us within our walls!—But to your business.

Count. We have strict orders from our prince not to communicate, but with yourself in private.

Baron. Retire! [*Guards retire.*] Adolphus!—

[*Count seems unwilling to speak before ADOLPHUS.*]

I conceal nothing from him.—Now, where are your master's letters to me?

Count. Letters, my lord?

Baron. He seems confounded.

Varb. You forget; we told you, sir, the Tartars plundered us of our horses; and, I assure you, they did not leave our baggage behind them.

Baron. Know'st thou aught of their contents?

Count. O, yes, my Lord; the prince, apprehensive, perhaps, of our falling among the robbers in these woods, told us, that they contained enquiries after his daughter Lodoiska.

Baron. Lodoiska!—Has he then divulged the place of her retreat?—Tell me, where is Lupauski now?

Count. Being on his progress to assemble the confederates, I cannot tell precisely where he is; but, I know, his letters likewise said, that you might soon expect him here.

Baron. Here, see him here, say'st thou?

[*Whispers ADOLPHUS.*]

Count. Do you observe his looks?

Varb. Yes, and they frighten me out of my wits.

Baron. It shall be so.—I am sorry to send your master such unwelcome news; but you will tell him, that Lodoiska is not here.

Count. Not here?

Baron. Not here.—Do you mark his emotion?—To oblige the prince, I undertook, against my will, to guard her in this castle from the count Floreski;

—but it is now four days since she made her escape from me.

Varb. Four days!—Lying dog!

Baron. She is by this time, I suppose, in the arms of her beloved Floreski; if, which I fear was impossible, she escaped the Tartars, that beset the forest.—Go, bear my answer to your master.—Begone.

[*Talks with ADOLPHUS.*]

Count. Ah, good my lord, will you dismiss us at this late hour? We are exhausted with fatigue and hunger; vouchsafe us the shelter of your roof this night, and to-morrow by day-break we will depart.

Adol. And yet, refusing to admit his messengers may raise suspicion in Lupauski.

Baron. True, true.

Count. Will you, my lord?—can you bar your gates to us?

Varb. Yes, we are likely to have the sky for our tester to-night.

Baron. It is too late to dismiss you this evening; promise not to exchange a syllable with any of my people, and you shall stay here to-night; in the morning I will prepare a letter to the prince, which you must deliver with the utmost speed; for it is of moment.

Count. You shall be obeyed.—We have succeeded; perhaps, I may yet rescue her, Varbel; perhaps——

Baron. How now! what's that he says?

Varb. He says, that we are lucky fellows to be rescued from the danger of passing the night among the wolves and Tartars in the forest; and so I think we are.—We shall be found out, if you don't take better care.

Baron. Where shall we lodge these men?

Adol. In the low room by the north postern.

Baron. It is remote; see to the bars and bolts.—

Remember your promise, and keep it faithfully. Follow. [*Exeunt Baron and Attendants into the castle.*]

FINALE.

ADOLPHUS, GUSTAVUS, COUNT, VARBEL.

Polish Guards.

Adol.—Gus. Follow me; but take good care
Not to practise here deceit;
If you should, by heav'n, I swear,
Instant death you surely meet.

Count. Let us on; but take good care
Well to colour our deceit;—
For my love, by heav'n, I swear,
Instant death I'd gladly meet.

Varbel. Well, go on; and never fear
But I colour the deceit;
For, by heav'n and earth, I swear,
Death I should be loth to meet.

CHORUS of *Polish Guards.*

Follow us; but take good care,
Not to practise here deceit;
If you should, by heav'n, we swear,
Instant death you surely meet.

[*Exeunt into the Castle.*]

ACT II.

The Act begins on the point of day-break; and the Scene represents LODOISKA's Tower, upon a high Terrace, within the Castle.

OVERTURE.

Enter LODOISKA from the Tower, with the Ribband in her Hand.

Lodo. The night is almost passed, and day stands ready to dawn upon the mountains.—Oh, Floreski,

in vain I have watched for thy expected letter!—My heart sinks in me with the fear of having betrayed thee into the hands of Lovinski. I knew thy faithful love, I knew thy impetuous valour.—Why did I reveal myself?—Yet will I hope,—kind hope, thou only friend that visitest the unhappy, dwell with me still, and calm the crowding terrors that oppress me!

AIR.

I.

Ye streams, that round my prison creep,
If on your mossy banks you see
My gallant lover stand and weep,
Oh, murmur this command from me;—
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-eyed watchful day.

II.

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
If in your breezy flight you see
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh,
Oh, whisper this command from me;—
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-eyed watchful day.

Hark! yes, I hear a noise.—Let me retire to my sad prison, till I again can breathe the freshness of the air in solitude; for every object here is odious to me. *[Exit into the Tower, leaving the Ribband on the rails of the Terrace.]*

Enter COUNT from an inner Court.

Count. No, no where, no where, to be found through all these courts!—My love, my life, and must I lose thee? Day breaks apace,—I must go back, or be discovered.—Ha! another quarter!—I will explore thee, be the consequences what they may. *[Exit through a vaulted passage.]*

Enter VARBEL, from a distant Casement.

Varb. Sir! Sir!—hist, hist.—Have you found her? Why don't you speak to one now?—He's not here.—I thought I heard him this moment, too. So, I have lost my master in the dark, and now, if any of the gentlemen of this humane family happen to stumble upon me, my poor dear life's not worth a minute's purchase.—He's poring about after his Lodoiska: the deuce a bit does he think of me.—Though our window was double and treble barr'd, and barricadoed, he burst away the bolts with a snap of his finger; and, I believe, like Mr What-d'ye-call him, he'd have burst the gates of hell to come at his mistress.—I can't conceive what's the matter with me to-night; I see spectres and phantoms before me at every turn.—If a man could administer courage to himself when he wanted it, I'd take a good dose of it now; and yet I dare say some people would be much more frighten'd than I am.—Mercy on us! what's that?

Re-enter the COUNT.

Count. My search is all in vain.

Varb. Oh! is it nothing but you, sir?

Count. Varbel, why did you not wait in the room as I order'd you?

Varb. I don't know how it is; but, to tell you the truth, sir, I'm lately grown a little afraid of keeping my own company.

Count. His fears will ruin me at last.—Afraid?—You, who fought so bravely against the Tartars?

Varb. I tell you what; I'll fight the devil himself by day-light; but a ghost in the dark is quite another thing.

Count. Must all my hazards then prove fruitless?

Varb. Yes, we have pass'd the night here to very little purpose, and without any supper too;—they

forget that part of the ceremony:—And, now I think on't, I believe that's what makes me so nervous.—Hunger will tame the courage of a lion.

Count. To know that she is here, and not to see her!

Varb. Do let's go back, and try if we can hinder their seeing that we have broke out of the dog-hole they lock'd us in.—Consider, he'll be coming to you with his letter presently.

Count. Am I deceived? That ribband!—This, this is, perhaps, the very tower.—Now be propitious, Heaven!—My love, my Lodoiska!—

[A drum beats the reveille.]

Varb. Here they are, as I hope to be saved.—It's all over with us.

Count. No, no; run back to our room a moment.

Enter SEBASTIAN, STANISLAUS, MICHAEL, and CASIMIR, *at the head of the Baron's Guards.*

Varb. They're coming at that side.—Oh! a plague o' this caterwauling!

Count. Here, here, till they are gone.

[GUSTAVUS passes along the terrace into LODOISKA'S tower.]

[The COUNT and VARBEL retire into a recess under the terrace.]

Enter the BARON *and* ADOLPHUS, *with a Letter.*

Baron. *[To SEBASTIAN and guards.]* Stay there; and, on your lives, be silent.—Is the letter to Lupauski ready?

Adol. I have it.

[Gives the letter to the Baron, who reads it.]

Count. The Baron himself.

Varb. Now we are in a hopeful condition!

Baron. Is Gustavus gone upon my stratagem to persuade the princess of Floreski's death?

Adol. I saw him enter the Tower this moment.—And now, let me again entreat you to retire to rest; they have just beat the reveille; 'tis high morning; and for these two nights you have not tasted sleep.

Baron. I tell thee, my anxiety, my doubts, my fears, have drawn me hither; nor will I stir, till the result of this last effort pronounce me blest, or curst for ever.

Adol. But, sir,—

Baron. Oh! my friend, you know my fatal passion.—The scorn she treats me with, my barbarity to her, my ingratitude to her father, my hope, and my despair, drive me to madness.—There is no rest for me.—

Adol. But good my Lord, instead of treating her with so much rigour, why not demand her frankly of her father? His high regard for you—

Baron. Is nothing but the insolence of obligation; name it not.—His family has given sovereigns to Poland; he would reject with scorn the offers of an humble baron.—You know the pride, the unrelenting obstinacy, of this old man;—he wou'd indignantly withdraw her from my castle, and I—insupportable!—should never, never see her more!

Adol. Yet soon you must expect him to recall her.

Baron. Recall her!—No—I have set loose my love and my ambition; they have hurried me beyond the power of retreat, and now she shall be mine, if force, or fraud, or any means can win her.—Soft,—she appears.

Count. Then she is here!

Varb. Hush!

Enter LODOISKA from the Tower, following GUSTAVUS, who, repassing the Terrace, is met by the BARON and ADOLPHUS, anxious to hear how the Princess had received his message.

Lodo. Dead! Kill'd by the Tartars!—No, no,

Lovinski is the assassin.—Oh ! my love, 'twas I,
'twas I betray'd thee into his power.

ROMANCE.

Adieu, my Floreski, for ever,
And welcome the sorrows I prove!—
Why, Fate, still delight'st thou to sever
The bosoms united by love?—
Closed is that eye,
Mute is the tongue,
On which my soul
Enraptured hung!—
He's gone, he's dead,—and I remain
To sigh, and weep,—alas ! in vain.

Count. She thinks me murder'd.

Varb. And so we shall be in a minute, if you don't
hold your tongue.

[*Symphony.*—*The BARON, GUSTAVUS and
ADOLPHUS, advance.*

Baron. Thou hast discharged it well.

Lodo. Yet this may be some new device of Lovinski's.

ROMANCE.

Closed is that eye,
Mute is the tongue,
On which my soul
Enraptured hung!—
He's gone, he's dead,—and I remain
To sigh, and weep,—alas ! in vain.

ROMANCE—QUINTETTO.

LODOISKA, COUNT, VARBEL, ADOLPHUS,
GUSTAVUS.

Lodoiska.

If I may trust
This faithful heart,
We soon shall meet
No more to part ;

He's gone, nor shall I long remain,
To sigh and weep,—alas! in vain.

Count.

If I may trust
This faithful heart,
We soon shall meet
No more to part;
Oh must I then conceal'd remain,
And know thou weep'st my loss in vain.

Varbel.

If I may trust
My boding heart,
Too soon your 'squire
And you will part;
Your mistress then must here remain,
To sigh, and weep our loss in vain.

Adol.—Gust.

Would he but trust
My duteous heart,
Then should he know
The honest part
I'd take his mistress to obtain,
Nor let him sigh, and love, in vain.

The BARON, hearing voices in the recess, sends SEBASTIAN to take LODOISKA away, then leads his guard round through the vaulted passage, and, while SEBASTIAN hurries the Princess into the Tower, surprises the COUNT and VARBEL.

Baron. One word, and you are dead.

Count. Villains! Cowards!

Varb. One word, and we are dead.

Baron. The messengers!—Then 'tis impossible to blind Lupauski. How have you dared, vile spies, to burst the doors that held you?—Who told you the princess was in that tower?—But you shall die before her face.

Varb. There, I thought it would come to this all along.

Count. Before her face!—Then I am blest indeed;

I shall once more behold her.—Come, why dost thou pause?—Summon thy executioners, prepare the rack, and thou shalt see me spring to my glorious death, proud as impatient martyrs on their road to heaven.

Varb. Sir, you forget me; I've travell'd with you very contentedly, so far; but I'm not prepared to take the journey you talk of at present.

Baron. [*To GUSTAVUS and ADOLPHUS.*] Such fortitude suits ill with his condition; something whispers me they are not what they say!—I'll prove them to the quick.—One way you yet may save yourselves, and Lodoiska.

Varb. Pray, sir, what's that?

Baron. Say, truly, whence did you learn that she was still in my castle? Speak, I say, or Lodoiska's life——

Varb. [*Offering him her note.*] Give him her letter; give him her letter.

Count. [*Snatching it.*] Slave!

Varb. It's the way to save us all.

Count. You are right.

Baron. Seek not to deceive, but answer instantly, or——

Count. I learnt it from herself.

Baron. Herself?—Have you then seen her?

Varb. No, no, upon my honour.

Count. [*Giving the note.*] She dropt it from her tower last night.

Baron. [*Reads.*] “Let my father know that Lovinski has abused his confidence, and confines his Lodoiska in this tower, till she consent to give him her hand.—My guard will return in a moment—fly.”——Curse on my imprudence!—But they have not yet seen her.

Varb. You find, my lord, we soorn to deceive you.

Baron. 'Tis well you do ;—your companion's sudden warmth gave me ill thoughts of you.

Varb. Ah ! poor fellow ! He can't help it ; she was a very kind lady to him.—I am always telling you of your flying into such passions, you foolish—*[Strikes him.]* I beg your pardon, sir ; kick me whenever you like.

Baron. I see, notwithstanding his firmness, they are but servants, inflamed by zeal and affection for their mistress ;—they shall serve my design.—I have promised you life,—

Varb. Yes, sir.

Baron. I add one only condition ; see you discharge it to the point ; your fate and mine depend on it.—I have assured the princess that Floreski is dead ; my intelligence appears to be suspected ; but she can doubt no longer, if once she hears it confirm'd by you in person :—This you must instantly perform in my presence, or by my—

Varb. Don't look so frightful, sir, and we'll do whatever you please.

Count. Sir, I obey.

Baron. Enough.—Bring Lodoiska hither. *[Exit SEBASTIAN into the tower.]* In serving me, you save yourselves ;—retire ; I shall call for you at your time to appear before her.—Gustavus, instruct them in your lesson.

[Exeunt GUSTAVUS, the COUNT, and VARBEL.] I triumph.—LODOISKA and SEBASTIAN come down from the tower.] The princess (women sometimes forget the ashes of a buried lover) when once convinced my hated rival is no more, may be persuaded—Oh, transporting thought !—The obedient priest is ready.—Once mine, let Prince Lupauski come ; let him be told how I have won his daughter, and all his wide possessions ; let him resent, she will forgive, and plead for me. How beautiful she is !

What, still in tears? 'Tis in your power, madam, to bid your own afflictions cease, only by pitying mine.—Ah! why that scornful frown?—What, will you never, never break this cruel and disdainful silence?

Lodo. Is my fate, too, resolved upon?

Baron. On thee depends my every hope of happiness.

Lodo. Happiness!—To what happiness can that unfeeling heart pretend? By what authority do you confine me here? My fond father committed me to your duty, not to your custody; he delivered me to a friend, not to a gaoler.—You have taken from me the poor women that served me; if I converse, you must be my companion; and if I wish to live,—as still I do, for thee, Floreski!—'tis from that barb'rous hand I must accept my sustenance.—Have you a parent's power with me?—or a husband's right?—That you shall never have;—no,—never—and 'tis only once more to assure you of my fix'd abhorrence, that I now break my disdainful silence for the last time.

Baron. 'Tis plain she disbelieves—The doubts you have of Count Floreski's death, madam, cause this insensibility to all I suffer; 'tis time they were at once removed.—Know, then, two of your father's servants, who last night passed the forest, are at hand to——

[*Exit ADOLPHUS.*

Lodo. Last night! The forest!—It is true, then. Oh, my Floreski!

Baron. Advance.—No, be assured, proud fair one, those eyes shall never see Floreski more.—Advance, I say.—Behold.

Enter the COUNT, VARBEL, GUSTAVUS, and ADOLPHUS.

Lodo. Hold, heart, a little while!—Floreski!—

Varbel. Is no more, madam ;—we last night found him in the wood, kill'd by the Tartars, as we guess.

Count. I shall discover all.

Baron. Madam, you know these men.

Lodo. I do, I do ; and every doubt of my Floreski's death at last is ended.

Baron. She bears the shock more firmly than I expected.—If my——

Lodo. Spare me, my lord—The surprise, the emotion, the——

Count. Floreski, madam,——

Baron. Pronounce his hated name no more.—Oh, Lodoiska, when I reflect on what my jealous apprehensions have made you suffer, have I not cause to hate him ? Pardon, pardon those severities my heart always disavow'd, and which, believe me, have been inflicted more upon myself, than you.

Lodo. Vain man !—Think you your meaning hid to me ?—Come, dare for once to speak a truth ; it is not love, 'tis your ambition seeks the heiress of the Prince Lupauski.—For shame ! For shame !

Baron. Insulted !—I'll bear no more.—Hence, idle scruples !—Go, call the priest—Haste, fly.

[*Exit ADOLPHUS.*

This moment makes you mine.—And you, tell her this instant 'tis her father's will ; or I revoke the promised life I gave you.

Varb. Tell her, tell her any thing.

Lodo. Oh, my father, where are you now ?

Count. I will protect, or die for you.

Baron. Relent, proud fair ;—the priest is here—Hark ! hark !—he comes, he comes.

Enter ADOLPHUS.

Adol. My lord, the Prince Lupauski is arrived.

Baron. Arrived ?

Lodo. Good heaven !——

Count. I am discover'd then, and all is lost.

Varb. Here's another adventure !

Baron. Speak, tell me,—has he a numerous train ?

Adol. But two attendants.

Baron. Then let him come !—I live again.

Prince Lupauski. [*Without.*] Where, where is she ?

Enter Prince LUPAUSKI.

Lodo. Oh, sir ! [*Kneeling.*]

Prince. [*Raising and embracing her.*] My child ! My Lodoiska !—Blessings, blessings on thee !—My friend, I could not hope at parting to meet you again so soon ; but the confederates are already——What do I see ?—Am I deceived ?—The Count Floreski here ?

Varb. There,—now the murder's out.

Baron. Floreski !—This slave, is he the Count Floreski ?—

Count. Yes,—himself.—

Prince. How has he gained admittance to——

Baron. By a cowardly, mean artifice ;—he pretended himself one of your servants, sent with——

Count. What could I do, disarmed, against thee and thy banditti ?—The artifice thou would'st reproach me with was bold and honourable ; to oppose stratagem to perfidy and cruelty like thine, is acting according to the laws of justice, and vindicating those of humanity.

Prince. What's that he says ? To perfidy and cruelty like thine ! My friend,——

Varb. Now comes his turn, I hope.

Lodo. Oh ! my father, you would not think what I have suffered since you saw me.—That friend has forced my faithful servants from about me ; that friend has insulted my unprotected situation with his detested offers ;—that friend has barbarously imprisoned me——

Prince. My daughter !

Lodo. To extort from me my consent to a union I would gladly die ten thousand deaths to avoid.

Prince. Could you thus violate the laws of hospitality? Could you so far forget the bounties I have shower'd upon you?—My heart reposed itself on yours; seeking a tender refuge for my child, I gave her to your care, as into a holy sanctuary; you received from me the strongest proof of love a friend could give; be a father for one instant, and judge whether I could have confided to you a trust more dear, more sacred.

Varb. Upon my soul, he's a fine-spoken old gentleman!

Baron. Must I then lose her?

[*Gives directions to his Officers.*]

Prince. What, thou!—My vassal!—thou!—Let's begone.—I'll take such vengeance on his treachery, that—Follow me, my daughter; let's quit for ever this mansion of ingratitude.

Varb. The sooner the better. What a lucky escape!

Baron. Guards!—Not so fast.

[*Officers seize the Prince, LODOISKA, FLORESKI, and VARBEL.*]

Varb. What the devil's the matter now?

Baron. This castle is your prison;—away, confine them as I ordered you.

Varb. Gentlemen! friends! only hear me!

[*Two Guards bear off VARBEL.*]

Prince. What do'st thou mean?

Baron. Never to part with her.—Away, away.

Prince. Oh, my poor daughter! [*Exit guarded.*]

Lodo. My father!—My Floreski!

[*The Baron bears off LODOISKA.*]

Count. My love! My love!

AIR.

Descend, some warring angel,
 In lightning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injured maid!
 Subdued by fate, to you I kneel;
 You look like men, like men should feel.

Fool, not to know,
 They laugh at woe.——

Descend, some warring angel,
 In lightning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injured maid!
 Let my Lodoiska's charms
 In your hearts compassion move;
 Soldiers, consecrate your arms
 At the shrine of faithful love.

Descend, some warring angel,
 In lightning to my aid,
 To blast the savage tyrant,
 And right an injured maid!

[Exit guarded.]

ACT III.

OVERTURE.

The Act begins early in the morning; and the Scene represents a Hall and Gallery in the Castle.

Enter two Pages, Baron LOVINSKI, ADOLPHUS, GUSTAVUS, CASIMIR, SEBASTIAN, STANISLAUS, and MICHAEL, from a subterraneous Passage.

Baron. 'Tis all in vain; I cannot shake 'em.—
 Curse on their obstinacy!—Love fires Floreski's
 breast, and rage the father's; careless alike of me-
 naces and soothing, each braves me to my worst.—
 Death and perdition! Let the worst fall on 'em. Is
 all prepared for instant execution?

Adol. It is, my lord.

Baron. Still would I have thee mine, O Lodoiska! consenting, unconstrain'd;—but whilst my rival lives, that hope's impossible.—Ha! tell me, where is the forward fool that waited on Floreski?

Adol. Confined, as you commanded.

Baron. Haste, bring him to me. [*Exeunt ADOLPHUS and GUSTAVUS through the gallery.*] I may, perhaps, persuade this wretch to think his own life more precious than his lord's.—If I fail here,—I shudder at the thought of my own purposes.—Love, hatred, jealousy, ambition, scorn, and fury, rack my distracted brain, and rend my heart in pieces. Would I were dead myself! [*Throws himself into a chair.*] Pr'ythee, good boy, sing me that gentle strain your lady loved; your pretty melody may calm the ragings of the fiend within me.

1st Page. I'm sorry, sir, to see you so unhappy.

Baron. Sing, sing.

First Page.

AIR.

I.

SWEET bird, that cheer'st the heavy hours
Of winter's dreary reign,
O, still exert thy tuneful pow'rs,
And pour the vocal strain!

II.

Go not to seek a scanty fare
From nature's frozen hand,
Whilst I, with gratitude, prepare
The food thy wants demand.

III.

Domestic bird, with me remain,
Until next verdant spring
Again shall bring the woodland train,
Their grateful tribute bring.

IV.

Sweet Robin, then thou may'st explore
And join the feather'd throng,
And every vocal bush shall pour
The energy of song.

Baron. Well sung, my boy; I thank your pains, though fruitless.—

Enter ADOLPHUS, VARBEL, and GUSTAVUS, from the gallery.

He's coming.—Leave me a while. [*Exeunt Pages, SEBASTIAN, CASIMIR, STANISLAUS, and MICHAEL.*] Threats will do much, gold more, with base-born poverty; both shall be tried.

Varb. Ay, this is something like now;—now I'll talk to you;—this it is to fail amongst men, as it were, something like men.—Gentlemen, you have bound me for ever by letting me loose, and my legs ache to prove their sense of your kindness, by scraping their leave, and giving you no farther trouble about 'em. [*Seeing the Baron.*] The man-tyger to swallow me up for his breakfast!—

Baron. You serve Floreski.—Why do you tremble?—You have nothing to fear.

Varb. No, I know, sir;—but I've had a damp lodging, and I think it's rather chilly this morning.

Baron. In one word, your master is to die,——now, instantly.

Varb. I'm very sorry for it.

Baron. I have observed your fidelity, your affection to him.—I'll take you into my service; I love your virtue, and would reward it.

Varb. I'm afraid I should make but a bad servant to you; you had better turn me out o' doors at once, I think—I had rather—Do, sir;—and let my virtue be its own reward.

Baron. No fooling.—Your romantic lord seems ambitious of dying in this cause, that he may live lamented in the history of faithful and unfortunate lovers; you, perhaps, aspire to imitate him.

Varb. I can't say that I do.—Ambition's a great

thing with great folks, I believe ; but, for my own poor part, I solemnly assure you, I had rather live three days in this world, bad as it is, than a thousand years in the best history that will ever be written.

Baron. I take you at your word ;—there's a poor earnest of my future bounty.

Varb. A purse !—What's this for ?

Baron. Follow, and, as we go, I will instruct you in a short tale, that at once rids me of Floreski, and gives you life and fortune.

Varb. My lord, I'm in peril, and poor ;—and I value life and fortune as much as another man ; but, I hope, I shall never think 'em worth buying at the price of false witness against my master.

[Throws down the purse.]

Baron. Ha !—do you trifle, slave ? Nay, then I must—

[Gives orders to ADOLPHUS.]

Varb. What's he going to do now ?—I wish I was fighting the Tartars again, with all my heart !

Baron. Him, her, the prince,—all, all,—here, now, before my eyes. *[Exit ADOLPHUS.]* The father and the daughter shall behold him, as the blow falls, and from his doom be taught to dread their own.—For thee, vile reptile,—

[Flourish of drums and trumpets, with clashing of swords, and shouts of “ Victory, victory ! Kera Khan.”]

Varb. They're come, they're come—Here is an adventure !

Enter SEBASTIAN, MICHAEL, CASIMIR, STANISLAUS, ADOLPHUS, *Soldiers and Standard-bearer.*

Baron. The matter ?

Casi. The Tartars are within the walls ; the eastern towers are blazing ; flames and the sword rage round ; the soldiers fly ; haste, or we perish all !

Baron. Sound, sound to arms.—[*Exeunt* STANISLAUS and two Soldiers.] Rally them in the north court, and man the ramparts; there we'll stand it out;—fly, haste, I follow. [*Exeunt* ADOLPHUS and four Soldiers.] Bring me my arms. [*Exeunt* MICHAEL, GUSTAVUS, and CASIMIR.] Bear off that slave, till I have time to torture him.

Varb. A respite, a respite!—I shall love a Tartar as long as I live.

[*Exeunt* VARBEL, SEBASTIAN, and two Soldiers.]

Baron. Away, away with him!—Whither am I going?

[*Enter* GUSTAVUS, MICHAEL, and CASIMIR, with the Baron's helmet, shield, and battle-axe.]

What's Lodoiska now? Lost, lost to me for ever! The helpless prize of some fierce lawless savage—Horrible thought!

[*Martial Symphony—The Baron seizes his helmet.* Where is her father?—My friend, my benefactor?—All bleeding, mangled, murder'd.—Frightful image!

[*Martial Symphony—The Baron braces on his shield.*]

Hark! my soul's beat down, down to the very ground.

[*Martial Symphony—The Baron snatches his battle-axe.*]

The tempest swells—Floreski too, perhaps, directs the storm, thundering and fierce in arms. That burning thought has roused me.—Out, out, and on 'em.—No word, but fight, till death, or conquest, end our plagues for ever.

[*Exeunt* Baron, Officers, and Guards.]

The doors of the Hall are burst open, when ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, CAMAZIN, KAJAH, TAMURI, and a crowd of Tartars, rush in, some loaded with booty,

and others bearing off the women they have met with in the Castle.

CHORUS

Of TARTARS and CAPTIVES.

Capt. Have pity on us, pray !

Tar. Come, sweet lasses, come away ;
With us the live-long day
You'll waste in am'rous play.

Capt. No ; we'll perish faithful myrtyrs
To our husbands, and our sires.

Tar. Ha !—no, no ; we gallant Tartars
Are only cruel then,
When we contend with men ;

But lovely woman kindles gentler fires.

Capt. Ah ! yet restore us to our kindred dear !

Tar. Psha ! you nothing have to fear ;—
You must away,
No more delay.

[The women are borne off, other Tartars remain.]

Kajah. At last we are masters of the castle.—It has cost us some trouble too ; the fellows fought like madmen.—Have you disarm'd, and clapt them into the dungeons, where we found so many of our countrymen ?

Japhis. Our comrades are at it now, breaking open and locking up.—But can any body tell why Kera Khan so strictly charged us to take Lovinski alive.

Khor. I hope the other party have him fast by this time.—Do you think he'll ever forget the death of his father ?

All. Never, never.

Itho. Come, my boys, now away to our plunder, and divide faithfully.—You know what share must be reserved for Kera Khan.

Kajah. Yes, yes, we know the booty he loves best.

Japhis. Ay, ay, give him the women, he'll give us the gold.

Khor. And the wine, too.

SONG *and* CHORUS.

KHOR, JAPHIS, ITHORAK, and Horde.

Khor. When the darkened midnight sky
Howls with wild tempestuous cry,
Then we quit the Tartar plain,
Death and terror in our train—
Where the sweeping vengeance drives,
Hopeless man in horror flies;
Worlds of wealth and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy TARTARS' PRIZE.

CHORUS—*Horde.*

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy TARTARS' PRIZE.

Japhis. As the meteors course the sky,
Gleaming swords flash round the throng,
And, as through the gloom they fly,
Light th' embattled host along;
Firm and close we lead our band
Where the fertile region lies,
Then dispersing, sweep the land
Destin'd for THE TARTARS' PRIZE.

CHORUS—*Horde.*

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy TARTARS' PRIZE.

Itho: Though we deem the world our prey,
'Loyal honour, martial truth,
When our swords have won their way,
Bind the hardy Tartar youth;
Choice of spoil, as first in fight,
With our gallant chieftain lies,
Then till honour have her right,
Sacred be the TARTARS' PRIZE.

CHORUS—*Horde.*

Worlds of wealth, and worlds of wives,
Are the hardy TARTARS' PRIZE.

Japhis. Well said, well said ! he's a noble captain, and shall have all the booty, if he pleases.

[Flourish and shouts.]

Enter KERA KHAN, and Tartars.

Kera Khan. Holla ! Lovinski is secured.—Why stand you idle, here ?

Japhis. Because you station'd us in this wing till farther orders.—We should be glad enough to be busy.

Kera Khan. Away then, finish your work ; spike all the cannon, toss the brands round, blow up the foundation of this ruffian's den, and tell my father's spirit he's revenged.—To work—I'll take this quarter.
[Exeunt Tartars, others remain.]

Enter LODOISKA, and Prince LUPAUSKI.

Kera Khan. Ha !

Lodo. O, save us, save us,—snatch me from the power of Lovinski !

Prince. Tartars ! Great Heaven, to what are we reserved ?

Kera Khan. Compose yourself, my lovely girl ; dismiss your terrors.—This is a prize !—Here's my share of the booty.

Japhis. I thought so.

Prince. Since we are fallen into these hands, my child, we must submit to death or slavery.

Lodo. Slavery, death, any thing, is heaven to Lovinski. Oh, if you are men, spare my dear father, spare a Polish youth,——

Kera Khan. Bright beauty of the world, only pronounce your wishes, and command us.

Lodo. Generous conquerors !—Vouchsafe then to give this young man freedom, to set my father and myself upon our road to Warsaw, and——

Kera Khan. For your father, and the youth

you speak of, they have free leave to choose their path;—

Lodo. Oh, sir!

Kera Khan. But you, victorious captive, you must go with me.

Lodo. Heavens and earth!

Prince. Thee! follow thee, Tartar!

Kera Khan. Old man, I am providing for her happiness. Fine women never complain of us Tartars; when once she knows us, she'll never wish to leave us—I have no time to lose—Come, be quick, bear her away.

Enter Count FLORESKI, breaking from the Polish Officers.

Count. Off, slaves, or I will dash you piecemeal.

Lodo. Floreski!

Count. Oh, valiant Tartar, do we meet again?

Kera Khan. My friend!—Why do I find you here, spite of the caution I last night gave you?—Your life might have paid the forfeit of your rashness.

Count. That villain, Lovinski, seized and detained us;—but could I, could I have left my Lodoiska?

Kera Khan. What, she you were wildly wandering after?

Count. Here,—this, this is my love, my dearest Lodoiska.

Kera Khan. [*Drawing his scymitar.*] Hold—What's to be done?—Your love? Your Lodoiska? She's mine, mine by a conqueror's right.

Count. A conqueror's right!

Kera Khan. By a conqueror's right;—and I exert it thus.—Take her, she's yours!—You gave me life once, I have saved yours a second time.

Count. Complete thy work; obtain for me the consent of her father,——

Kera Khan. Father!—Haven't I resign'd my right to you?

Lodo. [To LUPAUSKI.] O, sir, make not fidelity to his prince a crime in him; think what he has suffer'd for me; think what we owe him here; remember the promise you once gave him;——

[*Alarum.*

Enter KAJAH, TAMURI, CAMAZIN, and Tartars.

Kajah. To arms, to arms!—Lovinski's rescued, the castle's blazing, they've seized the ramparts, he's at their head.

Kera Khan. Well, we must conquer him again then, that's all.—Follow me.

Count. Now for revenge and Lodoiska!—Give me a sword, a sword.——

Enter VARBEL.

Varb. Holla! and me another.—My dungeon's as hot as a furnace. Give me a sword; I'd as lief be kill'd in a battle, as stay there to be roasted alive.

Kera Khan. During the combat, we'll place this lovely creature in safety with her father in yonder tower.

Varb. I wish you'd place me along with 'em.

Prince. I scorn to owe thee any thing.

Kera Khan. Obstinate man! we'll save you then against your will.

Count. Will you expose her life?

Prince. My child! My child!

Lodo. Come, come, my father.—

[*Exeunt.*

Shouts, drums, trumpets, and cannon. An engagement commences between the Polanders and the Tartars; the Tartars having stormed the castle, which they fire in various places, the battlements and towers fall in the midst of loud explosions. LUPAUSKI and

LODOISKA are discover'd in a blazing tower ; FLORESKI rushes through the flames, and rescues them. During this action LOVINSKI and KERA KHAN meet hand to hand, and, after a desperate conflict, the BARON is killed. The Tartars are victorious
—— Loud shouts of victory.

Kera Khan. Since these are safe, and my injuries fully avenged by Lovinski's fall, I pardon his deluded followers.—Set your captives at liberty :—This shall be to all a day of triumph and joy.

Lodo. And now, my father,—

Prince. Your request upbraids me, my daughter.—Come hither, Count. The only proof I now ask of your obedience is to love him truly.—Take her, Floreski ; you have indeed deserved her.

Enter CAPTIVES, POLANDERS, &c.

FINALE.

LODOISKA, COUNT, and all the Characters.

Lodo. O, happy hour ! what bliss I feel !
 A parent does my choice approve,
 And deigns to put the sacred seal
 Of duty to an act of love.

CHORUS.

Huzza ! rejoice !—let cheerful strains resound,
 And echo swell the pealing carol round,
 Till the wide world a mighty chorus raise
 To valour's triumph, and to beauty's praise.

Count. My joys in thee, my life, were poor,
 My gratitude to you but weak,
 If language had an equal pow'r
 The transports of my soul to speak.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir DAVID DUNDER,	<i>Mr Bannister, jun.</i>
RANDOM,	<i>Mr Palmer.</i>
SCRUPLE,	<i>Mr Williamson.</i>
OLD RANDOM,	<i>Mr Aickin.</i>
CARNEY,	<i>Mr Barret.</i>
TIPTOE,	<i>Mr R. Palmer.</i>
PAUL PEERY,	<i>Mr Usher.</i>
ROUNDFEE,	<i>Mr Bannister.</i>
QUIRK,	<i>Mr Moss.</i>

*Packet and Coach Passengers, 4 Men and 4 Women.
French Waiter, English Waiter, Bailiff, Servants, &c.*

Lady DUNDER,	<i>Mrs Webb.</i>
HARRIET,	<i>Mrs Kemble.</i>
KITTY,	<i>Mrs Prideaux.</i>
Mrs PEERY,	<i>Mrs Love.</i>

SCENE,—*Partly at Dover, and partly at Sir DAVID
DUNDER's, near Dover.*

WAYS AND MEANS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Anti-Room in an Inn.*

[Bar-Bell ringing violently.]

PAUL PEERY *discovered, in a Chair, asleep.*

Enter Mrs PEERY.

Mrs Peery. Why, Paul! why, husband!

Peery. Eh! What! *[Waking.]*

Mrs Peery. For shame! for shame, Mr Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it; and scarce stir when you are pull'd—and when you *are*, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pull'd again.

Peery. Pr'ythee, wife, be quiet—You know I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

Mrs Peery. Were you! I wish I could find it out.

Peery. But what's the matter?

Mrs Peery. Packets are the matter—Diligences are the matter. Sea and land cargoes, and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stept out of the mail coach, from Canterbury.—The men, I believe, are making enquiries for the machine to London.

Peery. Are they? Then shew 'em all into one

room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so dreadful as sea-sickness—so put 'em all together, and then they'll only be sick of one another, you know, [*Bell rings.*]

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, sir. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Mrs Peery. Run, Mr Peery!

Peery. Aye, aye—You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry.—Here, Lewis, John, William! shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there! [*Exit bawling.*]

Enter Waiter, shewing in one French, and three English Passengers, from the Packet.

Wait. Walk in, gentlemen!

Mrs Peery. Walk in, gentlemen, if you please. Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

1st Pass. So—just six o'clock in the morning—becalmed at sea—not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I. I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled——

Mrs Peery. I'm extremely sorry for it, sir!—but——

French P. Now, begar, it doo me goot.

Mrs Peery. I'm vastly happy to hear it—do you chuse any refreshment, sir?

F. Pass. Vous avez raison—I never vas so refresh in all my life.

Mrs Peery. I am very glad indeed, sir!

2d Pass. I'm damn'd sick.

Mrs Peery. I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir!

F. Pass. Ma foi, madame have beaucoup de politesse!

2d Pass. Get me a glass of brandy—ti tol, lol—I feel confounded qualmish, but tol, lol, lol, la—

I don't like to own a sea sickness—and—"Britons ever rule the waves." (*Singing and smothering his uneasiness.*)

F. Pass. Briton rule de vave ! I tink de vave rule you, ma foi, ha ! ha !

2d Pass. Right, Mounseer ! in the present case I grant you. Packet sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks : but when there is occasion to mix a little of our British spirit with it, why it's always too much for a French stomach. Now that's the time when an Englishman never feels qualmish at all.

Enter Waiter, shewing in four Women.

Mrs Peery. Servant, ladies.

1st Wom. Lard ! this mail coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together like two double letters.

Mrs Peery. Disagreeable to be sure, ma'am !

1st Man. And that infernal packet !

Mrs Peery. Nothing can be half so bad, sir !

2d Man. But then the cabin—

Mrs Peery. Except the cabin, your honour !

2d Wom. And riding backward in a coach—augh !

Mrs Peery. I can't conceive any thing so shocking, ma'am !

F. Pass. Viola la politesse encore !

Mrs Peery. Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen.—But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare ; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly—hope you will excuse the—

1st Man. Oh ! certainly, hostess : travellers, you know—if you'll give me leave, ma'am.

1st Wom. Sir, you are very obliging.

(*The men hand the women.*)

Mrs Peery. Here, William, wait on the company.

F. Pass. Ah! c'est drole! pair and pair! two by two! [*Exeunt Men, handing out the Women.*]

Mrs Peery. Shew 'em into Noah's Ark, William, d'ye hear? (*Bell rings.*) Coming! Here, John, Lewis! coming! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter PEERY, shewing in RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

Peery. This way, your honours; this way! one step at the door, if you please.

Rand. Step on, sir, if you please—pay the post-boy, and send in the servant, (*PEERY going.*) and, harkee, landlord! what's the name of your house?

Peery. The Ship, your honour. The oldest, and best establish'd house in the town, sir.

Rand. Very well; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

Peery. It shall be done, sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais?

Scrup. Pshaw!

Peery. You intend to take water, gentlemen?

Rand. No, sir, but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

Peery. Thank your honours! every thing shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go, I think I—vastly obliged to your honours! Here, Lewis, William, breakfast for two in the Lion, there. [*Exit.*]

Rand. Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative innkeeper!—and now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see—not with the old, stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent, but a voyage to the island of Love.

Scrup. But suppose we should find neither wind nor tide in our favour?

Rand. Why then we shall be love-bound here a little, that's all. But, hang it, why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better—confound all thinking, say I.

Scrup. Confound thinking, Mr Random! I'm sure it's high time to think—and that very seriously.

Rand. Hey-day! Moralizing! “Confound thinking, Mr Random!” Yes, sir, confound thinking:—I'm sure thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly too, Mr Scruple, at present.

Scrup. Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

Rand. Poh! pr'ythee don't doubt at all—doubting is mean and mechanical; and never enter'd the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our own daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our—tailors, or tavern-keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies—Zounds, man, don't be faint-hearted now! we shall never win our fair ladies, at this rate—besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world?

Scrup. Why, we are sure of *their* good wishes, I believe.

Rand. Certainly—and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so—chance must direct us.

Scrup. But may not those trifling obstacles you mention—

Rand. Pshaw! doubting again! why you are more of a Mandarin, on a chimney-piece, than a man—there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attack'd 'em at Bath, where they were three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about 'em to give 'em advice—and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

Scrup. Granted; but they were then suddenly call'd home to their father's, the baronet's, near

Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of 'em.

Rand. O never fear, if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewail'd their cruel fate, while we, like true knights-errant, promised to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at once?

Scrup. Because I loved her.

Rand. Well, that's some reason too—you would have made a damn'd unfashionable figure, I confess.

Scrup. You mistake me, I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity; and have the utmost detestation of marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

Rand. Mighty romantic, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

Scrup. My policy was chosen from the Proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrass'd circumstances.

Rand. Charming!

Scrup. Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family; whom my imprudence had disoblighd.

Rand. Excellent!

Scrup. And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I, undesignedly, insured them.

Rand. Pugh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister; but Kitty's the girl for my taste—young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or sigh-

ing. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, her heart full of love—aye, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

Scrup. Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family. I dread encountering the old folks too; people in the country here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

Rand. O! the mere effect of their situation; where they get more health than polish.

Scrup. And yet old country families—

Rand. Are like old country bacon—damn'd fat, and very rusty, Scruple! But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hired him over-night, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

Scrup. What, our joint lacquey? that we engaged for the expedition, to avoid enquiries—to wait on us both—dress us both—and fly on both our errands, like a shuttlecock between two battledores?

Rand. Yes, or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

Enter TIPTOE, with a small Portmanteau.

Tip. Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

Scrup. Aye, on this table.

Tip. [*Putting it down.*] Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

Rand. Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our clothes in one portmanteau.

Tip. That's the very reason I complain, sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

Rand. A shrewd fellow this! He may be of use to us. And now we have time to enquire, Pray, sir, what may your name be?

Tip. Tiptoe—Tiptoe, gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours

—honest Tiptoe once stood a little above the world ; but now—all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

Scrup. And pray, sir, what were you formerly ?

Tip. A decent young man, sir—that could dress wigs, write a running-hand, and prefer'd a sober, steady family. I shaved my old master, bottled off his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key of his cabinet and cellar—In short, sir, I was his prime minister.

Scrup. How came you to leave him, sir ?

Tip. Ruin'd by party, sir ;—some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key—I—

Rand. Began to be suspected—eh ! honest Tiptoe ?

Tip. Why I cannot tell how it was, sir, but the Cabinet was against me—the whole house opposed me—and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

Rand. Was turned out, I take it ?

Tip. Oh fie ! no, sir : I resign'd. I then fairly advertised my abilities—"Wants a place"—can turn his hand to every thing—you gentlemen bid most for me—here I am, and I hope you'll have no cause to complain of my qualifications.

Scrup. He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random ; and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail—farewell, dear, dear little England ! and yet I am wedded to thee—

Rand. Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple : it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer.

[*Exeunt* RANDOM and SCRUPLE.]

Tip. Very fine company I seem to have got into—hired in one instant, by two men, I had not heard of three moments : set out on a journey at four in the morning, and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all at sixes and sevens.

Enter a French Waiter.

Well, friend !

F. Waiter. Serviteur, Monsieur!

Tip. Friend! oh Lord! no!—It's the enemy: French waiters creep into shabby Dover inns, like French footmen into large London families. French footmen! more shame for their employers! who starve their own poor countrymen, to feed a set of skinny scoundrels, whose looks give the lie to their living; and prove their master's head in much nicer order than his heart—What, you come to carry up the portmanteau, I suppose?

F. Wait. Oui—de portmanteau—dat belong to—

Tip. Well take it, [*Puts it on his shoulder.*] and take care of it too, Monsieur, d'ye mind!—none of your old tricks of running away.

F. Wait. Never you fear—laissez moi faire. “O! de roast beef of Old England.” [*Exit singing.*]

Tip. There go all the worldly goods of my two poor masters! and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he ask'd me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey.

Enter PEERY.

Peery. Ah! my honest friend—sweet, honest Mr Tiptoe, your servant!

Tip. [*Aside.*] How did he pick up my name, now?

Peery. I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have shewn above stairs, have every thing to their satisfaction? Tho' I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery, of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my friend?

Tip. Umph! Serve!—why—a—

Peery. His honour in grey? or—

Tip. Aye.

Peery. Or the worthy gentleman in green?

Tip. Yes.

Peery. Umph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and

happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

Tip. Why, tho' I say it, that shou'dn't say it—Tim Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction.
—*Mimicking PEERY.*]

Peery. A close fellow! Well, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

Tip. Why, I have lived with 'em long enough, for that matter, Mr Peery.

Peery. They are of property, no doubt?

Tip. Of such property, Master Peery—it's impossible to describe it!

Peery. Indeed! And where may their property lie at this time?

Tip. I believe all their property lies on the sea-coast, at this time.

Peery. Oh, oh! the sea coast! What, in ships, I imagine?

Tip. Yes. It's all in—the Ship.

Peery. So, so! Merchants! Rich rogues, I'll lay my life. [*Aside.*] Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr Tiptoe! trusted by every body, I warrant.

Tip. Trusted for a great while too, I promise you.

Peery. I hope they find every thing to their liking. —Must be civil, here. [*Aside.*] I hope the room suits their honours? I should be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

Tip. Oh excellent! Make no apologies—your room is as good as your company, Master Peery.

Peery. Oh! you are pleased to compliment: but I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

Random. [*Without.*] Damn your house!—Here! Tiptoe! Tiptoe! you scoundrel!

Tip. Coming directly, sir.—You are right. You were always famous for giving satisfaction.

Rand. Tiptoe!

Peery. Hark ! Is it your master ?

Tip. Faith, I do not know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in the green.—
Good bye, Master Peery.

Rand. Tiptoe !

Tip. Coming, sir.

[*Exit.*

Peery. Why, what the devil can these merchants do at Dover ? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps—They must be rich fellows, by the servant's being so saucy—and then they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly !—Oh ! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world ; for none pay so well at an inn, as those who are always damning the waiters for ill treatment. (*Bar Bell.*)

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder-Hall, sir, has had business in the town before breakfast, and stept in, whilst his horses put to, to go back. [*Exit.*

Peery. Od's my life ! a rich man, a good-natured gentleman ; and lives but a mile off. The only great man I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance.—An odd fellow too ! and takes more money from my house than a tax-gatherer.—I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations.—But he pays well while he stays.—So, William ! wife ! hostler ! rub down the horses, and shew up Sir David Dunder. [*Exit.*

Scene continues.

PERRY returns, attending Sir DAVID, talking as entering.

Sir Dav. Pooh, Paul, you're a blockhead—There's two of 'em, you tell me ?

Peery. Worth a plum a-piece, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Plums ! Figs ! How's your wife, Paul, eh ?

Peery. She's pretty—

Sir Dav. Be quiet, I know she is—And so these two merchants are as rich as—

Peery. Any *thing*, your honour.

Sir Dav. Damn'd good simile—very new too.—Have they taken care of the horses?

Peery. They're going to—

Sir Dav. Be quiet—I know it—Merchants! Hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets—two blanks to a prize.

Peery. Right, your honour—and the sea—

Sir Dav. Is the worst wheel in the world for 'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I wou'd not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

Peery. London—London merchants: and they—

Sir Dav. I know it, you blockhead—are respected all over the world. London merchants, Paul, are like London porter; a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogsheads that keep up the vigour of a strong, English constitution. Where are they going?

Peery. I can't tell, Sir David; but if you wish for any intelligence—

Sir Dav. You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be introduced, d'ye hear? Sir David Dunder, Dunder-Hall—you know the form—Bart: Bloody hand, all that——wishes to——Who have we here?

Peery. The very men, Sir David; coming this way too.

Sir Dav. Then get you out on't.

Peery. So! Two more guests going by his cursed invitations! [Exit.

Sir Dav. [Looking out.] Gad they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows for all that. If so, the younger the better—and a man must be clever indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.

Enter RANDOM *and* SCRUPLE.

Rand. Nay, pr'ythee, Seruple, one turn on the key, and—Who is he? Egad, the same queer fellow we observed just now under the window.

Scrup. Right, giving orders to his coachman.

Sir Dav. Gentlemen, your servant.

Both. Sir, your very obedient!

Sir Dav. My landlord tells me—honest Paul here—you've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical sort of a—eh!—and, after the city, you think it a damn'd dirty, dingy kind of a—umph?

Scrup. Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tired of the exchange.

Sir Dav. The exchange! O, oh! Paul's right—*[Aside.]* I know it—The *Exchange*, as you say, for people in your situation, is much pleasanter.

Scrup. Sir! Our situation!

Sir Dav. Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters.

Rand. The devil he has! And how should he know any thing of—

Sir Dav. Nay, don't be angry—no harm—Mere inuendo—didn't tell, plump,—talk'd of your dealings.

Scrup. Dealings!

Rand. Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not presumed to—

Sir Dav. Must be rich—damn'd crusty.—*[Aside.]* You're right, tho', can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul. How many clerks do you keep?

Both. Clerks!

Sir Dav. Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks tho', all you, eh? Props of the public—bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately, gentlemen?

Scrup. Hell and the devil!

Sir Dav. That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and—

Rand. Sir, we suspect what you imagine—and—

Sir Dav. I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off—Lady Dunder—a sweet, fine, fat woman—my wife by the bye—will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

Rand. How! Lady Dunder your wife! } *Both*

Scrup. Is Lady Dunder your wife, sir? } *hastily.*

Sir Dav. Hey! my wife! my wife! Why yes, I think so—She is not yours, is she?

Scrup. Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of Sir David Dunder in this country before.

Sir Dav. Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well known, I believe, every where.

Rand. Certainly; indeed you were the last person in our mouths, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Popp'd in apropos, eh? Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spungy, our curate—never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder-Hall—all in the family way, you know,—Sir David, that's me—Lady and two Misses—two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent—tall as hop-poles—will be happy to—eh?

Scrup. Sir, you're particularly kind, but—

Rand. We'll attend you with pleasure, Sir David!

Sir Dav. Will you? that's right. It's close by—quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here—why, 'tis but a mile—All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—Eh! I'll step to coachy myself—but don't, don't abuse honest Paul—meant

no harm, upon my soul—mere inuendo—a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other inn-keepers—blunders and talks—a damn'd deal of the Bull and Mouth about him; but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad!

[Exit.

Rand. Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own: the luckiest hit in the world!

Scrup. Do you think so?

Rand. Think so! Zounds, what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hoped to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

Scrup. Granted: and what then?

Rand. What then? Why then, instead of reconnoitering the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

Scrup. And is this to be our return, Mr Random, for Sir David's kindness?

Rand. Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

Scrup. For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man, whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan indeed—weak as you may think it, I should prefer to going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

Rand. Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to a reconciliation with our friends, who can, if they chuse, make us easy—I see no great injury offered to Sir David, nor his family.

Scrup. Why, in that case, to be sure—

Rand. Aye, aye, no more of your cases now, good

doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the South of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know.

Enter TIPTOE.

Tip. The old gentleman, sir, with the old coach, is enquiring for you in the court-yard.

Scrup. O, Sir David! allons! follow us, sirrah. We hav'n't a moment to spare.

Rand. That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he has ever given us an invitation. Come along, Tiptoe! quick, quick, you scoundrel! [*Exeunt.*]

Tip. Quick! Zounds, I'm almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, raw-boned post-horse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer, country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again! Ah! Tiptoe! Tiptoe! You must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Ship at Dover.*

[*Bar Bell.*]

Enter ROUNDLEE and QUIRK.

Round. Why I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

Quirk. No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

Round. Yes, and then you'd shut it again ; just as you do at my dinners ; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

Quirk. What, and hav'n't I deserved it ? hav'n't I fill'd more parchments for you than stomachs ; more skins than bellies ; and closed many an account before I could close my orifice ; hav'n't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own ?—Hav'n't I sworn for you ; and roundly too, Mr Round-fee ?

Round. Well, well, I always allow'd you had a good swallow.

Quirk. Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a commission of bankruptcy against you ? and didn't I kindly make myself a cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects ?

Round. And hav'n't I always acknowledged my ruin with gratitude ?

Quirk. No, nor any thing else. I have dangled after half the heirs in town, without an acknowledgment : making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour and secrecy.

Round. Aye, if required.

Quirk. Granted—It says so in the advertisement—and did they not come to you, when, if it was not for me, they would have been accommodated at a genteel end of the town ? instead of which, I trudged 'em through the Strand, towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots and high collars, for fear of sore throats, to chew your tough chops, in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell damn'd lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was the disinterested, moderate

man, to settle a proper premium between the parties? Why I, to be sure.

Round. And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payments, or else we lock him in limbo,—safe in the house of bondage. Now, your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why he gets duly elected, and I have a false return for my money.

Quirk. That's not the case here, you know.

Round. No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild-goose chase we have had here! Ramm'd into a post-chaise, with more expence than speed; gaping at hops, through a cursed small-beer country, and after two youngsters, who by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edged with English insolvents. Calais is a King's-bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshalsea. A parcel of prodigal, web-footed spendthrifts, come here, and take water, like ducks.

Quirk. Yes, but they are lame ducks.

Round. While we, who have hatch'd 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

Quirk. Come, come, accidents will happen sometimes.

Round. And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr Quirk? with your plaguy politic pate! a thick Simmon's-inn skull, only fit to peep through a pillory. You must be sending me your two fine St James's gentlemen. Dam'me, there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than St Giles's! all in a gang too—Knives of clubs every one of them—and there my two youngsters coax'd me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in

the country, and rich old fathers with fine crazy constitutions; charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism; sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put one in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you booby, to back it!

Quirk. Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and every body says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

Round. Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and now he must go abroad too, with a cursed consumptive pocket, I warrant, and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr Scruple.

Quirk. But why call me in question? Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with them; and wer'n't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open-hearted? and then when Random told you he'd take you to Shooter's Hill in his phaeton——

Round. Psha! no such thing.

Quirk. And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk, if you did not stoop——

Round. Hush!

Quirk. Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and though I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

Round. Zounds, it's enough to drive one mad to think on't! You got the warrant backed by the Sheriff of Canterbury?

Quirk. Yes, by the *Sub*, and all may be repaired at last. We have traced them truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't served, we may nab them yet. Come along, old Round. We'll pump the waiters,

sound our host, and success, no doubt, will crown our enquiries. Come along! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in Dunder Hall. A glass door in the back scene, with a view into the gardens.*

Sir DAVID, Lady DUNDER, RANDOM, and SCRUPLE, discovered at the finish of breakfast.

Rand. We are only mortified, Sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

Sir Dav. Pshaw! Nonsense! mustn't mind that—t'other cup—Eh? [*To RANDOM.*] Always the case with my girls.—Lump o' sugar?—[*To SCRUP.*]

Scrup. Not any.

Lady. They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while Sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

Sir Dav. Be quiet; I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, though, I assure you: very like mamma.

Lady. Oh, Sir David!

Sir Dav. Hush! The very picture of my dear Lady Dunder. Not so plump, perhaps; but all in good time—Bit more muffin?

Scrup. The young ladies, Sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplished a mother.

Sir Dav. Yes; like as three pease. My lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat.—[*All rise as having done breakfast.*]

Lady. Why people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first called

out to move in a minuet ; and always stand the head couples in a country dance.

Rand. We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your ladyship's daughters must inherit——

Sir Dav. Be quiet.—Asked every where, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover—Acted all the tragedy parts too, at my friend Thing-em-bob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul : but Kitty was so cursed comical ! did Desdemona one night ; gets killed, you know, by a bolster.

Scrup. An agreeable amusement ! Gentlemen's play-houses are much to be wished for.

Sir Dav. Fine fun, is'n't it ? We had a touch of dramatics once ourselves, at the hall here—gutted a kitchen, and filled it with fly-flaps—All gentlemen players, you know.

Rand. A kitchen ! And how did your players perform ?

Sir Dav. Players ? Pokers. Empty as pots ; and as flat as the dresser.

Lady. Oh, fie, Sir David ! You know, Sir Simon Squab came from London on purpose ; and every body said his Romeo was charming.

Sir Dav. Eh ! gad, that's true : forgot Squab.—True, deary ;—fine,—very fine, indeed, for a gentleman : his figure, to be sure, wasn't so cleverly cut out for the character. A fat fubsy phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, damme, he croaked like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh ? Look at the lawn ?

Rand. Why, at present, Sir David——

Sir Dav. I know it : Rather not : That's right : no nonsense : I hate excuses. “ Looks like rain : “ cursed cloudy ; ” and all that. No ceremony here.

Scrup. A little rest after a journey is——

Sir Dav. Right——By the bye, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit—D'ye know Kit Skurry ?

Rand. Never heard of him.

Scrup. Nor I.

Sir Dav. An odd, harum-scarum, absent, flighty fish. Old friend of our's; but a damn'd quiz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

Lady. I've heard Sir David mention——

Sir Dav. Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange style——

Scrup. Why it was rather——

Sir Dav. Hush! Got into my coach—all alone, dull as hell, dark as the devil: so to amuse myself, fell fast asleep.

Rand. Entertaining, indeed!

Sir Dav. Very—I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubbed my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had crammed in a corpse.

Rand. It looked rather suspicious.

Sir Dav. Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

Rand. How did you behave?

Sir Dav. Sat still: frightened out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

Scrup. And how did he explain?

Sir Dav. Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; popped into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and as the hostler crossed the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be damn'd to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it, love?

Lady. Extremely.

Sir Dav. Yes, my lady laugh'd till she was ready to—Go to the farm, eh! Peep at the pigs?

Lady. Lard, Sir David, how you tease gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road! your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

Sir Dav. Eh ! gad that's true. No dinner without dressing.—Won't walk.—Well, do as you like : I leave you here with my dear Lady Dunder. [*To Lady D.*] Talk to 'em, deary, do ; give 'em a sketch of the country. Some Dover scandal, and Canterbury tales, quite in your way, lovee. She knows all about you.

Scrup. Indeed !

Sir Dav. Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear ? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

Rand. That we are convinced of.

Sir Dav. I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people : see what's going on within and without—house and garden ; farm and fire-side : look at the plate and the pantry : gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs, and the logs. Must go—damn'd sorry : must mind my little cutter of cabbages ; an idle, eating, cheating dog ; and wou'd sooner be damn'd than dig. He's of no more use in the garden than Adam : for he steals every apple he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry bush. [*Exit.*]

Scrup. I hope we don't detain your ladyship from walking ?

Lady. By no means : Sir David's horse-walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise. I drive round the grounds in a whiskey, now and then—or a canter on a poney—

Rand. But, while Sir David is at his farm, your ladyship has probably your menagerie to attend. Is your ladyship fond of birds in that style ?

Lady. Oh, no, I prefer a little canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

Scrup. No getting rid of her, I see—I wonder your ladyship has given up walking too ; the air of this garden is delightful.

Rand. Charming ! And this lawn before the

house here. [*Walking up to the glass door with SCRUPLE.*]

Enter KITTY, running in with a bundle of flowers, HARRIET following.

Kitty. Oh, mamma! mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

Lady. Hush, Kitty—Consider.

Kitty. Eh! what, company? Oh lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

Lady. For heaven's sake, girl—Gentlemen, give me leave to introduce—

Kitty. Law, mamma, you are so round-about always.—I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies.—You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time—
[*The men come from the glass door to the front of the stage. KITTY goes up to RANDOM, begins curtsying, looks in his face; drops the flowers, and screams.*]

Kitty. Oh!

Rand. Ha!—the young lady's taken ill. [*Running to her.*]

Lady. Mercy on me! Why, girl! why, Kitty! What's the matter with you?—[*They put her in a chair.*]

Kitty. Nothing, mamma—nothing—but something that——

Rand. Something that was in the flowers, madam, I believe.

Kitty. Yes, yes,—a great——

Rand. A great wasp. I heard it buz by me, as you dropt 'em.

Kitty. Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected.—
[*Looking at RANDOM.*]

Rand. How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

Lady. And I to be without my smelling-bottle too—Bless me, why Harriet! you give no more assist-

ance than——[*SCRUPLE, at the beginning of the bustle, goes round to HARRIET.*]

Har. Excuse me, madam ; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill——

Scrup. Has quite affected Miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden——

Lady. You're extremely kind, sir : Go, my love— Poor dear sympathetic girl ! The gentleman will assist you.

Scrup. I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assured, madam. [*Exit SCRUPLE with HARRIET through the glass-door.*]

Rand. If your ladyship would favour us with a little hartshorn——

Lady. Lard ! that I should be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table. I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear ; a little of Dalmahoy's Pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant. [*Exit.*]

Rand. And now, my dear Kitty !

Kitty. [*Rising.*] Hush ! hush ! lud ! you have frightened me out of my wits : I have hardly breath to ask you a question : Where did you come from ? Who brought you here ? How long do you stay ? and who do you go away with ?

Rand. I came from London ; brought here by your father ; stay till to-night ; and go away with you, my angel.—So much for question and answer.

Kitty. With me ! you might have asked my consent first, I think.

Rand. Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities : your father knows nothing of me, nor my friend ; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation : but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and

defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find : we shall order a post-coach to the garden-wall at eleven. Now, Kitty, if we cou'd but find the outside of a certain chamber door—

Kitty. O gemini ! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

Rand. No, but if Scruple and I were to venture ?

Kitty. Oh ! it wou'd be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it ; you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you.—We won't—no—we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

Rand. Thanks ! thanks ! my dear, sweet, charming, bewitching little—[*Embracing her.*]

Enter Lady DUNDER, hastily.

Lady. Here are the salts.

Rand. [*Changing his tone, but without letting KITTY go.*] That's right, madam : lean upon me : walking about will be of infinite service, I am certain.

Lady. You're very good, indeed, Mr Random. How are you now, Kitty ?

Kitty. Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma.—[*Quitting RANDOM.*]

Lady. Aye, aye, I knew it would be soon over : foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle ! but come, we have troubled Mr Random too much already : we'll take our leaves, and dress for the day.—To be alarmed at an insect indeed !

Kitty. Law, mamma, why not ?

Rand. Certainly there's more in it than your Ladyship imagines.

Lady. Well, well ; you're very good—But—ha, ha, ha ! Sir David will laugh finely at this—totter-

ing in a chair—and—you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say—

Kitty. Well, I deserve to be laugh'd at, I see : foolish enough, to be sure. Come, mamma—[*Taking her arm, and looking archly at RANDOM as she goes out.*] You won't forget the chair, I dare say, Mr Random. [*Exeunt KITTY and Lady.*]

Rand. [Solus.] So, this even exceeds my warmest expectations. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely, our success is certain : but he is so shilly shally. Damn it, if he lets her reflect, we are lost.—Women were never born for reflection ; and whenever they have any, it's generally used to turn all our schemes topsy turvy. [*Exit.*]

A Garden belonging to Dunder-Hall.

HARRIET and SCRUPLE.

Scrup. Why, Harriet, why torture me with these needless objections ?

Har. Needless ! good heavens ! how can I accept your proposals ? the indelicacy, the consequences which may follow, the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister—

Scrup. My life on't, are guided by honour ; and the emergency, the occasion, every thing conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have proposed is—

Har. In your present situation rash, even to madness : time too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay—

Scrup. Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation : you know my situation ; know that with prudence, a virtue which, I confess, I have hitherto neglected, it may be essentially alter'd for the better : but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay ; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to ; all convince me, if your regard

continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet—

Har. Impossible! Press me no further, I beseech you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr Scruple, which I should shudder to violate.

Scrup. Absurd! have not they proposed a match for you—

Har. A detested one, I own: but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

Scrup. Still, still, Harriet, this delay! why take pleasure in tormenting me!

Har. It is not in my nature: bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic; for I have preferr'd happiness to splendour; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune. Apprized of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, sir; nor strive to take advantage of a partiality, which would be ill-placed on one who wou'd recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour. [*Warmly.*]

Scrup. Confusion! But I am to blame, madam; I have relied too much on that partiality, which, I see, cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable. [*Going.*]

Har. Unkind, ungenerous man! you, too, who read my heart; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me: but prudence urges your departure; go then; I cannot, dare not, follow you; my actions are not at my own disposal. Ah! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

Scrup. Dear sweet simplicity! O Harriet, forgive my petulance; pardon a passion, whose warmth con-

sumes all bounds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent, for your sake, Harriet: and yet I must not lose you; but wish and wait for happier times.

Har. The times will come, assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

Scrup. If he should hasten it!

Har. Why then—Nay, nay, you know my weakness.

Scrup. Then I will be content; you must at last be mine. [*Taking her hand.*] Till then I'll watch with anxious care about you: still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion; prudence, which, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

Har. Then keep it: [*Giving the fan.*] keep it as an emblem of your conduct: and when I claim it, which one day no doubt I shall, be it from difficulties—removed or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

Scrup. My lovely girl! O may that day—

Sir Dav. [*Without*] Hollo! girls! plague on't, why where the deuce——[*Enters.*] Oh! here you are. Aha! got acquainted already—that's right: he's as pretty a promising sprig of a—what's he talking of? somewhat sensible? mentioning me?

Scrup. We were just talking of you, indeed, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Like enough; what, you've got my young puss in a corner?

Scrup. I was explaining to Miss Harriet, sir—

Sir Dav. I know it; isn't she an apt scholar? had it all from me; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject: harkee, Hal; got news for you; lookee, a letter from London.

Har. About me, papa?

Sir Dav. Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace, and pin-money—made up the match; here it is, [*Shewing the letter.*] as neat

a mixture of love and law ; nothing but harmony and business : just like a drum ; all music and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you ?

Scrup. That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

Sir Dav. Pooh ! pr'ythee, 'won't be long ; make us monstrous happy : Random, and you now, eh ! shall make no noise about it. Just a snug party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fiddler, and a hop in the hall.

Scrup. May I ask the gentleman's name ?

Sir Dav. Lord Snolts. D'ye know him ?

Scrup. His person only, which is by no means in his favour : his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short too, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Ha ! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five-and-forty come Lammas, I take it.

Scrup. Rather an advanced age to begin making love.

Sir Dav. Right, we sha'n't lose a moment ; he has been making money however this long time ; rich as a Rabbi.

Scrup. Money, I fear, Sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

Sir Dav. No, what else ?

Scrup. The power of Cupid sometimes.

Sir Dav. Curse Cupid ! he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad.

Scrup. And yet a stupid, old ugly husband, is—

Sir Dav. I know it : like a heavy old-fashion'd piece of plate—always handsome when he's rich.

Har. [After reading the letter.] Be here to-morrow ! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected !

Sir Dav. Right ! the best way in the world in these cases. All settled now, but the ceremony ; that we'll finish as soon as possible.—Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal ! never stand trembling on the brink : dash

away—one plunge, a slight shock, and the business is over.

Har But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

Sir Dav. Be quiet; I know it; married so myself, Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear lady Dunder if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; came together as people dance minuets; I bow'd, she curtsey'd, and, egad, I had her by the left hand in a moment.

Scrup. But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reasons for wishing delay: if all husbands, indeed, had equal accomplishments——

Sir Dav. Eh! why something in that; men ar'n't all alike; every body is not bless'd with manner and stile to—Eh!—few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already, you know. So as soon as he comes, why——

Har. Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to——

Sir Dav. Take time! Pooh, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My lord leaves London to-morrow, be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to—eh?—why what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as——

Har. The weather, sir; Nothing more—the heat of the——

Sir Dav. Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: We'll walk to the house, and——

Har. I attend you; but it has really so overcome me—I—I almost want strength to follow you. [*Embarrassed.*] I want——

Scrup. Your fan, madam.

Sir Dav. Aye, right, a few flaps in the face wou'd bring her about in a second.

Scrup. This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you.

Sir Dav. Eh! Did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

Har. Shall I, papa?

Sir Dav. To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a———carries it o' purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

Har. If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it—[*Hesitating.*]

Scrup. With the utmost pleasure, believe me, madam. [*Presenting it.*]

Sir Dav. Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

Har. [*Fanning.*] How refreshing to the spirits!

Sir Dav. Yes, so it's a sign. En't it, you?

Scrup. Certainly—it is—it is a sign, Sir David.

Sir Dav. I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crap, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of.

Har. [*Fanning.*] It wou'd not be proper, if you had, papa.

Sir Dav. Like enough: But let's in, and open our budget: quite delight my lady with the news: she'll be in a hell of a pucker. A fine fuss with preparations to-morrow, I warrant: up to the neck in beef, gowns, ducks, jewels, ribbons, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. [*Going out.*] Soon have your swain kissing your hand. [*SCRUPLE kisses it.*] Come along: soon settle this. Kitty will be coupled next. Cares are all over; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCRUPLE courting HARRIET, behind Sir DAVID, in dumb shew.*]

SCENE III.—*In the Ship.*

Enter PEERY, meeting ROUNDLEE and QUIRK.

Peery. I hope, gentlemen, you have every thing to your satisfaction.

Round. I wish we had, with all my heart.

Peery. I am very sorry any thing should happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—for people in post-chaises. [*Aside.*]

Quirk. Well, and how goes your house? are you tolerably full at present? eh, landlord?

Peery. Um! Full enough in the larder, your honour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons, and butchers' meat in abundance: mutton chops, lamb chops——

Round. Damn chops: we don't want victuals: cram us with news.

Quirk. But what company have you? Any body of note now? Any body that makes a noise in your house?

Peery. Let me see—first, there's my wife——

Round. Pshaw! we have nothing to do with your wife, man; we want an acquaintance or two.

Quirk. Aye, hav'n't you two——two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs?

Peery. Hum!—there's a very old one in the back parlour.

Round. Oh the devil!

Peery. Two young gentlemen, indeed, came down from London about seven this morning, and they——

Both. What! What!

Peery. Went away about eight, I believe.

Round. Damnation! I thought so.

Quirk. But were they tall or short, or fat or lean, or——

Peery. Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one—Very inquisitive. [*Aside.*]

Round. [*To QUIRK.*] The very c'lothes we heard at the hotel they set out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

Quirk. Back.

Round. Let's enquire farther, however—I suppose now, landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house?

Peery. Certainly, your honour! They are friends of yours, I imagine.

Quirk. Why, we should be glad to see 'em again, I promise you. Do you expect 'em back shortly?

Peery. Oh yes, in a day or two, I make no doubt.

Round. Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it.

Peery. Nay, perhaps sooner—I guess where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

Quirk. Ah! at Calais, no doubt—or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr Roundfee.

Peery. And from what I cou'd gather from the servant, I make no doubt but their occasions will make them come quickly to our town again.

Round. Rare news, Quirk—you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent fellow, landlord: I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again—gad I—I begin to find my stomach returning—so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

Peery. It shall be done, sir—Stingy scoundrel! [*Aside.*] Here, Lewis.

Enter Waiter.

Lay a cloth in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear?

Waiter. Very well, sir. There's the packet just put into the harbour, sir.

Peery. Hah! Any body particular?

Waiter. Mr Random and another gentleman are coming up the quay, sir.

Round. Eh! Who?

Quirk. Random! Put back again, by all that's lucky.

Peery. Odso! A rare customer! Run, Lewis, [*Exit Waiter.*] Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and—

Quirk. But stop and—

Peery. And every thing to your satisfaction, gentlemen—and—

Round. We want to——

Peery. Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

Round. Plague of your—

Peery. And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen!—Coming! [*Exit bawling.*]

Round. Huzza! rare news, Quirk. The luckiest hit in the world! They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash, at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an officer whilst we are at dinner, and drinking a merry meeting——Come, my dear Quirk, we'll soon settle the business, I warrant; and then after our hot post-chaise scamper, and I've made sure of my money, we'll travel back slowly, at our ease, in the Dilly. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Ship, at Dover.*

Enter OLD RANDOM, leaning on CARNEY.

Old Rand. Gently, gently, good Carney! The cursed sea-breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move at first setting off, than a post-horse.

Carney. There! there! gently—and now, Mr Random, many welcomes to England again. We have been feeding on French air, like cameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a camel.

Old Rand. But I have a huge lump of cares on my back notwithstanding.

Carn. But health is the great thing to care about." Why, you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

Old Rand. Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

Carn. Think! I know it.

Old Rand. It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy—flesh without colour, and my face peeping through a parcel of wrappers.

Carn. For all the world, like a mummy.

Old Rand. How! why don't you see now?—

Carn. Oh! quite another thing, sir.

Old Rand. Another thing, sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout, and a cough.

Carn. Very true, sir.

Old Rand. Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh! the south of France is the best physician in the world—if it can't cure, it seldom kills, and that's more than most doctors can say for themselves. Then the pleasant time we have pass'd together, I nursing myself, and you keeping me company in my room, all the while I was sick, in a fine charming warm climate!

Carn. Ay, happy days, indeed, Mr Random. The walks, too, I enjoyed, in imagination, looking out of your window!

Old Rand. And so you'd wish to have walk'd out, and be damn'd to you! taking your amusement abroad, while poor I was taking physic at home. Here's friendship for you! and a pretty return for the pleasure I found in keeping you close to my bedside all the day long. Lord! Lord! what few folks feel for any body but themselves!

Carn. Nay I'm sure I suffered as much as you did yourself.

Old Rand. Well, well, you are the best of the

bunch, I believe—"the only man I can agree with. What can be the reason of it, Carney?

Carn. The similarity of our dispositions, no doubt; for I talk, eat, drink, and think exactly as you do, Mr Random.

Old Rand. "Something in that, I believe,"—but what a singular, cruel case mine is, that with so many connections, and a family to boot, I find such few proofs of people liking me—Plagued with a profligate dog of a son too—"who, because I have indulged in a few trifling pleasures myself, thinks that he must be uninterrupted in his wild vagaries." Zounds! getting children is worse than getting a fever: they keep an incurable heat in one's blood, and cost a devilish deal of money into the bargain.

Carn. But there is some prospect of a cure here, I hope?

Old Rand. No, no—past recovery, I promise you. The dog will be deucedly disappointed to see me so stout again, I fancy. [*Coughing.*] Eh, Carney?

Carn. Impossible, Mr Random: I can't think him so depraved. I dare say he will be overjoy'd to see you. I am sure, for my part—[*Pompously.*]

Old Rand. Aye, aye, you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means—at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so—but he ——"Didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him every thing except my plate and my pictures, and my houses, and my money? and see his gratitude!" You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions in his life.

Carn. Where is he now?

Old Rand. Rattling all over the town, I suppose, with his friend Mr Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living, like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits, "laughing at every

man who has sense enough not to act and dress like himself—and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days.” Dam’me, he’s hardly fit for any thing. What can I do with him, Carney?

Carn. Um! Put him in the guards, Mr Random.

Enter PEERY.

Old Rand. Ha! Honest Peery!

Peery. I hope I see you well, sir? Your honour looks charmingly since I had the honour of seeing your honour.

Old Rand. See there! how the alteration strikes strangers. [*To CARNEY.*] And any news, Mr Peery? any thing stirring lately?

Peery. Nothing particular, except since your honour arrived—

Old Rand. Well, and what happened then? Any body enquiring after me? Who is it?

Peery. Two very inquisitive people.

Old Rand. Oh! custom-house officers, I imagine.

Peery. No, they came from London—they’ve ask’d a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoiced to hear your honour’s arrived.

Old Rand. Very civil of ’em. I see nothing particular in this, Master Peery.

Peery. And I believe they have sent for a constable for your honour.

Old Rand. For me, Mr Peery!

Carn. Impossible! For what?

Peery. Um! Perhaps they think his honour’s a spy.

Carn. Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

Old Rand. I apprehend that you are a blockhead! runners! Why I can hardly walk, and never spy any thing without spectacles. Why, what’s the meaning of all this?

“*Peery.* I can guess at no other reason they can

have for taking up you, who are just come from France—but perhaps your honour may remember some capital crime you have committed. I am sure, 'Squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a-year, can never want money."

Enter BAILIFF and Follower.

Bailiff. Is your name Random, sir?

Old Rand. Well, sir, suppose it is?

Bailiff. Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

Old Rand. The devil I am?

Bailiff. At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener of London, for three thousand pounds.

Peery. 'The 'squire arrested for debt!—It can't be.

Carn. I should sooner suspect myself.

Bailiff. And Mr Scruple, here, for the same sum.
[*Slaps CARNEY'S shoulder.*]

Carn. Scruple!—Who, I?

Old Rand. Scruple! Dick's crony, by Jupiter! and I and poor Carney arrested for the dog's debts as soon as we set foot in England—a profligate! a scoundrel! I'll—One moment, if you please—come here, Peery! you see this business?

Peery. Plain enough.

Old Rand. Do you know of any Mr Scruple he mentions?

Peery. Odso! it's the two young merchants, as sure as a gun, that Sir David carried off in his carriage this morning.

Old Rand. Merchants!

Peery. Yes, and now I recollect, one call'd the other Scruple, sure enough.

Old Rand. Well, well, you see the mistake—you must be bail in this business.

Peery. Who, I! Lord, your honour!

Old Rand. Come, no words. Who is this Sir David you talk of?

Peery. Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall—lives hard by.

Old Rand. Order a post-chaise. I'll drive there immediately.

Peery. But it's so late, your honour. Past ten o'clock.

Old Rand. No matter : I'll raise the house. Zounds ! I'll raise the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of all this directly : and if you are shy about bail, why—I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, till I come back.

Carn. I had rather keep you company, if you please, Mr Random.

Peery. Why, as it appears like a mistake, sir, and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate—and——

Old Rand. Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking ?

Bailiff. We desire no better.

Old Rand. As to this Mr—What's his name ? Mr Roundfee, who is in the house ; not a word of it to him till I return, for particular reasons.

Peery. Every thing shall be done to your satisfaction, sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please ; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

Carn. Mercy on us ; what an escape !

Old Rand. An escape ! a scoundrel ! an abandon'd—What do you think now of all this, Carney ?

Carn. Think ! Why, I—What do you think ?

Old Rand. That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this : that my son's a blockhead to behave so ; and that I am a greater blockhead than any body to suffer it.—Zounds ! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his face again. Come along, Carney : I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe : I'll unkennel him, I warrant you : I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him—dam'me, I'll unget

him,—“that’s disinherit him.”—He shall rot in a jail : rot me, if he sha’n’t ; I’ll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Gallery in Dunder Hall.* [Stage dark.]

[*Four chamber doors at equal distances in the back scene. A chair placed against the farthest door on the right hand.*]

RANDOM *opens the second door on the left.*

So ! all quiet : not a soul stirring. [*Comes forward.*] Sir David, good man, thanks to early hours, is snoring away in the next room to me. I heard him, like a high wind, through the cracks of the old family wainscot. He little dreams of what’s to happen before he wakes.—Where can Scruple be all this while ? He promised to be on the watch, as soon as every thing was silent ; but he’s so cursed slow and backward in this business ! If I was not pretty sure that one woman is as much as any one can manage, I should be tempted to take this nymph away without waiting for him. It’s so damn’d dark too, that there’s no being certain of his door. The chair was a lucky thought ; we should have made some confounded mistake without it, I believe. How the plague now shall I make him hear, without disturbing any one else ?

Scrup. [*Opens the farthest door on the left.*]

St—St !

Rand. Scruple !

Scrup. Random, is it you ?

Rand. Yes !—Softly ! All’s snug. The Baronet’s as fast as a church.

Scrup. And his wife ?—

Rand. Pickling, I believe, below stairs in the store-room. The old woman’s head is so full of this nonsensical match Sir David has told her of, that

she'll be up with the housekeeper, I find, three parts of the night, to make preparations for the wedding.

Scrup. 'Sdeath, we shall be discovered: we shall never get out without her hearing us.

Rand. Pooh! Never have done with your doubts and objections?

Scrup. Surely her being up is an objection of some weight.

Rand. Certainly, she's of great weight in the house—for which reason she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we sha'n't come within a mile of her. But have you heard any thing of Tiptoe?

Scrup. No; do you expect him?

Rand. Yes; I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back-gate of the garden. It's turned of eleven, too, I take it. Look what's o'clock, will you?

Scrup. Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

Rand. Odso, I had forgot; but he'll be here presently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procured a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber, which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

Scrup. Well, if he is but punctual—

Rand. Oh! you may depend upon him; but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door, where they are in waiting. [*Feeling about.*] Their bed-chamber is beyond it, so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know.

Scrup. Hadn't I better go with you?

Rand. No, no; stay here as an outpost; I shall soon be back.

Scrup. Gently—no mistakes now.

Rand. Never fear! So, here's the chair.

Scrup. Remember—Caution's the word.

Rand. Aye, and expedition too. The house must divide, you know : so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. [*Taps*]—[*Door opens, and he enters, into the Women's chamber.*]

Scrup. How awkward I feel in this business ! It's the first time I ever entered into a scheme of this sort ; and am now convinced no man ever thinks of running away, without being cursedly frightened.

[*TIPTOE, singing without.*]

“ So great a man, so great a man I'll be ! ”

Scrup. Hark ! “ What's that ? ” Ha ! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again ? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief ; and I dare say, my unlucky stars (or rather my want of any stars at all) will direct me to Sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber ; I must in, at all hazards. [*Goes into the same chamber he came out of.*]

Enter TIPTOE, with a dark-lanthorn, singing, and drunk.

Tip. Here I am at last ! What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery ! umph ! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters—Damn my masters ! Scamper ! Scamper !——'T won't do—No ; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lanthorn I begged of the old boy at the inn—I was forced to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it me—I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark ! Umph ! Gentlemen make no more of servants' necks now-a-days—they think we've one to spare, like the swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But softly !

softly ! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see—it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery ; but whether it's to the right—or to the left—curse me if I recollect. Stay—[*Turning round, and counting the doors.*] One—two—three.—Dam'me, how the doors dance ! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember, [*Taking the chair, and drawing it along.*] when I lived with old Lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here, [*Pointing to the doors*] chuse to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till my old acquaintance comes by. [*Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.*] Zounds ! how fast somebody sleeps—Sir David perhaps,—“ I wonder if Baronets ever snore.” What the devil am I to do now ? Get my head broke for not calling my master ; and my bones broke, if I should happen to call any body else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call no body, egad !—I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So—gently—steady.— [*Exit singing.*]

Scrup. [*After a pause, opens his door.*] Once more every thing is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery.—I had best give Random notice of what has happened, that in case we are watched, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be—[*Going to the door* RANDOM *entered.*] Eh ! no chair—'Sdeath, this is Sir David's ! A pretty blunder I shou'd have made ! [*Goes to the next.*] O here it is at last. [*Taps at the door.*] What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented ! I had better explain to him what has happened in the inside of my chamber ; for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now ?

[Taps again.] [Sir DAVID opens the door in his bed-gown and night-cap.]

Sir Dav. Well?

Scrup. Hush! it's I.

Sir Dav. I!

Scrup. Softly! Softly! Zounds, you are so unguarded! Follow me! Quick, quick! Only follow me, and you shall hear all.

[Exit into his own chamber.]

Sir Dav. Follow me! Damn'd if I do though. Can't stir a step without running the risk of breaking my nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dark with no name—a rascal, to rob the house perhaps—Gad, it has put me all in a twitter.

[RANDOM comes out with a bundle, from the Women's chamber.]

Rand. St! St!

Sir Dav. Eh!

Rand. 'Tis I.

Sir Dav. So! here's t'other I. [Aside.]

Rand. Where are you? Here! hold this bundle. [Thrusting it into his hands.] Why what makes you shake so? Are you cold here?

Sir Dav. Zounds, a thief!—He'll cut my throat if I cry out. [Aside.]

Rand. For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

Sir Dav. "Like enough." Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say. [Aside.]

Rand. But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where you are now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end, I warrant you. [Returns into the Women's chamber.]

Sir Dav. That you will—a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away?

The dog's given me a bundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought in for a new kind of burglary—Cast for breaking into my own house, and hang'd for robbing myself of my own property. My lady's locked up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old housekeeper: or gagg'd and ravish'd, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to——[*Feeling about.*]

Scrup. [*Putting out his head.*] Hollo!

Sir Dav. Oh, the devil! There's one in every corner—a whole banditti playing at bopeep. [*Aside.*]

Scrup. Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you.

Sir Dav. The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll deceive him. [*Aside.*]

Scrup. Nay this delay will——

Sir Dav. Hush.

Scrup. What's the matter? Any body coming?

Sir Dav. Yes—Yes—

Scrup. Ha! We are discovered. In—In—[*Shuts the door.*]

Sir Dav. Now if I could but crawl down this back stair-case.—[*Meets RANDOM coming out, and runs against him.*]

Rand. Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

Sir Dav. Zounds, it's the two merchants! [*Aside.*]

Rand. Our packing is all over—

Sir Dav. Indeed!

Rand. Our two fair ones both equipt for flight.

Sir Dav. My Harriet?—

Rand. Yes, and my Kitty—They'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! And we've nothing to do, but to lead 'em to the coach, and away as fast as love, money, and four horses can carry us. Didn't I tell you now, that your doubts were all nonsense? but 'sdeath, you are so dull about it: your fears have so overcome you, that—why aren't you like me—All rapture, all passion?

Sir Dav. Hem! *Shewing signs of agitation.*

Rand. Aye, this is right now! this is as it should be. But I'll go and bring 'em out. [*Going.*]—
[*Turns back.*] Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think what a damn'd clatter Sir David will make by and by. His fat fubsy wife too; cackling about the house like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

Sir Dav.—Old hen! “Dam'me, I wish she
“had never sat to have brought such a brood.” [*Aside.*

Rand. And he too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life? But I'll go and conduct our charge. By the bye, has Tiptoe been here?

Sir Dav. No.

Rand. Careless scoundrel! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for it. Now to deliver our damsels from the clutches of an obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead, to think to marry women to whom he pleases! No, no: whenever there's any forbidden fruit, it is not in human nature to rest easy till it is tasted. [*Feeling for the door.*]

Sir Dav. Liquorish dogs! [*Keeps back.*]

Scrup. [*Coming out.*] Why, what could he mean! There's no noise: all's quiet as can be.—Random.

Rand. Well!

Scrup. Are you ready?

Rand. Yes, yes; didn't I tell you so? We're coming.

Scrup. Well, well! Tiptoe has not been here.

Rand. Pshaw! Plague, I know it; you told me so already.

Scrup. Did I? When?

Rand. Why this instant; but you are in such a flutter, you can't remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope?

Scrup. Bundle! What bundle?

Rand. That, that I gave you just now.

Scrup. Just now ! not you indeed ! Why you're in a flutter yourself.

Rand. Pooh ! pooh ! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room. The bundle that—

Scrup. Damn the bundle ! I never saw it, nor felt it in all my life.

Rand. Now how can you be so cursed obstinate ? I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

Scrup. Shook ! your memory is shook, I believe.

Rand. Gad I could have sworn I had given it you, but we must not stand upon trifles now.—Time's precious.—[*Opens the women's door—HARRIET and KITTY come out.*] This way, this way. Now, ladies, we attend you.

Kitty. Lud ! it's as dark as pitch.

Rand. Never fear.

Har. Heavens ! how I tremble.

Scrup. Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

Rand. Well said, Courage ! well said Cæsar, egad !—'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now you spoil all. I'll bring you all through I warrant you.

Har. I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits—

Rand. Vapours ! vapours, from being in the dark—nothing else, believe me, madam.

Har. My mother too—What will not she feel ?

Scrup. Nay, pursue this no farther.

Kitty. Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant ; rattling about Sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

Sir Dav. [*Behind.*] Be quiet, I know it.

Kitty. Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way.

Rand. Stay ! take my arm. Come, madam.—Scruple—arm in arm all four, and then for our march.

Sir Dav. March! dam'me but I'll muster among ye though——[*Aside.*]

Sir DAVID comes forward between them. KITTY takes hold of Sir DAVID's and RANDOM's arms, HARRIET of Sir DAVID's and SCRUPLE's; all arm in arm, Sir DAVID in the middle.

Rand. So, thus linked, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow too, that thinks of dividing us. [*Going.*]
[*A loud ringing at the bell.*]

Scrup. Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

Har. Oh mercy! we shall be seen.

Kitty. Lud! there's a light! hide! hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma as sure as I live.

Sir Dav. [*Aloud.*] No, no! stay where you are. Come along, my lady! a light will do us a deal of good.

Enter Lady DUNDER, with a light.

Servant, ladies and gentlemen!

Lady. Mercy on me! Sir David! girls! gentlemen!

Scrup. Confusion!

Rand. Sir David!

Sir Dav. Yes, here we are—been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits. Our burrows are all empty.

Lady. Why what's the meaning of——

Sir Dav. Be quiet—meaning? treachery—mean to bamboozle us—Dark night, rope ladders, garden gate, and Gretna Green—that's the meaning of it.

Lady. How! and is this the return for——

Sir Dav. Hush! aye is this the return for my open, hospitable, generous—I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomachs; crammed every thing into you, but gratitude.

Lady. And came here on purpose, I suppose, with a trumped-up story of——

Sir Dav. Trump! dam'me this will be their last trump I take it. And you too! [*To the women.*]

You ! [*To HARRIET.*] you that I intended to link to a lord ; to go and give up a peer for a pedlar ; a merchant ! a fellow here that lives like a lobster by salt water ; a culler of pepper and spice ; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pipkins ; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American markets.

Scrup. 'Sdeath ! What is all this ?

Rand. If you'll give us leave, sir, to——

Sir Dav. Give ! gad you'd have taken leave without asking—French leave, if I had not been here ; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammered together by a bare-breeched blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad ! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles ! but zounds ! I'll have satisfaction.

Lady. For heaven's sake, my dear !—cool your choler a little, Sir David.

Sir Dav. Be quiet. What, have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops, and quiet county meetings, for these twenty years ; and now not rub off its rust, in the oily guts of a couple of whale-catchers, for what I know to the contrary ?

Old RANDOM and CARNEY, [without.]

Old Rand. Come along, Carney ! late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe. [*They enter.*] Hey-day ! the whole family collected !

Rand. My father ! a pretty business we have made of it !

Old Rand. I beg pardon for this intrusion——but if Sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion——

Sir Dav. I know it : see it all already : fine occasion indeed : and you too—[*To Old RANDOM*] act as accomplices, do you ?—an old fellow—sham ? What, you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counselor's—squeez'd over a toupee with a dapper tail peeping out between the ties.

Old Rand. How!

Carn. My worthy old friend means, sir—

Sir Dav. Hush—He is an old one, is he? means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

Lady. I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

Old Rand. Run away! Not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that——

Sir Dav. Did you! There they are. Take 'em away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you may match 'em against all Europe, egad.

Old Rand. So, you are two pretty gentlemen; are not you? And how dare you, sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? [*To RANDOM.*] Not content neither in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog, arrested for 'em.

Carn. Yes, and me too.

Rand. I am at a loss how to comprehend, sir—

Old Rand. But that rascal, that rogue, Roundfee, I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks at large all over the country.

Sir Dav. Eh! be quiet—Cursed ungenteel though in you, if you are his father. Zounds! you have used me worse than they! Get yourself locked up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

Old Rand. I? I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

Sir Dav. Ha family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance too, if I'd let him.

Old Rand. How! what, attempt to—

Sir Dav. Be quiet.—I am the injured party: let me speak.

Lady. No, Sir David, I'll—

Scrup. To end all confusion, I'll speak.

Rand. What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all? [*Aside.*]

Scrup. It is yourself, Sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

Sir Dav. Eh!

Rand. He beats me all to nothing. [*Aside.*]

Scrup. Your unguarded kindness to strangers might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see. Characters which we never thought of assuming.

Sir Dav. Oh! damn Paul!

Scrup. "Our invitation was unsought: and though
"our manner of requiting your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practised upon by men unworthy
"your countenance, you have met with gentlemen."

"*Sir Dav.* Here's two fine fellows! come into my
"house—going to carry off half on't on their shoulders—and then—I have met with gentlemen."

Scrup. Our conduct, Sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters' way at Bath, and our continued affection (I think I may answer for my friend,) may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune.—Bestow but their hands, Sir David, and we shall be happy.

Sir Dav. Eh! Zounds! something noble in that too.

"*Lady.* But to think of carrying away our two
"dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale
"chits of the county.

"*Sir Dav.* Hush! handsomer! Ay, and richer
"too! with pockets full of money: housewives stuff'd
"with bank-notes; and work-bags cramm'd with guineas."

Old Rand. Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

Carn. I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr Random.

Lady. And what has the other gentleman to say for himself? [*To RANDOM.*]

Kitty. Indeed, mamma, we are not much to blame, neither.

Rand. Love, madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may once have influenced your ladyship's delicate susceptible bosom.

Lady. Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence, that—

Rand. If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to Sir David, for an union with his daughter—I hope my future conduct—

Old Rand. Um!—Why, as things are so, Sir David, and my connections are pretty considerable—my estate pretty well known—

Carn. A good six thousand a-year—I have known my good friend here some time; and have had his property under my eye, for these five years.

Old Rand. And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

Sir Dav. Is he?—Well, as matters are—and as my Lord might find a flaw here—an ugly business, not much to his liking—I think we can but in honour be off—so to prevent cursed country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that—I think we may as well—my lady?

Lady. As you think proper, Sir David—Harriet?

Har. We are bound now, madam, both by inclination and duty, to follow your commands.

Kitty. Yes, mamma, we are both bound.

Sir Dav. Well then; there, there! take one another—no words.

Rand. And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for life.

Old Rand. Remember Roundfee, tho'—There you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

Sir Dav. What! a usurer! Dam'me, let's duck him.

Old Rand. Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled with at leisure. Their blunders have left them to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you—Fellows whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion when they are distressed themselves.

Sir Dav. I know it.—But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon—No moping melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be—and nothing ought to give any of us, here, so much pleasure, as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces. [Exeunt.

THE SCHOOL FOR AUTHORS;

A

COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

BY

JOHN TOBIN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIAPER,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
CLEVELAND,	<i>Mr Brunton.</i>
WORMWOOD,	<i>Mr Farley.</i>
JEFFERY,	<i>Mr Davenport.</i>
FRANK,	<i>Mr Jones.</i>
WILLIAM,	<i>Mr Holland.</i>
JANE DIAPER,	<i>Miss Norton.</i>
SUSAN,	<i>Mrs Gibbs.</i>

THE
SCHOOL FOR AUTHORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DIAPER'S *House*.

Enter DIAPER, *followed by a Servant*.

Diap. You took the letter to Mr Wormwood ?

Serv. Yes, sir ; he'll wait on you immediately.

Diap. And have you told Mr Cleveland that I wish to speak with him ?

Serv. I have, sir.

Diap. Very well.

[*Exit Servant.*

Cleveland shall be the man. I had some thoughts of trusting Wormwood, but he's an author himself. No, no, Cleveland shall be the man.

Enter Servant.

Well ?

Serv. Mr Jeffery from the city, sir, wishes to speak with you.

Diap. Plague on him, what can he want? Send him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

Just at this time too! I did hope when I had got fairly out of the sight of business, I should have lost the sound of it.

Enter JEFFERY.

Well, Jeff., the old subject I suppose?

Jeff. Yes, sir.

Diap. Business, eh?

Jeff. I came to tell you that the goods are all safely packed in the warehouse, and to know if you'll have 'em insured.

Diap. Not an article.—Let 'em take their chance. I insure my country house, 'tis true; why? because my manuscripts are all there. Any thing more? You know I hate business.

Jeff. Hate business! I remember when you liked nothing else.

Diap. And for that very reason, I'm now determined to like every thing else.

Jeff. Then you were the glory of Cheapside.

Diap. Yes, and the shame of every other place.

Jeff. Up every morning at seven, opened the shop-window yourself in, your green velvet night-cap, breakfasted at half-past, snug behind the counter by eight, stuck there till two, as if you had been a piece of it, bolted a sheep's heart in the little back parlour with the curtain half open, to have an eye upon customers, and then at it again till nine.—Do you remember, sir?

Diap. I wish I could forget it. And then on a fine cutting day in December, when I used to stand on tiptoe, bare-headed, at a carriage door, whilst a committee of ladies were leisurely settling the exact shade of a riding-habit, till my face was all the colours of a rain-bow, and my nose ten degrees at least below the freezing point.

Jeff. Ah, sir, if you had but stuck to business as closely as business would have stuck to you, you might by this time have been in the high road to the mayoralty.

Diap. The mayoralty? That for the mayoralty!
[Snapping his fingers.]

Jeff. I wish you could hear what your friends in the city say.

Diap. My friends in the city? Well, what do the rogues say?

Jeff. You'll be offended.

Diap. Not in the least:—they say I'm inspired, don't they?

Jeff. Oh, no;—they swear you're possess'd.

Diap. The agreeable dogs!—but proceed.

Jeff. They say you'll find Pegasus a friskier jade than your old pad nag.

Diap. Never mind that; every man has a right to choose his own hobby-horse—go on.

Jeff. That you wer'n't born a poet.

Diap. I'm determined to die one, notwithstanding.

Jeff. That, instead of standing behind your counter, you're sitting all day cross-legg'd in your study, waiting for inspiration, like an old rusty conductor for a flash of lightning.

Diap. The rogues are witty.—Like an old rusty conductor—I like that.

Jeff. Ah, sir, when I recollect the snug complacent smile with which you used to close the ledger on a Saturday night, I can't help thinking what a face you must make when you strike a balance with your bookseller.

Diap. Hang profit! You don't suppose I write for money?

Jeff. I don't indeed, sir.

Diap. Parnassus! Pindus! Helicon! and the A-

nian maids ! and when I die, when, as a certain poet (you may guess him) has somewhere expressed it,

“ When the dark fates with silent tread,

“ Cut with extended sheers my trembling mortal thread”—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Cleveland, sir, is ready to wait on you.

Diap. I'll see him now.

Jeff. Then you won't have the goods insured ?

Diap. Certainly not.

Jeff. Good morning.

[*Exit.*

Diap. My friends in the city ? I think by to-morrow I shall convince my friends in the city—but no matter—Cleveland is here.

Enter CLEVELAND.

Clevel. I obey your summons, sir.

Diap. I thank you.

Clevel. What are your commands with me ?

Diap. A business of the most pressing nature. Sit down, my dear Cleveland, sit down. [*They sit.*] I think, Cleveland, I have been a friend to you.

Clevel. Almost a father, sir

Diap. Nay, nay, that's extravagant. I have done you some little services.

Clevel. How can I repay them ?

Diap. By conferring a favour on me, on which my reputation, and consequently my happiness, depends.

Clevel. Name it, sir.

Diap. I think I may trust him.

[*Aside.*

Clevel. As I am fully persuaded you will ask nothing unbecoming an honourable mind to perform, I sacredly promise to comply with your request.

Diap. My dear fellow !—I'll certainly trust him. [*Aside.*] You know, my dear Cleveland, I have been for some time past a sort of a dabbler in poetry.

Clevel. Nay, sir, something more than a dabbler.

Diap. You may, perhaps, be confirm'd in that opinion, when I tell you that I have written a Tragedy.

Clevel. How, sir?

Diap. Spic and span—prologue, epilogue, and all.

Clevel. You surprise me!

Diap. It has been presented.

Clevel. Well, sir.

Diap. Accepted.

Clevel. Indeed!

Diap. And, to complete your amazement,—it's the very piece that's to be play'd to-night.

Clevel. What, Gunpowder Treason?

Diap. Gunpowder Treason.

Clevel. My dear sir, I give you joy;—if it succeeds, your fame is fix'd for ever.

Diap. True; but if it should be damn'd, my laurels will be all changed to a weeping willow.

Clevel. Never mind it, sir.

Diap. Never mind it? What, not mind being damn'd? I'd rather stand in the pillory, where turnip-tops may be had gratis, and rotten eggs are but twopence the score. Do you really think there's nothing in it?

Clevel. A mere trifle—I could name you a dozen authors who are damn'd regularly once a season.

Diap. And are they alive?

Clevel. Alive? So far from killing, it hasn't even cured them. If our modern men of genius were determined not to survive their works, they'd be a short-lived generation indeed!

Diap. And you really think there is nothing in being hooted, hiss'd, groan'd, cough'd, and pelted off the stage?

Clevel. Not much, sir.

Diap. Give me you're hand. I'm glad you're of that opinion; for the favour I have to request is, that you'll attend the performance.

Clevel. To-night, sir?

Diap. Ay, to-night; and if the piece should happen not to succeed. (tho' I don't think there's much danger) that you'd come forward as the author.

Clevel. [*Aside.*] Was there ever any thing so unfortunate?

Diap. He hesitates.

[*Aside.*

Clevel. I beg pardon, sir, I had a slight engagement to-night; but your feelings are at stake, and to them I will sacrifice every thing.

Diap. My dear fellow, you make me the happiest of men—What can I do for you?

Clevel. Nothing, sir.

Diap. Nothing?

Clevel. That I dare ask.

Diap. Dare ask? What is it you dare not ask?

Clevel. You have a niece, sir, who—

Diap. Nay, Cleveland, any thing else. My house is yours—my purse is yours, but my niece—Look'ee, Cleveland, you are a very good fellow, a brave fellow, a handsome fellow, nay, a very sensible fellow; but you'll excuse me, you have no genius—give but a striking proof of genius, and—

Clevel. And what then, sir?

Diap. Why, then you will stand a chance with the best of them.

Clevel. In that hope I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr Wormwood, sir.

Diap. We'll see him.

[*Exit Servant.*

I sent to him to attend the reading of the piece—you have no objection to be introduced to him as the author?

Clevel. None in the world; but as he is the dramatic critic of the day, suppose we reserve that discovery till we have learnt from him the public opinion.

Diap. An excellent thought.—He comes.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Wormw. My dear friend—[*To DIAPER.*] Mr Cleveland, your servant—I fear I interrupt business.

Diap. Oh, no, not in the least. Any thing new abroad?—Now we shall have it.

[*Aside to CLEVELAND.*

Wormw. Oh, yes, plenty of novelty. A new Comedy to-night at one house; and a new Tragedy at the other.

Clevel. Pray, sir, what do they say of the Tragedy?

Wormw. I understand a most entertaining performance.

Diap. Indeed! [*Pleased.*]

Wormw. Full of the vis comica.

Diap. Vis comica! What, the Tragedy?

Wormw. Why not? Modern Comedies are composed to make us sad, and why shouldn't modern Tragedies be written to make us merry? It's as natural to laugh at a funeral, as to cry at a wedding.

Diap. Why, then, I suppose you think there's a fair chance of its being——Eh?

Wormw. To a certainty—hiss'd off the stage to-night, complimented by the critics to-morrow, and the third day the author will receive the condolence of his friends, which, to the shrinking sensibility of an unsuccessful poet, is like brine applied to the back of a soldier smarting from the halberts.

Diap. I think we've carried the joke far enough.

[*Aside to CLEVELAND.*

Clevel. Of that you're the best judge.

Diap. You know the unfortunate gentleman, I suppose?

Wormw. Oh, no—do you?

Diap. I do—shall I introduce you?

Wormw. I've no objection in the world, if he's a friend of yours.

Diap. Mr Cleveland. [*Introducing him.*]

Wormw. Nay, my dear sir, you can't be in earnest?

Diap. No? 'tis the very piece we are going to read.

Wormw. Zounds, Diaper, this was unhandsome, to entrap me into an abuse of my friend; but you'll recollect, Mr Cleveland, what I have been saying is not my own opinion—mere rumour—the idle report of the day.

Clevel. No apology, sir; you are a critic by profession, and have but exercised your usual privilege, to sentence an author before trial, and dissect him before execution.

Diap. Come, let's to business. Wormwood, you're a true friend, but I trust you'll turn out a false prophet.

Wormw. I hope so too. Excuse, me, sir, for a minute, I'll follow you immediately.

[*Exeunt DIAPER and CLEVELAND.*
Cleveland the author of the piece? Then the success of it must be prevented. If he should raise himself as high in the estimation of the uncle, as he already stands in the opinion of the niece, my hopes of obtaining her will be forlorn indeed! yes, yes, whatever it cost, the success of his play must be prevented. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Diaper's House.*

FRANK sitting in an Elbow Chair, reading a Manuscript.

Frank. Sad stuff! this is very sad stuff indeed! I wonder so many authors prefer venting their nonsense in blank verse, unless it be to convince the world, that they can write without rhyme or reason. [*Bell rings.*] Strange that nobody answers that bell.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Lord ! Mr Frank, can't you hear the bell ?

Frank. It's not my master's.

Susan. What then ?

Frank. You know I can never hear any other.—

Susan.

Susan. Well, Mr Frank ?

Frank. Sit down, and I'll read you a tragedy.

Susan. [*Sitting down.*] A tragedy ? what, a real tragedy ? Is there plenty of love in it ?

Frank. Brimful of love.

Susan. And murder ?

Frank. Murder ? ay, and manslaughter too. You shall have the blowing up of the two houses of parliament.

Susan. Well, that must be vastly moving ! But, is it a downright tragedy, or is it a tragical comedy ?

Frank. Oh, no—it's a comical tragedy.

DIAPER steals in behind.

Diap. So, I have found the felons ! I'll wait, and see the effect. [*Aside.*

Susan. What is it called, Mr Frank ?

Frank. Gunpowder Treason, or the Fifth of November. Come, as we're a little straightened for time, we'll begin with the fourth act.

Diap. Now for it. [*Aside.*

Frank. [*Reads.*] “ Act IV. Scene I. The condemned Hole in Newgate—Guy Faux discovered sitting at a table, in a pensive attitude”—natural enough, when a man's going to be hanged.

Diap. To be sure it is. [*Aside.*

Frank. “ Enter his wife”—These tragic authors always introduce a man's wife to heighten the distress—“ Enter his wife and three daughters, in black sattin, and the governess in bombazeen,”—an ad-

mirable distinction, and shews the author to be a complete master of the etiquette of stage mourning.

Diap. Yes, I think I've studied that to some purpose. *[Aside.*

Susan. Well, but Mr Frank, they oughtn't to go into mourning till he's hanged.

Frank. True; but what signifies what ought to be, when a dramatic author has determined to produce effect? Besides a good wife should always be prepared for the worst. *[Reads.]* "Guy Faux seeing his wife and children, starts three paces."—Just a hop step and jump backwards.

Diap. *[Aside]* Does the rascal banter?

Frank. Now attend—

[Starts back three paces and exclaims,
"This is too much!—weep not, my drooping
"love,

"Nor you, my pretty little ones, nor you,

"Fair sable guardian"—

Fair, sable guardian! well, well, that may do.

"Fair sable guardian of these mourning flow'rs;

"By heav'ns I'd rather die the thing I am,

"Than live to be the monarch of the globe,

"Though death shall clasp me in his cold embrace.

"Not he, that kill'd the cow, immortal Guy,

"Shall live in story, more renown'd than I."

[SUSAN becomes gradually affected, and bursts into tears. DIAPER accompanies the reading with action.]

Diap. Dam'me, but she's a girl of feeling!

[Aside.

Frank. Why, what the devil's the matter with you? why you're not blubbering—Ha, ha, ha! why, you're not crying in earnest?

Susan. Lord, Mr Frank, how can you be so hard-hearted? I protest, it's wonderful pathetic. I don't think I should ever be able to sit it out.

Frank. No, nor any body else, I believe.

Susan. Do you know who writ it?

Frank. Not I;—some obscure dog or other, or we must have heard of him at our club. Some new settler in Grub-street, I suppose.

Diap. Grub-street!! The rascal!

Frank. Some garreteer, who receives inspiration through a sky-light. If he doesn't mend his hand, it will be some time before he gets out of the attics; but though I can't tell you who wrote it, I can tell you who will review it.

Susan. Who, Mr Frank?

Frank. I shall—and the Lord have mercy upon him.

Diap. [*Coming forward.*] Why, you impudent rascal!

Susan. Mercy on us! now we shall have a tragedy in good earnest.

Diap. How could you have the audacity to take the manuscript out of my study?

Frank. Audacity? when I lived with my Lord Skimwit, he never published any thing without consulting me.

Diap. Indeed!

Frank. Never, sir.

Susan. Lord, how impudent he carries it! [*Aside.*

Frank. To say the truth, he had so high an opinion of my judgment, that he never ventured to print so much as a song, or an epigram, till I had given them the last finishing touch.

Diap. Really?

Frank. On my honour, sir.

[*SUSAN endeavours to stop him.*

Diap. And so, because you gave the last finishing touch to my Lord Skimwit's epigrams, you think yourself at liberty to steal my manuscripts?

Frank. Steal?

Susan. Do, be quiet, Frank.

[*Aside.*

Frank. Oh, no, sir, I had no intention of stealing a syllable; whatever other defects I may have, I believe my originality has never been doubted.

Susan. Lord, Frank, how can you be so provoking?
[*Aside.*

Diap. Get out of the room.

Frank. It will never do in its present state, depend on't.

Diap. Get out of the house!

Frank. If it was mine—

Diap. Get out of the street!!

Frank. I should cut it down to a farce.

Diap. Get out of the parish!!!

Frank. I am gone; but you'll remember, I gave you warning.
[*Exit.*

Diap. Warning? the rascal shall go to-morrow, though I pay him a month's wages in advance. [Shuts the door.]
Susan.

Susan. [*Aside.*] What will he do to me?

Diap. Come hither, Susan.

Susan. [*Falls on her knees.*] Oh, sir, pray, sir, don't be angry, indeed it was all along of Mr Frank.

Diap. Angry!—Well, well, I'm not angry, that is, not very angry—I mustn't betray myself. [*Aside.*] Come hither, I say.

Susan. Indeed, sir, I should never have thought of such a thing.

Diap. Well, well, don't cry; though you have done wrong, yet you're a girl of feeling.

Susan. Yes, sir.

Diap. You've a heart formed for pathos.

Susan. Have I, sir?

Diap. And one of these days you shall read the whole of it.

Susan. Thank ye, sir.

Diap. I'll read it to you myself.

Susan. What, now, sir?

Diap. Now? no, not now, Susan; but some day

or other, when you're not very busy. In the mean time, don't let that fellow, Frank, persuade you it's a good joke to laugh at a tragedy.

Susan. Never, if I can help it, sir.

Diap. He's the worst reader in England—Trust your own judgment.

Susan. I will, sir.

Diap. You've a very excellent taste.

Susan. La, sir!

Diap. And, Susan, as since the ladies have left off wearing clothes, your perquisites are not very great that way, here's a trifle to buy you a new gown.

Susan. Thank ye, sir,—your servant, sir.

Diap. Take care of that fellow, Frank. *[Exit.*

Susan. Yes, sir.—Mr Frank's a very pretty reader notwithstanding. *[Aside.]* *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—DIAPER'S Garden.

Enter JANE DIAPER, as from the reading of the Play.

Jane. If I have any skill in physiognomy, my uncle is the real author; his countenance, in the reading of the play, betrayed more the anxiety of a parent than the solicitude of a friend. They come—I'll observe him further. *[She retires.*

Enter DIAPER and WORMWOOD.

Diap. Well, Wormwood, now we are alone, what's your opinion?

Wormw. Don't press me, my dear sir; Cleveland is your friend, and he is my friend, and though in the present case, I may possibly think he has not been his own friend—but don't press me.

Diap. Nay, I insist upon having your opinion.

Wormw. Well, if you insist.—

Diap. Peremptorily.

Wormw. Why, then, between ourselves, I'm glad neither you nor I are the author.

Diap. Indeed!

Wormw. I think your friend's tragedy—but why will you extort from me what will give me so much pain to deliver?

Diap. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; if I can bear it, I think you may.

Wormw. Why, then, I think your friend's tragedy is the most unqualified nonsense—I speak it with infinite pain—

Diap. I see you do.

Wormw. That ever defied the understanding—you are putting me on the rack—

Diap. Never mind—never mind—can't you be composed as I am?

Wormw. That ever defied the understanding, or exhausted the patience, of an audience.

Diap. That's your real opinion?

Wormw. Yes; now you're not pleased.

Diap. Oh yes.

Wormw. You're not satisfied?

Diap. Perfectly satisfied, and very much obliged to you; but, do you really think it so very bad?

Wormw. Shall I repeat my opinion?

Diap. By no means. I won't put you again upon the rack. Here and there I think the author has struck out a new idea.

Wormw. I don't know how many new ideas he may have struck out, but I'm sure he hasn't left one in.

Diap. Indeed! I rather think there are some passages in that play that would do honour to any poet.

Wormw. Ay, any modern poet.

Diap. Modern poet! Well, and what have you to say against modern poets? Whatever modern poets may be, modern critics, I believe, are not

much better; though it is certainly much easier to find fault with a good play, than to write a bad one. How many people of your acquaintance could write a better?

Wormw. Very few, I'm afraid; but I don't know a single one that could write a worse.

Diap. No?

Wormw. Not one.

Diap. I don't think you need quite despair of that, till you have tried it yourself.—I hit him there, I think. [*Aside.*]

Wormw. My dear sir, you grow personal.

Diap. Personal! And who was personal first? The man, who abuses my friend, abuses me; and the man who abuses my friend's tragedy—

Wormw. Abuses your tragedy, of course.

Diap. My tragedy! no such thing. He begins to suspect me,—I must tack about here. [*Aside.*] [*After some struggle he produces a laugh.*] He! he! he! why,—He! he! he!—you didn't—Ha! ha! ha!—you didn't suppose I was in earnest?

Wormw. No?

Diap. Ha! ha! ha!—did you ever—Ha! ha! ha!—know one author praise another in earnest?

Wormw. Then you really agree with me in opinion?

Diap. Completely—Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!— [*Puts his hand to his side, as if suddenly seized with a pain there.*]

Wormw. My dear friend, what's the matter?

Diap. My old complaint; I never can indulge in a hearty fit of laughter, but I'm taken with a pain in the side.

Wormw. Well, well, we'll finish our strictures another time.

Diap. If you please—I shall see you after the performance.

Wormw. Certainly;—for the present adieu! Ha! ha! ha!

Diap. Ha! ha! ha! don't tempt me, or I shall certainly have a return of my pain.

Wormw. I'll spare you then till we meet again.

[*Exit.*

Diap. Spare me! I wonder how I could ever mistake that fellow for a man of taste. He can't, after this, suspect the piece to be mine, I think.

Jane. [*Coming forward.*] So, I must touch a different string. [*Aside.*]

Diap. Ha! Jane, is it you? I'll have her judgment.—Well, what did you think of the tragedy?

Jane. Nay, sir, what signifies my opinion?

Diap. A great deal,—men judge from their heads, and are generally mistaken,—women decide from their hearts, and are always right.

Jane. [*Aside.*] Now then, for a solemn face, and a little of the true cant of criticism.—Why, sir, in the first place, I can hardly bring myself to believe that so finished a work can be the production of so young an author.

Diap. Indeed?

Jane. Such a profound knowledge of human nature—

Diap. D'ye think so?

Jane. Such a nice discrimination of character—

Diap. Excellent! [*Aside.*]

Jane. I am right. [*Aside.*] So intricate a plot, without the least perplexity—

Diap. [*Aside.*] I can't bear it.

Jane. My dear sir, you must excuse me—it must be the work of some literary veteran.

Diap. O no!—you are wrong—you are wrong.

Jane. I'll be hanged then. [*Aside.*] There is one scene, which I'm sure Mr Cleveland could never come up to.

Diap. Indeed! what, the prison scene?

Jane. Right, sir; is it possible he could have written that without assistance?

Diap. Well, well, to confess the truth, I did throw a flash or two into that scene.—But d'ye like it?

Jane. Like it! that scene was written in the very climax of inspiration.

Diap. It was.

Jane. On the very tiptoe of fancy.

Diap. You are right.

Jane. The author must have been, as the poet expresses it, in a fine phrenzy.

Diap. He was.

Jane. He must have been half out of his wits.

Diap. Three parts at least.

Jane. In the very heaven of poetry.

Diap. I was,—I remember when I wrote that scene.

Jane. What, then, sir? [*Quickly.*]

Diap. When I corrected it, I mean.

Jane. No, you don't—you mean what you say. I suspected you at the reading, sir.

Diap. Suspected me?

Jane. No mother ever watched with more anxiety her daughter's first appearance at a ball than you did the effect of your play.

Diap. My play?

Jane. Yes, sir, yours. Mr Wormwood might have discovered you, but he took the wrong way. Like the man in the fable, you drew your cloak closer at the rude breath of censure, but threw it off at the warm sunshine of praise, and stood forth, as every man should do, the father of your own child.

Diap. You are a witch, I believe.

Jane. I am a woman, sir, yet I can keep a secret.

Diap. Well, well, the tragedy is mine—Murder will out, I find.

Jane. Yes, sir, and treason too.

Diap. Well, well, keep the secret, and—

Jane. You will not encourage Mr Wormwood to continue his addresses to me?

Diap. Nay, I didn't say that; however, be a good girl, and I don't know what may happen. I'm now going in search of Cleveland, to give him my last instructions. Heigho! [Exit.]

Jane. But I must first have an interview with him, to see if something can't be made of this discovery. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of DIAPER'S Garden.*

Enter FRANK and SUSAN.

Susan. Nay, Mr Frank, how can you be so obstinate? If you would but make an apology, all might yet be well.

Frank. No, I've made up my mind.—I'm too much of a fine gentleman, it seems, for my master; and he's too little of the fine gentleman for me; it's impossible we can ever sympathize.

Susan. And who, when you are gone, will read me novels, and tragedies, and comedies, and operas? I shall break my heart if you leave us; you know we hav'n't yet got half through "The Benevolent Footpad," and have finished only the first act of "The Heroic Chambermaid." Oh, Mr Frank, when you are gone, except now and then looking out of the window, I shall have nothing to attend to but my my business. [Cries.]

Frank. 'Twill be a very hard case certainly; but what's to be done? I should like to give the finishing touch to the dramatic part of your education, my pretty Susan; but as for the rest of the family, I shall as heartily take leave of them as I did of my last fit of the gout.

Susan. And what do you mean to do when you're out of place?

Frank. What most fashionable footmen do in place,—nothing.

Susan. I hear my Lord Squander has parted with his valet.

Frank. So I find; but there are some things in his lordship's character that I don't altogether approve of. You know I'm particularly nice as to character;—besides, possibly he would not agree to my terms.

Susan. No,—what are they?

Frank. Why, you see, if I go into a family again, to prevent any subsequent misunderstanding, I shall insist upon having the first night of every new play,—my Saturday evenings for the opera, (can't miss the opera;) and as I am always extremely vapoured, when under the influence of a provincial atmosphere, that the family do, on no account, rusticate above four months in the year.—But who comes this way, with so thoughtful a pace?

Susan. 'Tis Mr Wormwood;—now, if you would but mention the affair to him, I'm sure he'd speak a good word for you.

Frank. Would he? then I shall be the first person he has spoken a good word for since he turn'd critic.

Susan. There can be no harm in trying him however.

Frank. Well, Susan, to oblige you.

Susan. Do, Mr Frank; for though he's a bitter-spoken gentleman, he may sometimes do a good turn for all that.

Frank. Stand aside, and leave us together.

[Exit SUSAN.]

WORMWOOD entering.

Wormw. That must be the scheme, certainly. By procuring the condemnation of the play, I shall not only oblige the uncle, but render him contemptible in the eyes of the niece. Ha! [Seeing FRANK.] This fellow may be of service.—Frank.

Frank. Sir.

Wormw. You are determined, I hear, to leave your situation?

Frank. To say the truth, sir, I see no honourable mode of avoiding it.

Wormw. 'Tis a pity that so good a master should part with so excellent a servant.

Frank. True, sir; but 't isn't every body knows when they're well off.

Wormw. Yet, I suppose, if a reconciliation could be effected upon fair and honourable terms—

Frank. I should have no objection, sir.

Wormw. Why, then, I think I could put you in the way of not only reinstating yourself in Mr Diaper's good graces, but of standing higher in his favour than ever.

Frank. Indeed, sir?

Wormw. You know there's a tragedy to be acted to-night, for the first time—

Frank. Yes; and for the last I believe.

Wormw. Of that, being yourself a poet, you are no mean judge.

Frank. Pardon me, sir: though I still continue to review a little, sometimes, yet I've determined to write no more. I've a great respect for the muses, 'tis true, yet I never mean to enter again into their service; for, without exception, they give the shortest commons, the worst wages, and the shabbiest liveries of any ladies about town.

Wormw. Very good! But to the point; your master affects to interest himself for the author,—to whom he really wishes as much success—

Frank. As one author generally does to another.

Wormw. Right—Now, if you could, by any means, contrive to be notoriously and riotously forward in the condemnation of the play—

Frank. You think I should confer a service on my master?

Wormw. One that he'd never forget.

Frank. And by that means serve myself?

Wormw. It would do your business, depend on't.

Frank. Then, depend on it, sir, my business is done.

Wormw. You needn't tell your master that I gave you the hint.

Frank. Oh, no, sir.

Wormw. I mean you shall have the whole credit of it yourself.

Frank. Thank ye, sir—I'll about it instantly.

Wormw. And, Frank—

Frank. Sir.

Wormw. Suppose you take one or two of the men servants to assist you?

Frank. I will, sir.

Wormw. Call here to-morrow morning, and leave the rest to me.

Frank. Sir, you have laid me under an everlasting obligation. *[Exit.*

Wormw. How, if the play should succeed? That's next to impossible. This fellow is a critic by profession, and your professed critic is as infallible in foretelling the fall of a play, as a physician in prophesying the death of a patient. In both cases their own credit is at stake, and it would be hard, indeed, if they should be wrong in a prediction, of which the fulfilment depends chiefly on themselves. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden.*

CLEVELAND and JANE DIAPER meeting.

Clevel. Jane!

Jane. Cleveland, I have a secret for you.

Clevel. Nay, I have a secret for you too.

Jane. But, as I am a woman, and have already kept it a full half hour, you must give me the preference.

Clevel. Well, what is it?

Jane. The play—

Clevel. What play?

Jane. The tragedy—

Clevel. Well?

Jane. Is my uncle's.

Clevel. I know it.

Jane. Don't you pity him?

Clevel. Pity him?—pity me.

Jane. You?

Clevel. Yes, me; I've bound myself to attend the representation.

Jane. Nay, then, you are indeed to be pitied.

Clevel. Yes, Jane, I am indeed to be pitied; for the comedy——

Jane. Well?

Clevel. The new comedy that's to be play'd at the other house——

Jane. What of it?

Clevel. Is mine.

Jane. Your's, Cleveland!

Clevel. Mine, as I hope to be saved.

Jane. And was I the last person to be trusted with such a secret?

Clevel. By heavens, you are the only one.

Jane. Does nobody know it but ourselves?

Clevel. Not a human creature.

Jane. Then you have no friends to support it?

Clevel. Never mind; if it has merit, it will find friends; if not, it deserves none.

Jane. I will attend it.

Clevel. Nay, nay, the trial will be too much.

Jane. I feel it will be a trial, yet, don't attempt to dissuade me. I will seek out some gloomy dim-light-ed corner of the house, where my varying cheek shall be unnoticed, my beating heart unheard; where hope, unperceived, may elevate, and fear distress me; from whence, if you are successful, I may bear the tidings

with the speed of sound, and if you should fail—but I don't think you'll fail,—rather than you should fail, I'll make a speech to the audience myself.

Clevel. My sweet girl! and what will you say to them?

Jane. I will tell them it is the first fond child of your fancy, the growing darling of many anxious days, of some sleepless nights.

Clevel. It is indeed!

Jane. That its success will crown the hopes of two young and faithful hearts, and that, if it should fail,—but it can't fail—it won't fail—I shall break my heart if it fails.

Clevel. Nay, nay, calm your emotions. It will come fairly and fully before a jury of my countrymen, and tho' I fall by their verdict, I will not arraign their justice. But, hush! your uncle.

Enter DIAPER.

Diap. Ha! what, I've caught you together. Now I can guess what you two have been talking about—the play.—Come, come, confess you've been talking about the play.

Jane. You're right, sir.

Diap. Well, Cleveland, the hour approaches.

Clevel. Would it were come, sir!

Diap. Come! would it were past, I say! 'Tis a most momentous period.

Clevel. It is indeed, sir.

Diap. A night on which my future happiness depends. My whole reputation is at stake.

Clevel. And mine too, sir.

Diap. Your reputation? Nay, as a poet, you have no reputation to lose.

Clevel. No, sir; but I have one to gain.

Diap. Ay; but till you have written yourself, you don't know the feelings of an author upon such an occasion.

Jane. True, sir; but he may guess at them.

Clevel. I can indeed.

Diap. Why, I declare you're quite agitated.

Clevel. Most deeply, sir.

Diap. Poor fellow! poor fellow! I don't think you could feel more, if the case were your own.

Clevel. I cou'dn't, upon my honour, sir.

Diap. Well, well, don't let's despair. You'll do your best for me?

Clevel. You may depend on that, sir.

Diap. Above all things, remember to restrain your feelings, and don't be too vehement in your applause. An author, who would outlive the malice of his enemies, is often destroyed by the too active kindness of his friends.

Jane. As a child, who miraculously escapes the physicians, is overlaid by the fondness of the nurse.

Diap. Come, the coach is waiting for you—You don't know what a fever and ague I have upon me. Yet the cold fits are so much more violent than the hot ones, that—Come along—As the man in the play says,

“ This is the night,

“ That quite unmakes me, or that makes me quite.”

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in DIAPER'S House.

DIAPER discovered reading. After some attempts, he puts down the Book.

Diap. It won't do—I find it's impossible for a man's mind to be in two places at once. Nothing can divert my attention. [*Noise without.*] What the devil's that?

JEFFERY *without*.

Jeff. Not see him ! I must see him, and will see him.

Diap. Sure 'tis Jeffery's voice.

Jeff. [*Entering.*] I tell you he's a ruined man.

Diap. Ruin'd ! then he comes from the theatre.

Jeff. Oh, sir !

Diap. Speak !

Jeff. I can't speak.

Diap. Don't stand looking at me with that dismal face ; but tell me the worst.

Jeff. Then you have heard of it ?

Diap. No, but I can guess ;—it's all over.

Jeff. Over ! I wish it was ;—it's raging with the utmost violence.

Diap. Raging ! what's raging ?

Jeff. Hav'n't you heard of the fire in the Minories ?

Diap. Damn the Minories !

Jeff. Your warehouse is in flames.

Diap. That for my warehouse !

Jeff. It's half consumed.

Diap. Let it make a finish.—How the rascal frightened me ! [*Aside.*]

Jeff. He has heard the news from some other quarter, and is gone mad. The engines can't come to play.

Diap. Play ! never mind—the actors can play, the actors can play.

Jeff. Actors, sir ! in less than half an hour it will be hissing at the water's edge.

Diap. Hissing ! don't talk to me about hissing. Don't you see I'm engaged, and can't attend to such trifles ?

Jeff. Trifles ! Ten thousand pounds the least half-penny, and not a farthing insured.

CLEVELAND *enters.*

Diap. My dear boy !

Clevel. All's lost, sir.

Jeff. I told him so, but he would not attend to me.

Diap. Quite damn'd ?

Clevel. Beyond redemption, sir.

Diap. Fire and furies !

Jeff. Water I say—If the engines could but have play'd—

Diap. Will you get out of the room ? Do, Cleveland, assist me to murder this fellow, that I may attend to you in cool blood.

[*They push JEFFERY out of the room, he struggling violently.*]

And now, my dear boy, how was it ?

Clevel. I will be as particular, sir, as my agitation will let me.

Diap. Disguise nothing from me.

Clevel. The first act went off smoothly enough.

Diap. I thought it would.

Clevel. As the curtain dropp'd on the second, there was a slight murmur of disapprobation.

Diap. Umph !

Clevel. They recovered their good humour in the third.

Diap. Well !

Clevel. But, about the middle of the fourth—

Diap. Ay—

Clevel. In that most distressing scene—

Diap. What, the prison scene ?

Clevel. Yes, sir,—

Diap. I expected there would be a party.

Clevel. My dear sir, the whole house cou'dn't be of the party.

Diap. Yes, they might very easily. Would I had been there !

Clevel. I'm very glad you were not, sir. What could you have done?

Diap. Done! I'd have ordered the engines to play upon them. Psha! I'm distracted. I'd have—I'd have—I'd have read the riot act, and clear'd the house. Where were my friends?

Clevel. Where a man's friends generally are when he wants them,—somewhere else.

Diap. Was Wormwood there?

Clevel. Oh yes, he was there.

Diap. And did he exert himself?

Clevel. Till he was hoarse. He joined the opposition throughout, and when the piece was attempted to be given out for a second representation, he howl'd and hiss'd as if he had borrowed the throats of Cerberus, and the head of Medusa.

Diap. Impossible!

Clevel. Very true, sir.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Mr Wormwood, sir.

Diap. Very good—I'll see him. [*Exit WILLIAM.*

Clevel. Now, sir, you'll have an opportunity of trying him. Only affect to rejoice at what gives you so much pain, and he'll unbosom himself presently. That I may be no check upon you, I'll retire.—Oh, Jane! Jane! [*Aside.*]

Diap. Do;—but be within call.

Clevel. I'll await your summons.

[*Exit.*

Diap. He comes—Let me endeavour to dissemble.

WORMWOOD enters, and after looking at DIAPER for some time, speaks.

Wormw. I give you joy.

Diap. I thank you.

Wormw. You never saw any thing done more completely.

Diap. So I understand.

Wormw. I wish you had been there.

Diap. So do I.

Wormw. Though, perhaps, it would have brought on your pain in the side.

Diap. Most likely.

Wormw. Yet you've lost a most excellent treat.

Diap. A very high one, no doubt.

Wormw. You'd have been delighted.

Diap. As a dog is, whilst they're tying a cannister to his tail. *[Aside.]*

Wormw. You needn't say I told you; but you're under particular obligations to Frank, I assure you.

Diap. What, my Frank?

Wormw. Your Frank. I wish you could have heard him.

Diap. Thank ye—I would rather have heard the war-whoop whilst being scalp'd. *[Aside.]* Then you think, but for Frank, the piece might have succeeded.

Wormw. I hav'n't a doubt of it. And the town might have been pestered with it for this month to come. Who d'ye think sent him?

Diap. Was it you?

Wormw. It was.

Diap. I can stand this no longer.—Mr Cleveland.

Enter CLEVELAND.

Wormw. *[To DIAPER.]* Cleveland! he must have overheard us—No matter—I must do what is well-bred upon the occasion, notwithstanding.—Mr Cleveland, though unfortunately not able to congratulate you on your success, yet, as a friend, permit me to condole with you on your disappointment.

Clevel. I thank you, sir, for the kindness of your intentions; but you are somewhat premature.

Diap. Premature! What does he mean?

Wormw. Indeed? I thought your piece had entirely fail'd. [*Aside.*]

Clevel. No, sir, my piece has not yet fail'd.—How terrible is this suspense! [*Aside.*]

Diap. What's he at now? [*Aside to CLEVELAND.*] Cleveland—my dear Cleveland, you're not going to betray me?

Clevel. Be under no apprehension, sir.

Wormw. [*Aside.*] What the devil can he mean? —Oh, you intend, perhaps, to give it another trial.

Clevel. No, sir, its first trial is not yet over.

Wormw. Now I understand you.

Diap. [*Aside.*] It's more than I can.

Wormw. You mean to take your revenge on the audience, by printing it?

Clevel. No, sir; the audience and I have not yet quarrell'd.

Diap. What the devil does he mean? [*Aside.*]

Clevel. I have done my best to entertain them; and if my fortune does but equal my endeavours—

JANE DIAPER *enters.*

Jane. Victory! Victory!

Clevel. Successful?

Jane. Beyond your hopes, and equal to your wishes.

[*They rush into each other's arms.*]

Diap. Does any body understand **this**?

Wormw. 'Sdeath! if that should be the case—

Clevel. Oh, sir, excuse the indecorum of our transports! The comedy—

Diap. Well?

Wormw. It must be so. [*Aside.*]

Clevel. That has been received with approbation—

Jane. With enthusiasm!—

Clevel. Is mine !

Diap. Yours ?

Clevel. Mine, sir.

Jane. It is indeed. Oh, Cleveland !

Clevel. Nay, nay, restrain your joy.

Diap. Ay, do restrain your raptures ; don't you see with what a temperate delight Mr Wormwood bears the discovery ?—Give me your hand, give me your hand, my dear fellow. May the spirit of poetry forsake me, if I don't feel as much joy in your success, as mortification at my own want of it.—Well, my dear friend, [*To WORMWOOD.*] what do you think of all this ?

Wormw. I am astonished.

Diap. Are you ? Well then, now I'll amaze you. The tragedy, which you and Frank have just howl'd to death—

Wormw. Well, sir ?

Diap. Was mine.

Wormw. Confusion !

[*Aside.*

Diap. Cleveland, here's my niece. May you be happy with her ; and, as for you, my dear friend, I wish you as happy as disappointed malice can make you. In short, without meaning to be rude, I wish you were out of my house.

Wormw. A hint would have been sufficient, sir ; but remember, I have some little influence on the public opinion, and am not to be insulted with impunity.

[*Exit.*

Diap. Egad, that's true ; we must not provoke him too far.

Clevel. Heed him not, sir ; his spleen will exhaust itself in a newspaper paragraph, or an epigram at most.

From such rude snarlers, sullen and severe,
We turn to more impartial judges,—here !

[*Exeunt.*

MIDAS;

AN,

ENGLISH BURLETTA,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,	<i>Mr Legg.</i>
JUNO,	<i>Mrs Stevens.</i>
APOLLO,	<i>Mr Mattocks.</i>
PAN,	<i>Mr Dunstall.</i>

MORTALS.

MIDAS,	<i>Mr Shuter.</i>
DAMÆTAS,	<i>Mr Barnshaw.</i>
SILENO,	<i>Mr Baker.</i>

MYSIS,	<i>Mrs Thompson.</i>
DAPHNE,	<i>Mrs Baker.</i>
NYSA,	<i>Mrs Mattocks.</i>

SCENE—*First on Mount Olympus, afterwards on
the Pastures of Lydia.*

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the Clouds, in full Council: they address JUPITER in Chorus, accompanied by all the Instruments.

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord May'r,
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks;
When he speaks,
Heli squeaks;

Earth's globe is but his law.

Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.

Even Fate,
 Tho' so great,
 Must not prate;
 His bald pate
 Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities,
 Like mice in cheese,
 To stir must cease,
 Or gnaw.

Jup. [*Rising.*] Immortals, you have heard your
 plaintiff sov'reign,
 And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands? We'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your
 emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law. [*To JUPITER.*] My proc-
 tor, with a summons,
 Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from Heaven
 yon varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile har-
 lot!

AIR II.

Think not, lewd Jove,
 Thus to wrong my chaste love;
 For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
 By day and by night,
 Juno will have her right,
 Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.

I'll ferret the haunts
 Of your female gallants;
 In vain you in darkness enclose them;
 Your favourite jades,
 I'll plunge to the shades,
 Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our
thunder

Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa—No bowels for your own relations?

AIR III.

Be by your friends advised,
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir—Come Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him,
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. JUPITER darts a bolt
at him, he falls—JUPITER re-assumes his
throne, and the Gods all ascend together, sing-
ing the initial Chorus:

Jove in his chair, &c.

SCENE II.

A Champaign country, with a distant village ; violent storm of thunder and lightning A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs away frightened, leaving his cloak, hat and guittar behind him. AP LLO (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunned : at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward, speaks. After which, enters to him SILENO.

Apol. Zooks ! what a crush ! a pretty decent tumble !

Kind usage, Mr Jove—sweet sir, your humble.

Well, down I am ;—no bones broke—though sore pepper'd !

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do ?—turn shepherd ?

[Puts on the cloak, &c.]

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo

No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.

Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,

Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Sileno. Whom have we here ? a sightly clown !—and sturdy :

Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.

Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters.

I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.

—Whence, and what art thou, boy ?

Pol. An orphan lad, sir !

Pol is my name ;—a shepherd once my dad, sir ;

I' th' upper parts here—though not born to serving,

I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

Sileno. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.—So have I, too ;

Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

AIR IV.

Since you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me, you jolly dog ;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
 Fa la la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed ;
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter-milk, and oaten bread.
 Fa la la.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home ;
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your strum strum.
 Fa la la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse ;
 Zooks, I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.
 Fa la la.

Sil. Do, strike hands ; 'tis kind I offer ;

Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer ;

Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse ;

Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.

Sil. Pity such a lad such suffer,

Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse.

Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse.

Fa la la.

[Exeunt, dancing and singing.]

SCENE III.

SILENO'S Farm-house.

Enter DAPHNE and NYSA, MYSIS following behind.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on 'Squire Midas' courtship ?

Nys. Your sweet Damætus, pimp to his great worship,
Brought me from him a purse ;—but the conditions—
I've cured him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nys. Right. So we are rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Mys. Hey-day! what mare's nest found?—For ever grinning?

Ye rantipoles—is't thus ye mind your spinning?

AIR V.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle.
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle ;
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding ;
They flirt pell-mell,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding ;
To ev'ry fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

SCENE IV.

Enter SILENO, introducing POL.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil ;—I chanced, just now, to stumble

On this stout drudge—and hired him—fit for labour.
Come, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

Mys. Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling
thrummer!

[*To Pol.*] What art thou good for? speak, thou
ragged mummer.

Nys. Mother, for shame——

Mys. Peace, sauce-box, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under-
value.

For his and your work, I'm brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else——

Mys. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR VI.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong,
A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me,

Never more to rise.

Mys. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her
snubbing! [*Aside.*]

Sil. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get
your dinner.

SCENE V.

MYSIS, SILENO, NYSA, DAPHNE.

Sil. Fye, why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?

Nys. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. [*To Mys.*] Not pert, nor lumpish.

Mys. Would he were hang'd !

Nys. and *Daph.* La ! mother, why so frumpish ?

AIR VII.

Nys. Mama, how can you be so ill-natured,
To the gentle, handsome swain ?

Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featured,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Mys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your account :

Sil. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. Ah ! ah !

Daph. Mama !

Nys. and } Mama, how can you be so ill-natured,

Daph. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featured ?

Nys. and } To the gentle, handsome swain,

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain ;

Nys. and } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain

Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mys. Girls, for you my fears perplex me ;
I'm alarm'd on your account.

Sil. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me ;
I will rule, depend upon't.

Nys. } Mama !

Mys. } Psha ! Psha !

Daph. } Papa,

Sil. } Ah ! Ah !

Daph. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natured,

Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natured ;

Nys. } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featured ?

Daph. } To the gentle handsome swain,

Sil. } He's a gentle handsome swain.

Nys. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Mys. } 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sil. } He's a gentle handsome swain.

Nys. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mys. } To your odious, favourite swain.

SCENE VI.

Enter MIDAS and DAMÆTAS.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refused the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—
I'll force her—

Dam. The halter—

Mid. As for madam, I'll divorce her.—

Some favoured lout incog. our bliss opposes.

Dam. Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks,—of his sly tampering,

To fling poor Pan, but I'll soon send him scampering.
'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!

Where is old Pan?

Dam. Tipling, sir, at th' ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,

To rout this Pol.

Dam. I fly; [*Going, returns.*] sir, your obedient.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

What boots my being 'squire,

Justice of peace, and quorum;

Church-warden—knight o' th' shire,

And custos rotulorum;

If saucy little Nysa's heart rebellious,

My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR VIII.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
 Dare my amours to cross?
 Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas wooes,
 Her nose up at him toss?
 No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
 I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange,
 So glut to the height of pleasure,
 My love and my revenge.
 No: I'll kidnap, &c. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

PAN is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

AIR IX.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky;
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I:
 Juno rates him,
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a weary life;
 I have my lass,
 And my glass,
 And stroll a batchelor's merry life.
 Let him fluster,
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
 To my fair tulips
 I glew lips,
 And clink the cannikin here below.

SCENE IX.

DAMÆTAS, PAN.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate trou-
 bling little
 How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.—

Hoa, master Pan—Gad, you've trod on a thistle !
 You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
 The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter;
 Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR X.

All around the maypole how they trot,

Hot

Pot,

And good ale have got ;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad ;

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The lasses,

As he did the dad.

SCENE X.

Mys. O Pan ! the devil to pay—both my sluts
 frantic !

Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.

But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,

I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[*Going*

Pan. Soa, soa—don't flounce ;

Avast—disguise your fury.

Pol we shall trounce ;

Midas is judge and jury.

AIR XI.

Mys. Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
 To see my purposes thus counteracted !
 This way, or that way, or which way soever,
 All things run contrary to my endeavour.
 Daughters projecting
 Their ruin and shame,
 Fathers neglecting
 The care of their fame ;
 Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper ;
 Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.
[*Excunt.*

SCENE XI.

A Wood and Lawn, near SILENO'S farm ; flocks grazing at a distance—a tender slow symphony.—
DAPHNE crosses melancholic and silent ; NYSA watching her. Then DAPHNE returns running.

Nys. O ho ! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps ?
 Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
 Shall make her stir her stumps,
 To all her secret haunts,
 Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her :
 And, faith, mama shall hear on't, if I catch her.
[*Retires.*

Daph. La ; how my heart goes pit-a-pat ! what thumping,
 E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.

AIR XII.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stept in leather shoe,
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do,
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue.
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

SCENE XII.

DAPHNE, POL.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said
 He's at your shoulder—
 This wench was running in my head,
 And pop—behold her.

AIR XIII.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad who courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir; you're such an olio
 Of perfection in folio,
 No damsel can resist you:
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR XIV.

If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late,
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
 His beard so frowsy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bigpipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

Mys. (*From within.*) Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call !
Oh ! rot your old lungs of leather.

Daph. B'ye, Daph.
B'ye, Pol.

SCENE XIII.

NYSA, DAPHNE.

Nys. Marry come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on ;
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on ?

Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin !
Have you a right to every swain ?

Nys. Ay, tho' a dozen.

AIR XIV.

Daph. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol ?

Nys. Can you, Miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall ?

Daph. Pigmy elf,

Nys. Colossus itself,

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You stump o'th' gutter, you hop o'my thumb,
A husband from you must from Lilliput come.

Nys. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nys. Lead apes.

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance,

Nys. And, miss, your high airs,

Daph. Is past all endurance.

Nys. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of those freedoms, Miss Nysa, I beg.

Nys. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. } Poor spite!

Nys. } Pride hurt!

Daph. } Liver white!

Nys. } Rare sport!

Daph. } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite.

Nys. } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.

Poor spite, &c.

Pride hurt, &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NYSA, followed by MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tygress, turn; nay fly not—

I have thee at a why not.

How comes it, little Nysy,

That heart to me so icy,

Should be to Pol like tinder,

Burnt up t' a very cinder?

Nys. Sir, to my virtue ever steady,

Firm as a rock,

I scorn your shock!

But why this attack?

A miss can you lack

Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay there's the curse—but she is old and

sickly;

And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,

Would she yield now—I swear by the Lord Harry,

The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

AIR I.

O what pleasures will abound

When my wife is laid in ground.

Let earth cover her,

We'll dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy should I be,
 Would little Nysa pig with me!
 How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nysa pig with me.

Nys. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
 At your base scheme I laugh.

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nys. I would not take your bond, sir,——

Mid. Half my estate——

Nys. No, nor the whole—my fond sir.

AIR II.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;
 Cease your bribes and wheedling:
 Till I'm made a bride i' the church
 I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches
 And soft speeches?
 Baits and fetches
 To bewitch us;
 When you've won us
 And undone us,
 Cloy'd you shun us,
 Frowning on us,
 For our heedless piddling.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

MIDAS, then PAN, and POL listening.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
 For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
 When he's in limbo,
 Not thus our hoity toity miss
 Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Pan. So, squire, well met———I flew to know
 your business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on
 his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home——we'll there concert it o'er
a flaggon.

I'll make him skip——

Pan. As St George did the dragon.

AIR III.

If into your hen-yard
The treacherous reynard
Steals slily, your poultry to ravage,
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage.
So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken,
No means do I scruple to banish;
With power I'll o'erbear him,
With fraud I'll ensnare him,
By hook or by crook he shall vanish! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Lawn before MIDAS's House.

Enter NYSA.

Nys. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me.
Pol doats upon her phiz hard;
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hide-
ous.
Ah, Nysa, what resource!——a cloyster.
Death alive——yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Prodigious!

AIR IV.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:

Then his guitar he clatters
 With tinkling divine :
 But, my sister,
 Ah ! he kiss'd her,
 And me he pass'd by ;
 I'm jealous
 Of the fellow's
 Bad taste and blind eye.

SCENE IV.—MIDAS's *Parlour*.

MIDAS, MY SIS, and PAN, in *Consultation over a large bowl of Punch, Pipes and Tobacco*.

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast——

Pan. Here goes ;—our noble umpire !

Mys. And Pol's defeat——I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

Mys. Sure he's the Devil himself ;

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Mys. Ah ! squire——for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,

This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right——

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Mys. Look, squire, I've sold my butter, here it's price is

At your command, do but this job for Mysis.

Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus ;

Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

Mid. Goody, as'tis your request,

I pocket this here stuff ;

And as for that there peasant,

Trust me I'll work his buff.

At the musical struggle

I'll bully and juggle ;

My award's
Your sure card.

Blood, he shall fly his country——that's enough.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.

Mid. Let's end the tankard,
I have no head for business till I've drunk hard.

Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're
addle.

When I'm most rocky I best sit my saddle.

Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a
catch,

Then part to our affairs.——

Pan. A match.

Mys. A match.

AIR V.

Mid. Master Pol

And his toll-de-roll-loll,

I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, sir ;

Mys. And I'll have a thump,

Though he is so plump,

And make such a woundy racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Mys. I'll huff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

Omn. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Mid. For all his cheats,

And wenching feats,

He shall rue on his knees 'em,

Or skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom ;

Arraign'd he shall be,

Of treason to me,

Pan. And I with my davy will back it ;

I'll swear,
Mid. I'll snare,
Mys. I'll tear.
Omn. O rare!
 And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

SCENE V.

Enter SILENO and DAMÆTAS, in warm Argument.

Sil. My Daph a wife for thee; the squire's base
 pandar!
 To the plantations sooner would I send her.
Dam. Sir, your good wife approved my offers.
Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
 What knew she of thee but thy coffers?
Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jacka-
 napes,
 By dint of congees and of scrapes——
Sil. These are thy slanders, and that canker'd
 hag's.——
Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags——
Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
 Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

AIR VI.

If a rival thy character draw,
 In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
 With black he will paint,
 Make a devil of a saint,
 And change to an owl a maccaw.
Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
 Who his friend's good advice will despise?
 Who, when danger is nigh,
 Throws his spectacles by,
 And blinks through a green girl's eyes?
Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
 Your betters you snub.
Sil. Who will lend me a club,

This insolent puppy to drub ?

You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

Dam. You're cajoled by a beggarly scrub,

Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub.

Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub ;

Sil. A guinea for a club,

Dam. Your bald pate you'll rub,

Sil. This muckworm to drub.

Dam. When you find that your cub

Sil. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.

Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub :

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter MYSIS, attended by DAPHNE and NYSA.

Mys. Soh !—you attend the trial—we shall drive
hence

Your vagabond——

Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.

Daph. Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—

Nys. Daph,——for your sake, my claim I here
forego ;

And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so ?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

Nys. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back
us.

Daph. Mamma will storm.

Nys. What then, she can but whack us.

AIR VII.

Daph. Mother, sure you never

Will endeavour

To dis sever

From my favour

So sweet a swain !

None so clever

E'er trode the plain.

Nys. Father, hopes you gave her,

Don't deceive her ;

Can you leave her
Sunk for ever

In pining care?

Haste and save her

From black despair.

Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;

Nys. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warming,

Nys. Wrath disarming,

Daph. With his soft lay:

Nys. He's so charming,

Ah, let him stay,

Both. He's so charming, &c.

Mys. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.

Mys. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness!

Mys. I with gladness

Could see him swing,

For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

Dam. Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?

Must I, to him, yield of *Daph.* the enjoyment?

Mys. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,

Fop outlandish,

Daph. Shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income,
Herds and clinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em.

Dam. Midas must judge.

Mys. And Pol must fly,

Sil. Zounds, Pol sha'n't budge:

Mys. You lie;

Dam. You lie:

Mys.

Dam. } You lie, you lie.

Sil.

Nys. Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak moun-
tains;

Daph. Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear foun-
tains.

Nys. Pol is young and merry;

Daph. Light and airy,

Sil. As a fairy.

Nys. Pan is old and musty;

Daph. Stiff and fusty ;

Sil. Sour and crusty.

Daph. Can you banish Pol ?

Nys. No, no, no, no.

Let Pan fall.

Daph. Aye, let him go.

Nys.

Daph. } Ay, let him go.

Sil.

SCENE VII.

MIDAS comes forth enraged, attended by a Crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

Mid. Peace, ho ! is hell broke loose ? what means this jawing ?

Under my very nose this clapper clawing !

AIR VIII.

What the devil's here to do,
Ye logger-heads and gypsies ?
Sirrah you, and hussey you,
And each of you tipsey is ;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

CHORUS.

O tremendous justice Midas ;
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas ?

AIR IX.

Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother
here,
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you ano-
ther year.
Dare you think your clumsey lugs so proper to de-
cide, as
The delicate ears of justice Midas ?

CHORUS.

O tremendous, &c.

Mid. Soh, you allow it then—Ye mobbish rabble!—

SCENE VIII.

Enter POL and PAN severally.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.

Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR X.

Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
My behest is,
He who best is,
Shall be fix'd musician chief:
Ne'er the loser,
Shall shew nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

CHORUS.

O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?

Pan. I ask no better.

Pol. —————I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet sir.

Pol. —————Sir, I attend your leisure.

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. —————Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR XI.

A pox of your pother about this or that;
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat;

I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, Master Pol;
So here goes a set to a toll-de-roll-loll.

When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper;
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—toll-de-roll-loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;
And luck's the best tune of life's toll-de-roll-loll.

I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long;
I only mean life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of toll-de-roll-loll.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage!

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator,
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter,
With so much partial passion.

[MIDAS falls asleep.]

AIR XII.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danced on down away;
When my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred;
Each day appear an age.

Mid. Silence——this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear——else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain ;
Pol quit the plain.

CHORUS.

O tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthrone
him——
No pouting——and with festal chorus crown him——
[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and
join in the chorus, whilst MIDAS crowns him
with bays.*

CHORUS.

See, triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward ;
Exiled Pol shall wander far ;
Exiled twang his faint guittar ;
While, with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.——What keeps you here, you
ragamuffin ?
Go trudge——or do you wait for a good cuffing ?
Pol. Now, all attend.——[*Throws off his disguise,
and appears as APOLLO.*]——The wrath of
Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch : thou'st stretch'd thy utmost
tether ;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR XIII.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass :
Thy scurvy decree,

For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.

Mid. Detected, baulked, and small,
On our marrow-bones we fall.

Mys. Be merciful.

Dam. Be pitiful.

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas ! alas !

AIR XIV.

<i>Apol.</i>	Thou a Billingsgate quean,	[To <i>Mys.</i>
	Thou a pander obscene,	[To <i>DAM.</i>
	With strumpets and bailiffs shall class ;	
	Thou, driven from man,	[To <i>MID.</i>
	Shalt wander with Pan,	
	He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.	

	Be thou squire—his estate	[To <i>SIL.</i>
	To thee I translate.	
	To you his strong chests, wicked mass :	{ To <i>DAPH.</i>
	Live happy, while I,	{ and <i>NYSA.</i>
	Recall'd to the sky,	
	Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.	

<i>Daph.</i>	{ Together with	{ To the bright God of day,	
<i>Sil.</i>			Let us dance, sing, and play ;
<i>Nys.</i>			Clap hands every lad with his
	and swains.	lass :	

Daph. Now critics, lie snug,
Not a hiss, groan or shrug ;
Remember the fate of Midas,
Midas ;
Remember the fate of Midas.

CHORUS.

Now critics, lie snug, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

For I am weary now,
I would with thee be as thou art.

Detected, banished, and sold,
On our narrow homes we fall.

The martyr's

For the faithful
The faithful
The faithful
The faithful

ACT IV.

Then a Bishop's domain
Then a Bishop's domain
Then a Bishop's domain
Then a Bishop's domain

He a sinking old boat, then an ark, an ark, an ark.

To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark

To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark
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To the sea—his ark
To the sea—his ark

CHORUS

Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be

Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be

Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be

Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be
Now either he will be

THE WATERMAN;

OR,

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

A

BALLAD OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.

BY

CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

TUG,	<i>Mr Dignum.</i>
BUNDLE,	<i>Mr Wilson.</i>
ROBIN,	<i>Mr Parsons.</i>
Mrs BUNDLE,	<i>Mrs Thomson.</i>
WILELMINA,	<i>Mrs Jewell.</i>

COVENT-GARDEN.

TUG,	<i>Mr Incledon.</i>
BUNDLE,	<i>Mr Abbot.</i>
ROBIN,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
Mrs BUNDLE,	<i>Mrs Powell.</i>
WILELMINA,	<i>Miss Wheatley.</i>

THE WATERMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gardener's Garden, where several Gardeners are at work, some digging, &c. others, together with several Women, tying up bundles of Asparagus. BUNDLE and TUG seated under a Tree, at Breakfast upon cold Roast Beef; a Tankard of Beer upon the Table.*

Labour, lads, e'er youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on;
Labour is the poor man's wealth;
Labour 'tis that gives him health;
Labour makes us, while we sing,
Happier than the greatest king.
Then labour, lads, e'er youth be gone,
For see apace the day steals on.

Bun. This, now, is my delight, to sit at breakfast while the men work. Come, honest Tom, let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up; her raking so in London (where, between you and I, she stays a devilish deal longer than while she sells the sparrowgrass) keeps her bed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle, I have often times thought to myself, that it was a wondersome kind of thing how it came to pass, that you two agree so badly; when out of all the four-and-twenty hours you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bun. Ah, Thomas, Thomas! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allowed to get drunk once a-day, without being called to an account for it; but, between you and I, she is the arrantest——

Mrs B. [Within.] What are you all about there? Where's your lazy, idle master?

Bun. You hear she has begun to ring her usual peal: this is the way the moment she is up.

Tug. And I believe she seldom leaves off till she goes to bed; does she, Master Bundle?

Bun. No, nor then neither; every thing must be her way, or there's no getting any peace. As soon as the marketing's over in town, away she and her favourite Robin trudge to the two-shilling gallery of one of the play-houses, where they have picked up such a pack of damn'd nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only obliged to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now; for then, you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bun. O, when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for any thing else.

Tug. Why then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same playhouse business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Whilelminy.

Bun. Ay, there was another of her freaks; she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays; and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing if we

did not call the girl Margery, nothing would satisfy her, forsooth, but we must give her the name of Wilhelmina:—'Tis such a damn'd, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars, for here she comes!

Enter Mrs BUNDLE.

Mrs B. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr Bundle, that I am to be such an eternal slave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your colloquing companions are besotting and squandering away your time with your guzzling, and every thing goes to rack and manger? I that am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, tame creature, that never scolds, nor riots, nor dins your faults in your ears, but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb.

Bun. You are a very good wife, to be sure, my dear, only a little inclined to talking; if you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in the world.

Mrs B. What a provoking creature—tongue! But this comes of marrying such a scum of a fellow: one that you may throw away all the tenderness in the world for, before it makes any impression upon him.—But it serves me right, for 'tis very well known what great offers I refused upon your account!

Bun. I don't know how it should be otherwise than well known, my love; for I generally hear of it about six times a-day: But, my dear, don't you think it will be necessary to give orders about loading the cart against you go to London?

Mrs B. Sir, I shall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miss Wilhelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to see the rowing match this afternoon; and afterwards there is to be a hop at Mr Wick's the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to settle the purli-

minaries about my daughter's wedding ; and I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week, for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, be'n't you some how or other afraid, that what with one thing, and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket ?

Mrs B. I don't direct my discourse to you, sir ; but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter ; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will :—I'll assure you, indeed !—Such a fellow as you !—a nasty, idling, scurvy rascal, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life ; sotting in one ale-house, and sotting in another : and shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilhelmina Bundle ?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs B. O, the villain !——Why, you vile, wicked——

Bun. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion ; you, you know, who are such a tame creature—one that never scolds, nor riots ?——

Mrs B. I'll riot you all to some tune, I will——therefore, Mr Bundle, unless you would have me sue for a separate maintainance, mind what I say—next time I go to London, I shall take Robin with me to Doctor's-Commons, and nothing but your consent to his marrying your daughter shall ever make me look upon you again.

AIR.

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make

The house too hot to hold you ;
Be ruled, I pray,
I'd something say,
Did I e'er rout or scold you ?
But spite to wreak
On one so meek,
Who never raves or flies out ;
On me, who am
Like any lamb,
Oh ! I could tear your eyes out.

[Exit.

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this ?

Bun. Why, I'll tell you what, honest Thomas ; for me to contradict her, would be much the same thing as for you to row against wind and tide.

Tug. Why then, that would be bad enough, Master Bundle.

Bun. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you ; and all I can say to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and as perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries Miss, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bun. Ah, Tom, Tom ! the wisest of us may be deceived !

AIR.

I just as eagerly as thee,
Thought when I got a wife,
My joy, of course, so great would be,
It needs must last for life.
When she agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else ;
Then all was glee,
'Twixt her and me,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding dong went the bells.

But, ah ! our joys were fleeting soon,
 Words that did sweetly fall,
 E'er we had pass'd the honey-moon,
 To wormwood turn'd to gall.
 Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out of flaming cells,
 You now may see,
 In her and me ;
 We fight, and scold, and both repent
 That ding dong went the bells.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it.
 A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would
 put up a sail with the wind and tide both in his teeth
 —but here comes Miss Wilelminy. If she marries
 me, I'll see if I can get her to change her name.

Enter Miss WILELMINA.

AIR.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
 For do all they can,
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain ;
 Which, which is the man
 That deserves me the most ? Let me ask of my heart ;
 Is it Robin, who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?
 Which, which is the man ?

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
 I do what I can ;
 Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault ;
 To a different man
 They, each, have advised me to yield up my heart ;
 Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart ;
 Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan :
 Which, which is the man ?

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,
 I'll do what I can,
 His love to return, and return it with truth ;
 Which, which is the man ?

Be kind to my wishes, and point out my heart,
Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart?
Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan?
Which, which is the man?

Tug. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wil. O, you brute! did you hear me?

Tug. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye?

Wil. My mind! why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said any thing in favour of you?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wil. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding?

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisments, as a body may say; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well behaved as he, however.

Wil. What, yourself, I suppose?—do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similes to me?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wil. O! hold your filthy tongue; did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow-drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning—what would you say then?

Tug. Ah! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

Wil. Then he writes verses; O, dear me! the author of the opera book in the parlour window is a fool

to him for writing: O! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose!

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, Miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you?

Wil. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you? Why then I have.

Wil. Oh, dear! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, Miss; I'll sing it to you, if you please.

AIR.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Blackfriar's Bridge used for to ply;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart and delighting each eye;
He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted withall;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering;
But 'twas all one to Tom their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen!
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smiled, and so straightway in love he did fall.
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow:
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare?

Well, Miss, how do you like it?

Wil. Like it! why it is the very moral of yourself!

If you had not passed half your time between Wapping and the Tower-Stairs, you could never have wrote such a song.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wil. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me; to be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, Miss, for that; my heart lies in the right place, and, as we say, 'tis not always the best-looking boat goes the safest.

Wil. And so, Mr Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, Miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wil. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have any thing to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel; that the very sun, moon, and stars are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo I don't understand?

Wil. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, Miss, if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you, to be sartain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses; I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast

away care, and go on board a man of war; for I could never bear to stay here if you was married to another.

Wil. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, Miss.

Wil. Well, that would be charming! Oh! how I should doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through Battersea streets, *The unfortunate Sailor's Lamentation for the Loss of his Mistress!*

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

AIR.

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, exposed to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, may-hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!

[*Exit Tug.*

Enter ROBIN.

Wil. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures—die for me!—If I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting any thing civil from them—but here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Rob. Miss Wilelmina, may I have the unspeakable

happiness to tell you, how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wil. Why, Mr Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Rob. What inclination, miss! ask the plants why they love a shower? ask the sun-flower why it loves the sun? ask the snow-drop why it is white? ask the violet why it is blue? ask the trees why they blossom; the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all because they can't help it! no more can I help my love for you.

Wil. Lord, Mr Robin, how gallant you are!

Rob. Oh, my Wilelmina! thou art straighter than the straightest tree; sweeter than the sweetest flower! thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honey-suckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps! heaven in your eye! in every gesture — Oh! dear.

Wil. Lord, Mr Robin, you have said that so often —

Rob. Well, you never heard me say this in your life—now, mind. My heart is for all the world just like a hot-bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warmed by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wil. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing?

Rob. Pretensions, miss! because my love is boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a sweet-briar is full of thorns.

Wil. But I am afraid, if I was foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Rob. Forget you, miss! 'tis impossible! sooner shall asparagus forget to grow, seed forget to rise, leaves to fall; sooner shall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilelmina.

Wil. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Rob. Resisting me, miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stocked with love, as a flower-garden is stocked with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choaked up with the brambles of despair.

Wil. That would be a pity, indeed.

Rob. So 'twould, indeed, miss.

Wil. Do you really love me, then?

Rob. Love you!

AIR.

Bid the blossoms ne'er be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows ne'er be frightened,
From the firm earth the oak remove;
Teach the holly oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But, pr'ythee, teach me not to love.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lilies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plumbs and cherries
Taste like berries,
When Wilelmina I forget.

[Exit ROBIN.]

Enter BUNDLE.

Wil. Oh, papa! are you there?

Bun. Hush! hush! speak softly! you have not seen your mother, have you?

Wil. No.

Bun. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilhelmina, my dear.

Wil. What, upon the old subject, I suppose?

Bun. Yes; but I would not have her hear us.

Wil. Oh! she is safe enough, scolding the men in the garden.

Bun. Oh! that will take her some time.—Well, have you seen Thomas?

Wil. Yes, I have seen him, and a most deplorable figure he cuts; I believe by this time he has entered himself on board a man of war! that so, as the history-book says, he may put an end to his existence and my cruelty together.

Bun. Why, did he say he would?

Wil. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him; and how could he do any less?

Bun. Why, the girl's distracted! but this comes of gadding about with your mother; if you had listened to my advice, I would no more have suffered you to put on such ridiculous conceited airs—why, you and your mother are the laughing-stock of the whole place; I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my pennyworth in a morning, but all the folks are full of it.

Wil. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the rest of the people of Battersea, that's all.

Bun. Genteeler! do you call it genteel, then, to take a pleasure in being pointed at? but I'll not bear it; therefore hear what I have to say, or——

Wil. Why do you tell me all this? Why don't you speak to my mamma? 'tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you know you don't dare to contradict her yourself.

Bun. Not dare to contradict her!

Wil. No, papa ; you know she will have her own way ; and since she has desired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful ?

Bun. What, then you owe no duty to me, I suppose ?

Wil. Indeed I do ; and if I could see that you owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you willingly.

Bun. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas ?

Wil. I can't indeed.

Bun. And for no other reason, but because your mamma insists upon your marrying Robin ?

Wil. No other.

Bun. Very well ; I'll settle the matter : she shall do as I please ; and if she was to come across me now——

Enter Mrs BUNDLE.

Mrs B. What then, Mr Bundle ?

Bun. My dear.

Mrs B. What could have conduced you to raise your voice to such a pitch ? I hope you had not the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's inclinations ? and, above all, I hope you was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority ?

Wil. Poor papa ! how he looks.

Bun. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-mill, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs B. Scurvy creature !

Wil. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin.

Bun. I can't help it.

Wil. 'Tis all your own fault, now ; don't blame

me—I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bun. So thou could'st but unmarry me, I'd consent to your marrying whoever you pleased. [*Exit.*

Mrs B. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your inclinations to Robin.

Wil. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs B. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful——Which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited, drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideas, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspeare, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kit-tellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high-breeding?

Wil. Very true, ma'am; but then Mr Thomas is such a sweet young man.

Mrs B. He!

Wil. So good-natured.

Mrs B. The Vandil!

Wil. So honest!

Mrs B. Low creature!

Wil. Such an immensity of love!

Mrs B. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilemina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin, or else I'll disinherit you from any share in the blood of my family, the Grograms; and you may creep through life, with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions, which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

AIR.

" Wilhelmina, you see I'm quite cool ;
 " Obey me, 'tis all for your good ;
 " Or may I be counted a fool,
 " If I own you for my flesh and blood.
 " Prefer such a lout, miss, for shame,
 " To Robin so spruce and so trim ;
 " But your father it is that's to blame,
 " And so I shall e'en talk to him."

[Exit.

" *Wil.* Well, in all I have read, I never met with
 a girl of more spirit than myself—for I make two
 lovers, and a father and mother, as miserable as I
 can desire; and yet am I to blame? are not they
 the authors of all this bustle themselves? If I oblige
 one, I disoblige the other: I shall, therefore, set all
 other considerations aside, and consult only mine
 own heart."

AIR.

Too yielding a carriage
 Has oft, before marriage,
 To ruin and misery pointed the way ;
 You're shunn'd, if complying,
 But your lover once flying,
 How eager to follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquet ne'er proclaim me,
 Ye maids then, nor blame me,
 If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife ;
 Each lover's denial
 Was only a trial,
 Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

[Exit.

ACT II.

BUNDLE, *Mrs* BUNDLE.

Bun. What shall I do with this preverse girl? I
 have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. How-
 ever, all things considered, I don't know whether I

should not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him single. For my own part, was I to choose whether I would keep my wife or have the plague; on my conscience I should run the risk of the last. But, mercy on us, here she comes—'tis a strange thing that I never mention the word plague but she's at my elbow.

Mrs B. Mr Bundle—I shall be very cool, sir.

Bun. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs B. What the devil is the reason that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bun. My dear?

Mrs B. I say, sir, how comes it to pass, that in spite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave so monstrously shameful as to oblige me to put myself in these here passions.

Bun. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs B. Don't provoke me—you think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty—I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think——

Bun. My dear——

Mrs B. I won't hear a word.

Bun. Have a moment's patience now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs B. I won't have patience; nor I won't be convinced; 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bun. Go on, my dear.

Mrs B. Oh, how I am used ! I could hang myself for vexation. [Crying.

Bun. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled ; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the first place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father desires her, was it as you say ; in the next, I desired her to give her consent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but she refused me.

Mrs B. Why, this is worse than t'other—first use me ill, and then result me—for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that she promised you to marry Thomas.

Bun. And she told me, with her own mouth, she had promised you to marry Robin.

Mrs B. What am I to think of this ?

Bun. E'en what you please, my dear ; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter WILELMINA.

Mrs B. Here she comes herself, we shall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, speak ingenuously now : did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin ?

Wil. I did, ma'am.

Mrs B. There, Mr Bundle—and pray what reason did you give me for it ?

Wil. Because papa had persuaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs B. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after all this ?

Bun. Pray hear me one word.

Mrs B. I won't hear a syllable.

Bun. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wilclmina, come here, child, speak ingenuously ; did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas ?

Wil. I did, sir.

Bun. There, Mrs Bundle—and pray what reason did you give me for it?

Wil. Because my mamma had persuaded me to marry Robin.

Bun. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs B. Why, you little dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bun. Indeed, my dear, there is something—

Wil. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma; when first you proposed Robin to me, and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, till one or the other had given me some proof, beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband: the first that does shall have me; and though I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

AIR.

In vain, dear friends, each art to try,
To neither lover's suit inclined;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have grieved,
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceived.
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

[*Exit.*

Bun. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs B. Say! why that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all!

—one would think she had never been educated by me.

Bun. Oh ! I am afraid it's her having been educated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs B. What do you stand muttering there about ? 'tis you she may thank for all these mean notions : if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, she would despise the idea of consulting her heart about marrying ; such low mechanical stuff has been out of fashion a long time since, among people that know how to bemean themselves.

Bun. Well, but I suppose you intend to let her do what she pleases ?

Mrs B. No, sir ; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter ? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let any body rule but myself.

Bun. You never let any body rule but yourself, my dear ; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs B. None of your sneers, sir—but I see into the bottom of all this : 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me : but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff, and she shall marry the man I have chose for her, or—in short, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

AIR.

How can she thus low-minded be ?

A girl of her merit !

What's become of her spirit ?

Would the baggage take pattern by me,
She'd value the pleasure of no man !

But hold up her head,

And in all that she said,

Claim the privilege due to a woman.

Our wills ought to be without measure ;

And the best thing that you

Male creatures can do,

Is to buckle to our will and pleasure.

[Exit.

Enter TUG.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bun. What, you saw my wife with me? she is the most agreeable, it must be confessed!

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantancarous with you now.

Bun. No: her anger was levelled at her daughter; but 'tis all the same; I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantancarous, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilelmina? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she?

Bun. But she has though; and refused to marry you too.

Tug. Ay, ay! why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bun. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I—a parcel of absurd stuff! she has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe; but there was something well enough too in what she said, if she's sincere; but the Lord help those that trusts too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say?

Bun. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet; but that she'll marry the first that does any thing to deserve her.

Tug. Does she?—why then, 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bun. Why so?

Tug. I know why well enough; but could not a body speak to her now?

Bun. I am going in, and I'll send her to you; but I would not have you depend too much upon her.

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bun. Only see the difference between us;—you are all agog to get married, and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man was to take up the trade of unmarried folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bun. More money!

Did but the law allow us one
Tired couples to release again,
What shoals of all degrees would run
To break their matrimonial chain!
The widow old,
Herself and gold,
Who to the healthy spendthrift gave;
And the rich churl
Who took a girl,
Poor wretch! with one foot in the grave.

Prudes, who at men would never look,
Yet slyly tasted Hymen's joy;
And wild coquettes who husbands took
When they could get no other toy:
Millions would try
The knot to untie:
Towards the goal of liberty,
Lord! what a throng
Would crowd along,
And in the midst my wife and me.

[*Exit.*]

Tug. Yes; but I hope I sha'n't have such a crank and humoursome piece of stuff to deal with as you have. I don't know, not I; but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others; 'tis my mind, miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two; and if so, I would not give my little Robin threepence for his chance; for I know as well as can be, that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all—but here she comes.

Enter WILHELMINA.

Wil. Hey-day! why, I thought you was gone on board a man of war before now!

Tug. Why, no miss, I an't gone yet; I am in hopes there will be no occasion—if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wil. Oh, you unkind creature! to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what every body deserves.

Wil. Oh! till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wil. Indeed you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you?—

Wil. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say any thing about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wil. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the Swan for you and your friends to go and see the sight.

Wil. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr Thomas!

but you talk of trying to deserve me ; why did you not make one among the watermen, and so win the coat and badge yourself ?

Tug. Well, never you mind any thing about that—will you accept of my proffer of the room ?

Wil. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to please you, that you could bring yourself to look upon me with kindness ?

Wil. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why then, I assure you, if ever you shou'd be agreeable to marry me, you shou'd be as happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

AIR.

Indeed, miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few ;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.
There are maidens would have me in plenty,
Nell, Cicily, Priscilla, and Sue ;
But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
I never should think of but you.

False hearts all your money may squander,
And only have pleasure in view ;
Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
Unless to get money for you.
The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
Is not to the moon half so true ;
Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

[*Exit.*

Enter ROBIN.

Wil. There's great honesty about this poor fellow—Here comes t'other—I see I must choose soon, or there will be no peace for me.—So, Mr Robin, what news have you ?

Rob. News, my angel ! news that will make your heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and mists that hang on thy beautiful face ; just for all the

world, as the sun clears away the showers in the month of April.

Wil. Indeed ! I should be glad to hear it.

Rob. You can't think how you will be overjoyed.

Wil. Shall I ? why don't you tell it me then ?

Rob. Well then, miss, I'll keep you no longer in suspense ; your mother is determined that we shall be married to-morrow morning.

Wil. What, whether I will or no ?

Rob. Whether you will or no ! how can you help it ? don't I love you better than the ivy loves the oak ? better than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries ? I love you better——

Wil. Hold, hold, Mr Robin, 'tis necessary, in this case, I should love you a little.

Rob. And don't you ?—hear this, you blooming jonquils, and lose your sweetness ! turn white you roses, and you lilies red ! each flower lose its fragrance and its hue, and nature change ! for Wilelmina's false !

Wil. Indeed, Mr Robin, you have such winning ways ; that pretty speech has half persuaded me to consent.

Rob. Has it ?

Wil. It has, upon my word.

Rob. Jonquils smell sweet again ! roses and lilies keep again your colour ! and every flower look brighter than before ! for Wilelmina's true !

Wil. How dearly do you love me, Mr Robin ?

Rob. Why, miss, the passion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up ; but it spreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you destroy it till you saw down the trunk and all.

Wil. That's as much as to say that you'll love me as long as you live ?

Rob. The very thing——Lord, how sensible you are, miss!

Wil. Really, Mr Robin, you are so gay and agreeable——

Rob. A'n't I, miss? So every body says——only think then how you will be envied!——well, then, I'll step to your mamma, and tell her what has passed; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go down to-morrow for the ring and licence.

AIR.

Cherries and plums are never found
But on the plum and cherry tree;
Parsnips are long, turnips are round,
So Wilelmina's made for me.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,
Shreds to keep close the straggling tree;
The knife to prune, to dig the spade;
So Wilelmina's made for me.

Enter Mrs BUNDLE.

Mrs B. Well, Robin, have you reformed her what I ordered you?——What, I suppose you have been a fool now,—there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world—I tell you what, Wilelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion, I am not easily pacified.

Wil. Let me understand you, ma'am.

Mrs B. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wil. I wonder, ma'am, you should be uneasy on that account—he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs B. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say any thing against it?

Wil. So far from it, ma'am, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will.

Mrs B. And have you consented to have him, then?

Rob. She has, ma'am.

Mrs B. Then thou art my child again—Mr Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing-match.

Wil. And will you forgive my former disobedience, ma'am?

Mrs B. Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wil. I am obliged to you, ma'am; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you.

Mrs B. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters, they are easily understood.

Wil. Are they, mamma?

Mrs B. I'll tell you.

AIR.

To be modish, genteel, and the true thing, my dear,
In short, to be monstrous well-bred,
You must ogle, and simper, and giggle, and leer,
And talk the first nonsense that comes in your head.

In grave, fusty, old-fashion'd times,
Ere ease and deportment went hence,
To be bold was the vilest of crimes,
And deceit was an heinous offence.

But the fashions are now of another guess kind,
Our modes are by no means the same;
For, blest with good eyes, we pretend to be blind,
And, with strength to run miles, appear lame.

[*Exit.*

Wil. Indeed, mamma, I beg your pardon; but I shall not receive my instruction from you—Let me see—I have promised her to marry her favourite

Robin ! to heighten the plot a little more, I'll e'en go and promise my papa to marry his favourite Thomas ; and then for the Swan, where I think there will be a tolerable confusion. What a bustle this same love makes among us—we all seem to be afraid of it, and yet all wish to possess it.

AIR.

Girls, during courtship, should at least
No lover trust, but doubt him ;
But when they've sworn before the priest,
To find no fault about him.

Who venture all upon a stake,
Undone if they miscarry ;
The risks they run from each mistake,
Behoves them to be wary.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Room at the Swan.*

*Mrs BUNDLE, ROBIN, and Company, afterwards
WILELMINA.*

Mrs B. “ My dear Robin, as to that, gentility's every thing—I hates to see a parcel of trumpery that knows nothing of life.” Do, Robin, step and see after Wilelmina—what can become of the girl ?

Rob. She's here, ma'am.

Mrs B. Come, my dear, you'll lose the sight ; they tells me that the rowers have set out from the Old Swan some time.

Wil. They are very near, surely ; for see what a number of boats are come in sight.

Mrs B. Oh ! I can see them very plain. How many is there ?

Wil. One, two, three, four ; I think I can count five.

Mrs B. That smart young man will certainly win it ; how clean and neat he looks !

Wil. Here he comes ; his boat perfectly flies !

Mrs B. Oh, he'll win it!

Wil. He has won it already, madam; he's past the stairs.

Rob. See, he jumps on shore!

Wil. And see, he's coming this way——Surely 'tis not——

Bun. [*Coming on.*] Here's your Thomas for you! he's coming! [*Enter BUNDLE and TUG.*] I told you he'd be the first to do any thing to deserve you——Here he is!

Wil. And was it you that won the coat and badge?

Tug. 'Twas indeed, miss.

Wil. And what made you——

AIR.

Tug. I row'd for the prize,
To receive from those eyes
A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile;
But lest I should lose,
And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,
My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.

When we came to the pull,
How I handled my scull!
'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us;
There was never a boat's length between us;
But the Swan once in view,
My boat how it flew!
And I verily believe 'twas all thinking of you,

Wil. Thus, then, I reward you.

Rob. What is all this?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow,
and you are knocked out of your chance.

Wil. Is not he a sweet fellow, ma'am? *How neat and clean he looks!*

Mrs B. Wilelmina, don't put me in a passion.

Wil. I have no intention, ma'am, to do any such thing.

Mrs B. Why, you impudent slut! have not you

deceived me? deposed upon me? promised me to marry this young man? and——now——

Wil. Indeed, ma'am, you must excuse me; but, in so serious a matter, I thought it of much more consequence to consider myself, than you. Besides, I was so situated, that I must have disoblged either you or my papa; for whenever I gave you a promise, I gave one to him; and had your choice appeared to me the most likely to make me happy, I should not have hesitated a moment in refusing his.

Rob. My hopes are all blighted then, I find.

Mrs B. I said all along, that it was a contrived thing between you; but, Mr Bundle, you shall smart for it.

Bun. My dear, you know I am a man of an easy temper and few words; but I am pretty firm in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well; but if you are resolved to carry your folly to such a height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved it shall not be for nothing: therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to scolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be separated from you.

Mrs B. Why, I am thunderstruck!

Bun. I expected little less; but am resolved, depend upon it: however, to let you see that you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like; do what you please, so you let me be quiet: in short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and I make an agreement from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wil. Dear mamma, it is impossible for any thing to be fairer.

Bun. Come, come, she must have a little time to think of it: but she'll agree to the terms, I'm sure of it; and now let us think of nothing but pleasure:

and as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life,
I say let us make it the merriest.

FINALE.

Tug. Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,
That I am true, believe me;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me!
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

Mrs B. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,
Since thus you think expedient;
If of the past you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks used to cry,
A Tartar I
Had proved, and you had caught her;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

Bun. My child, you've fairly won my heart,
You took no counsel from us;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas:
'Twas wisely done,
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her:
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
There'll ne'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.

Wil. And now, good friends, pray take my part,
I kept them to their tether;
For I had sworn my hand and heart
Should always go together.

From fops and beaux
A maiden chose
An honest heart that sought her;
See her appear
On trial here;
This very night,
If she was right,
Applaud the gard'ner's daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE AUTHOR;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

MR FOOTE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GOVERNOR CAPE,	<i>Mr Bransby.</i>
YOUNG CAPE,	<i>Mr Ross.</i>
SPRIGHTLY,	<i>Mr Usher.</i>
CADWALLADER,	<i>Mr Foote.</i>
POET,	<i>Mr Walker.</i>
VAMP,	<i>Mr Yates.</i>
PRINTER'S DEVIL,	<i>Mr Vaughan.</i>
ROBIN,	<i>Mr Simson.</i>

<i>Mrs CADWALLADER,</i>	<i>Mrs Clive.</i>
<i>Miss ARABELLA,</i>	<i>Miss Barton.</i>

THE AUTHOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

GOVERNOR CAPE *and* ROBIN.

Gov. And he believes me dead, Robin?

Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no intimation that his fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a distant hint.

Gov. **How** did he receive the news?

Rob. **Calmly** enough: when I told him that his hopes from **abroad** were at an end, that the friend of his deceased father thought he had done enough in putting it **in** his power to earn his own livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had long expected; charged me **with** his warmest acknowledgments to his conceal'd benefactor; thanked me for my care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly; to his pen he owes all his subsistence. I am sure my heart bleeds for him: consider, sir, to what temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his trials, the greater his triumph. Shall the fruits of my honest industry, the purchase of many perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious booby, who has no other merit than being born five-and-twenty years after me? no, no, Robin; him, and a profusion of debts, were all that the extravagance of his mother left me.

Rob. You loved her, sir.

Gov. Fondly—nay foolishly, or necessity had not compell'd me to seek for shelter in another climate. 'Tis true, fortune has been favourable to my labours, and when George convinces me that he inherits my spirit, he shall share my property; not else.

Rob. Consider, sir, he has not had your opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his education.

Rob. As the world goes, the worst you could have given him. Lack-a-day, learning, learning, sir, is no commodity for this market; nothing makes money here, sir, but money; or some certain fashionable qualities that you would not wish your son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless? Impossible!—Where are the Oxfords, the Halifaxes, the great protectors and patrons of the liberal arts?

Rob. Patron!—The word has lost its use; a guinea subscription at the request of a lady, whose chambermaid is acquainted with the author, may be now and then pick'd up—Protectors!—Why I dare believe there's more money laid out upon Islington turnpike in a month, than upon all the learned men in Great Britain in seven years.

Gov. And yet the press groans with their productions. How do they all exist?

Rob. In garrets, sir; as, if you will step to your son's apartment in the next street, you will see.

Gov. But what apology shall we make for the visit?

Rob.—That you want the aid of his profession; a well-penn'd address now, from the subjects of your

late government, with your gracious reply, to put into the newspapers.

Gov. Aye; is that part of his practice?—Well, lead on, Robin. [Exeunt.]

Scene draws, and discovers Young CAPE with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Pr'ythee go about thy business—Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press, and if yours don't come out a Saturday 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you—There's Mr Guzzle, the translator, never keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagued with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!—Marry come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year—There's Master Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio a coming out in numbers.

Cape. Hark ye, sirrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble—Give me the French book that you took the story from for the last journal.

Cape. Take it.—[Throws it at him.]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances, that you—

Cape. You shall have a larger.—[Exit Devil.]—

'Sdeath ! a pretty situation I am in ! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence, which, with the two and a-penny master passed his word for to Mrs Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you ; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pick-pocket, or poet—Here, walk in, Mr What-d'ye-call-him, the gentleman's at home.

[Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.]

Enter POET.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is Cape ?

Cape. You have hit it, sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon ; you are a gentleman that writes ?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, sir, my case, in a word, is this ; I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope ?

Poet. No, sir, but their upper servants, the book-sellers, have.—I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refused to employ me ; you, sir, I hear, are in their graces : now I have brought you, sir, three imitations of Juvenal in prose ; Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse ; two essays on the British herring fishery, with a large collection of rebusses ; which, if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, sir, sorry for your distress ; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity ; you have nothing in the compiling, or index way, that you wou'd entrust to the care of another ?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you ; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or an ode ?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.—— [Exit Poet.

Cape. Poor fellow ! and how far am I removed from his condition ? Virgil had his Pollio ; Horace his Mæcenas ; Martial his Pliny : my protectors are Title-page, the publisher ; Vamp, the bookseller ; and Index, the printer. A most noble triumvirate ! and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary, as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What ! in soliloquy, George ? reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece.

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter ?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table ; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why 'tis an inexhaustible mine !

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate, by a printer's prime minister, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs ; but I thought

these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you, their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants, Tom. Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copper-plates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em? no, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; ours is one great mystery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap, adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable passion?

Cape. But slowly—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know, I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him.

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crowded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the out-lines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness; folly and archness: at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mews-Gate. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, complete his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree, relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepared——You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great geniuses: you love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant——But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet: and modestly imputes his not making a figure in the learned world himself to the neglect of his education——hush! he's on the stairs——on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr Vamp.—Your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me ! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigged ; what, a good subscription I reckon ?

Cape. Not a month from Leyden ; an admirable theologist ! he study'd it in Germany ; if you should want such a thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceased clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no, I don't deal in the sermon way, now ; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist ; but I believe, sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir ?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote !

Vamp. Ay, ay ; Master Cape has been telling me—

Spri. He has ? I am mightily obliged to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid ; I'll keep counsel ; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret ; why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeaked ; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed !

Vamp. Never——look here [*Shews the side of his head.*] crop'd close !——bare as a board !——and for nothing in the world but an innocent book of bawdy, as I hope for mercy : Oh ! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but gadso, we must mind business, tho' ; here, Master Cape, you must

provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, Master Cape; to strike, they must be well-dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions—— Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he would have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into Latin verse in a twinkling; except Peter Hasty the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: he was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say;——as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree, for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; Master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering-places: no bad commodity for the

West-India trade neither ; let 'em be novels, Master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not.—Pray how does Index go on with your journal ?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have over-stock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once like to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays ; a pretty historian from Aberdeen ; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence ; but I don't know how, it dropp'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any——

Vamp. No, thank you, Master Cape ; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in ; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-Tree Coffee-house ; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months to understand trade and the funds ; and then, I'll start him——no, no, you have enough on your hands ; stick to your business ; and, d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining ; remember Harry Handy ; he was a pretty fellow !

[*Exit.*

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary fellow ! but pr'ythee, George, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a writer of sermons ?

Cape. You seem'd desirous of being acquainted with our business, and I knew old Vamp wou'd let you more into the secret in five minutes, than I cou'd in as many hours. [Knocking below, loud.

Spri. Cape, to your post ; here they are i'faith, a coachful ! let's see, Mr and Mrs Cadwallader, and your flame, the sister, as I live.

[CADWALLADER *without.*

Pray, by the bye, han't you a poet above ?

[*Without.*] Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your poets have

such an aversion to middle floors——they are always to be found in the extremities; in garrets, or cellars——

Enter Mr and Mrs CADWALLADER and ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah, Sprightly!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey, what's the matter?

Spri. Hard at it; untwisting some knotty point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what, that's he! Beck, Bell, there he is, egad, as great a poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——Hebrew?

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tragedy: I have been here this half hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a peep?

Spri. An earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd passion.

Cape. The belt of Pallas! nor prayers, nor tears, nor supplicating gods shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds, what the devil? who?

Cape. ——*Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, et pcenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.*

Cad. Damn your palace; I wish I was well out of your garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons: ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, sir: but being just on the catastrophe of my tragedy, I am afraid the poetic furor may have betray'd me into some indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr Cadwallader is too great a genius himself, not to allow for these intemperate sallies of a heated imagination.

Cad. Genius! look ye here, Mr What's-your-name?

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! true; tho' by the bye here, hey!

You live devilish high ; but perhaps you may chuse that for exercise, hey ! Sprightly ! genius ! look'e here, Mr Cape, I had as pretty natural parts, as fine talents !——but between you and I, I had a damn'd fool of a guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as soon pay the national debt as write his own name, and so was resolved to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh ! fye, Mr Cadwallader, you don't do yourself justice.

Cape. Indeed, sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this defamation. I have more than once heard Mr Cadwallader's literary acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you ?——no, no, it can't be, hey ! tho' let me tell you, last winter, before I had the measles, I cou'd have made as good a speech upon any subject, in Italian, French, German——but I am all unhinged ; all——Oh ! Lord, Mr Cape, this is Becky ; my dear Becky, child, this is a great poet——ah, but she does not know what that is——a little foolish or so, but of a very good family——here, Becky, child, won't you ask Mr Cape to come and see you ?

Mrs Cad. As Dicky says, I shall be glad to see you at our house, sir.

Cape. I have too great a regard for my own happiness, ma'am, to miss so certain an opportunity of creating it.

Mrs Cad. Hey ! what ?

Cape. My inclinations, as well as my duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind injunctions.

Mrs Cad. What does he say, our Bell ?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs Cad. I'm sure that's more his goodness than my desert ; but when you ben't better engaged, we should be glad of your company of an evening to

make one with our Dicky, sister Bell, and I, at whisk and swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, Cape, come and look at her grotto and shells, and see what she has got—well, he'll come, Beck,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third night of your tragedy, hey! won't you, Beck?—isn't she a fine girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, Beck; he says you are as fine a woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a copy of verses on you?—there, go, and have a little chat with her, talk any nonsense to her, no matter what; she's a damn'd fool, and won't know the difference—there, go, Beck—well, Sprightly, hey! what, are you and Bell like to come together? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr Sprightly, that you have frequently lords and viscounts and earls, that take a dinner with you; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same time, hey! will you.

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you? gad, that's kind; for between you and I, Mr Sprightly, I am of as antient a family as the best of them, and people of fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all manner of means.

Cad. Hey! should not they so? When you have any lord, or baron, nay, egad, if it be but a baronet, or a member of parliament, I shou'd take it as a favour.

Spri. You will do them honour; they must all have heard of the antiquity of your house.

Cad. Antiquity! hey! Beck, where's my pedigree?

Mrs Cad. Why at home, lock'd up in the butler's pantry.

Cad. In the pantry! What the devil, how often have I bid you never to come out without it?

Mrs Cad. Lord ! what signifies carrying such a lumb'ring thing about ?

Cad. Signifies ! you are a fool, Beck ; why suppose we should have any disputes when we are abroad, about precedence ? how the devil shall we be able to settle it ? but you shall see it at home. Oh, Becky, come hither, we will refer our dispute to——

[*They go apart.*]

Arab. Well, sir, your friend has prevail'd ; you are acquainted with my brother ; but what use you propose——

Cape. The pleasure of a more frequent admission to you.

Arab. That's all ?

Cape. Who knows but a strict intimacy with Mr Cadwallader may in time incline him to favour my hopes ?

Arab. A sandy foundation ! cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your want of fortune, the obscurity, or at least uncertainty, of your birth, will prove an unsurmountable bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, Beck ; zounds ! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, ma'am.

Cape. Consider we have but an instant. What project ? What advice ?

Arab. O fye ! you would be ashamed to receive succour from a weak woman ! poetry is your profession, you know ; so that plots, contrivances, and all the powers of imagination, are more peculiarly your province.

Cape. Is this a season to rally ?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold ; ask Mr Cape.

Arab. To be serious then ; if you have any point to gain with my brother, your application must be made to his better part.

Cape. I understand you ; plough with the heifer.

Arab. A delicate allusion, on my word ; but take

this hint.—Amongst her passions, admiration, or rather adoration, is the principal.

Cape. Oh ; that is her foible ?

Arab. One of them ; against that fort you must plant your batteries—but here they are.

Mrs Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense man, and I won't agree to any such thing : why what signifies a parliament man ? you make such a rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, Becky, my dear, don't be in a passion now, hold ; let us reason the thing a little, my dear.

Mrs Cad. I tell you I won't ; what, is the man an oaf ? I won't reason, I hate reason, and so there's an end on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod, perverse, hey ! but my dear, now, Becky, that's a good girl : hey ! come, hold, hold——egad, we'll refer it to Mr Cape.

Mrs Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me, what's the matter, madam ? sure, Mr Cadwallader, you must have been to blame ; no inconsiderable matter cou'd have ruffled the natural softness of that tender and delicate mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs Cad. Why he's always a fool, I think ; he wants to send our little Dicky to school, and make him a parliament man.

Cape. How old is master, ma'am ?

Mrs Cad. Three years and a quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The intention is rather early.

Cad. Hey ! early, hold, hold ; but Becky mistakes the thing, egad I'll tell you the whole affair.

Mrs Cad. You had better hold your chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, my dear ; Mr Sprightly, do,

stop her mouth, hold, hold ; the matter, Mr Cape, is this.—Have you ever seen my Dicky ?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No ? hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible child ; I tell Becky he's like her, to keep her in humour ; but between you and I he has more sense already, than all her family put together. Hey ! Becky ! is not Dicky the picture of you ? he's a sweet child ! now, Mr Cape, you must know, I want to put little Dicky to school ; now between—hey ! you, hold, you, hold, the great use of a school is, hey ! egad, for children to make acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them ; for between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify twopence.

Cape. Not a farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey ? now this is our dispute, whether poor little Dicky, he's a sweet boy, shall go to Mr Quæ-Genius's at Edgware, and make an acquaintance with my young Lord Knap, the eldest son of the Earl of Frize, or to Doctor Ticklepitcher's at Barnet, to form a friendship with young Stocks, the rich broker's only child.

Cape. And for which does the lady determine ?

Cad. Why I have told her the case ; says I, Becky, my dear ; who knows, if Dicky goes to Quæ-Genius's, but my Lord Knap may take such a fancy to him, that upon the death of his father, and he comes to be Earl of Frize, he may make poor little Dicky a member of parliament ? hey ! Cape ?

Mrs Cad. Ay, but then if Dicky goes to Ticklepitcher's, who can tell but young Stocks, when he comes to his fortune, may lend him money if he wants it ?

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his father, hey ! well, what's your opinion, Master Cape ?

Cape. Why, sir, I can't but join with the lady ;

money is the main article ; it is that that makes the mare to go.

Cad. Hey ! egad, and the aldermen too, you ; so Dicky may be a member, and a fig for my lord : well, Becky, be quiet, he shall stick to Stocks.

Mrs Cad. Ay, let'n ; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush, Becky. Mr Cape, will you eat a bit with us to-day, hey ! will you ?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind ; why then, Becky and Bell shall step and order the cook to toss up a little, nice——hey ! will you, Becky ? do, and I'll bring Cape.

Mrs Cad. Ay, with all my heart. Well, Mr What-d'ye-call-'um, the poet ; ecod the man's well enough——Your servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in dishabille, to offer your ladyship my hand to your coach.

Cad. Pshaw ! never mind, I'll do it——here you have company coming.

[*Exeunt Mr and Mrs CAD. and ARAB.*]

Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Master Robin !

Rob. Why, you have a great levée this morning, sir.

Cape. Ay, Robin, there's no obscuring extraordinary talents.

Rob. True, sir ; and this friend of mine begs to claim the benefit of them.

Cape. Any friend of yours : but how can I be serviceable to him ?

Rob. Why, sir, he is lately returned from a profitable government ; and, as you know the unsatisfied mind of man, no sooner is one object possessed, but another starts up to——

Cape. A truce to moralizing, dear Robin ; to the matter ; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a word then, this gentleman, having a good deal of wealth, is desirous of a little honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you.

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary address from his colony, by way of praising the prudence of his administration, his justice, valour, benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The obligations I owe you, Robin, nothing can cancel; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last interview.—Your friend, sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a person fit for your purpose. Letters have been always my passion, and indeed are now my profession; but though I am the servant of the public, I am not the prostitute of particulars: as my pen has never been tinged with gall, to gratify popular resentment, or private pique, so it shall never sacrifice its integrity to flatter pride, impose falsehood, or palliate guilt. Your merit may be great, but let those, sir, be the heralds of your worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov. Young man, I like your principles and spirit; your manly refusal gives me more pleasure than any honours your papers cou'd have procured me.

Spri. Now this business is dispatched, let us return to our own affairs——You dine at Cadwalader's?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the way?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind?

Spri. Bordering upon the dramatic; but the time is so pressing, I shall be at a loss to procure perform-

ers. Let's see——Robin is a sure card——A principal may easily be met with, but where the deuce can I get an interpreter?

Rob. Offer yourself, sir; it will give you an opportunity of more closely inspecting the conduct of your son.

Gov. True.—Sir, though a scheme of this sort may ill suit with my character and time of life, yet from a private interest I take in that gentleman's affairs, if the means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent, upon my credit.

Gov. Why then, sir, I have no objection, if you think me equal to the task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the liberty——But hush! he's returned.

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear friend! the luckiest circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay, hey!

Spri. You see that gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is interpreter to Prince Potowowsky.

Cad. Wowsky? who the devil is he?

Spri. Why the Tartarian prince, that's come over ambassador from the cham of the Calmucks.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His highness has just sent me an invitation to dine with him; now every body that dines with a Tartarian lord, has a right to carry with him what the Latins called his Umbra; in their language it is Jablanousky.

Cad. Jablanousky! well?

Spri. Now if you will go in that capacity, I shall be glad of the honour.

Cad. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his royal highness?

Spri. With pleasure.

Cad. My dear friend, I shall take it as the greatest favour, the greatest obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the devil shall I get off with the poet? you know I have asked him to dinner.

Spri. Oh, the occasion will be apology sufficient; besides, there will be ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr Cape, I beg ten thousand pardons, but here your friend is invited to dinner with prince—what the devil is his name?—

Spri. Potowowsky.

Cad. True; now, sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his Jablanowsky, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all means; not a word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind; I'll come to you after dinner; hey! stay, but is there any ceremony to be used with his highness?

Spri. You dine upon carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, cross-legg'd! zounds! that's odd; well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his guests that do honour to his country soup.

Cad. Oh! let me alone for that; but should not I dress?

Spri. No, there's no occasion for it.

Cad. Dear friend, forgive me; nothing shou'd take me from you, but being a Hobblin Wisky. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His highness Potowowsky! this is the luckiest accident!
[Exit.

Cape. Hah ! hah ! hah ! but how will you conduct your enterprize ?

Spri. We'll carry him to your friend Robin's ; dress up one of the under actors in a ridiculous habit ; this gentleman shall talk a little gibberish with him. I'll compose a soup of some nauseous ingredients ; let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, sir, the part we have assign'd ?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless piece of mirth, I have no objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it ; come, sir.

Cape. Mr Sprightly !

Spri. What's the matter ?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this occasion ?

Spri. No doubt ; dress, dress, man ; no time is to be lost.

Cape. Well, but, Jack, I cannot say that at present I——

Spri. Pr'ythee explain. What would you say ?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say that I have any other garments at home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all ? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear Sprightly, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, George ; what, sorry to give me the greatest pleasure that——But I have no time for speeches ; I must run to get ready my soup. Come, gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, sir ?

Gov. Most feelingly ! but it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, sir ; times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor prospect, Robin ! but this scheme of life at least must be changed ; for what spirit, with the least spark of generosity, can support a life of eternal obligation, and disagreeable drudgery ?

inclination not consulted, genius cramp'd, and talents misapply'd.

What prospect have those authors to be read,
Whose daily writings earn their daily bread?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Young CAPE and Mrs CADWALLADER at Cards.*

Mrs Cad. You want four, and I two, and my deal :
Now, knave noddy——no, hearts be trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, madam.

Mrs Cad. Hearts again——One, two, three ; one, two,——hang 'em they won't slip, three. Diamonds——the two : have you higher than the queen?

Cape. No, madam.

Mrs Cad. Then there's highest——and lowest, by gosh. Games are even ; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw, hang cards ; there are other amusements better suited to a tête-a-tête, than any the four aces can afford us.

Mrs Cad. What pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the whistle, nor blind-man's buff : but I'll call our Bell, and Robin the butler. Dicky will be here by and bye.

Cape. Hold a minute. I have a game to propose, where the presence of a third person, especially Mr Cadwallader's, wou'd totally ruin the sport.

Mrs Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs Cad. Not I ; questions and commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that——some little resem-

blance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming, I never play'd at that in all my born days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs Cad. Love you! but is it in jest or earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs Cad. But mayn't I ask you questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs Cad. Why then, do you love me?

Cape. With all my soul.

Mrs Cad. Upon your sayso?

Cape. Upon my sayso.

Mrs Cad. I'm glad on't, with all my heart. This is the rarest pastime!

Cape. But you have not answer'd my question?

Mrs Cad. Hey? that's true. Why I believe there's no love lost.

Cape. So; our game will soon be over; I shall be up at a deal. I wish I mayn't be engaged to play deeper here than I intended tho'. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Cad. Well, now 'tis your turn.

Cape. True; aye; but zooks you are too hasty; the pleasure of this play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the prey.

Mrs Cad. No! how then?

Cape. Why, first I am to start you, then run you a little in view, then lose you, then unravel all the tricks and doubles you make to escape me.

You fly o'er hedge and stile,
I pursue for many a mile,
You grow tired at last, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.

Mrs Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in view.

Cape. I believe you.

Mrs Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattring—hush! here's sister; what the deuce brought her! Bell will be for learning this game too, but don't you teach her for your life, Mr Poet.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your mantua-maker, with your new sack, sister.

Mrs Cad. Is that all? she might have stay'd, I think.

Arab. What? you were better engaged? but don't be angry, I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs Cad. Hey! now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr Poet; but I'll listen, and see the end on't, I'm resolved. [*Aside and exit.*]

Arab. Are you concern'd at the interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the consequence.

Arab. No danger to your person, I hope?

Cape. Some little attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear Bell, tho' your sister is a fool, she is a fine woman, and flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear Bell! and flesh is frail! we are grown strangely familiar, I think.

Cape. Hey-day! in what corner sits the wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to upset your hopes.

Cape. That a breeze of your breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, madam; but pray, what is the meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little passion wou'd be no bad presage.

Arab. You may prove a false prophet.

Cape. Let me die if I know what to—But to descend to a little common sense; what part of my conduct—

Arab. Look'e, Mr Cape, all explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no occasion—but however, I'll not be any impediment to you; my sister will be back immediately; I suppose my presence will only—but consider, sir, I have a brother's honour—

Cape. Which is as safe from me, as if it was lock'd up in your brother's closet: but surely, madam, you are a little capricious, here; have I done any thing but obey your directions?

Arab. That was founded upon a supposition that—but no matter.

Cape. That what?

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe, what you was wicked enough to protest—

Cape. That I loved you! and what reason have I given you to doubt it?

Arab. A pretty situation I found you in at my entrance.

Cape. An assumed warmth, for the better concealing the fraud.

Mrs Cad. What's that? [Aside, listening.

Cape. Surely if you doubted my constancy, you must have a better opinion of my understanding.

Mrs Cad. Mighty well. [Aside.

Cape. What, an idiot, a driveller! no consideration upon earth, but my paving the way to the possession of you, could have prevail'd upon me to support her folly a minute.

Enter Mrs CADWALLADER.

Mrs Cad. Soh! Mr Poet, you are a pretty gentleman, indeed; ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm

not such a fool as you think for, man ; but here will be Dicky presently, he shall hear of your tricks, he shall : I'll let him know what a pretty person he has got in his house.

Cape. There's no parrying this ; had not I better decamp ?

Arab. And leave me to the mercy of the enemy ! my brother's temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what light he'll see this.

Mrs Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY, and ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr Interpreter ; between you and I, I like his royal highness mightily ; he's a polite, pretty, well-bred gentleman—but damn his soup.

Gov. Why, sir, you ate as if you liked it.

Cad. Liked it ! hey, egad, I would not eat another mess to be his master's prime minister ; as bitter as gall, and as black as my hat ; and there have I been sitting these two hours with my legs under me till they are both as dead as a herring.

Cape. Your dinner displeased you ?

Cad. Displeased ! hey ! Look'e, Mr Sprightly, I'm mightily obliged to you for the honour ; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a Hobblin-wisky again, if the great cham of the Calmucks were to come over himself. Hey ! and what a damn'd language he has got ? whee ; haw, haw ! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better ; you have a foreign kind of an accent, you don't sound it through the nose so well as he. Hey ! well, Becky, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr Cape ?

Mrs Cad. Oh ! here have been fine doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the matter?

Mrs Cad. Matter! why the devil is in the poet, I think.

Cad. The devil! hold.

Mrs Cad. Why here he has been making love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which way?

Mrs Cad. Why some on't was out of his poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this morning he took me for king Turnus, you; now who can tell, but this afternoon he may take you for queen Dido?

Mrs Cad. And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you? Mr Cape, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly thing to make love to Becky in my absence.

Cape. But, sir,—

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr Cape, to take this advantage, as you know she is but a foolish woman.

Mrs Cad. Ay, me; who am but a foolish woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor Becky! And for a man of your parts to attack—

Cape. There's no—

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the Grand Signor, at the head of his Janissaries, was to kick a chimney-sweeper.

Mrs Cad. Hey! what's that you say, Dicky? what, be I like a chimney-sweeper?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold. Zounds! no, Beck; hey! no: that's only by way of simile, to let him see I understand your tropes, and figures, as well as himself, egad! and therefore—

Spri. Nay, but, Mr Cadwallader—

Cad. Don't mention it, Mr Sprightly; he is the first poet I ever had in my house, except the bellman for a Christmas box.

Spri. Good sir!

Cad. And hold, hold; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you—

Spri. Nay, sir, if I must tell him, he owes his reception here to my recommendation; any abuse of your goodness, any breach of hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, so he is, ecod; at him; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful monster! and is this your return for the open, generous treatment—

Mrs Cad. As good fry'd cow-heel, with a roast fowl and sausages, as ever came to a table.

Cad. Hush, Beck, hush!—

Spri. And could you find no other object but Mr Cadwallader; a man, perhaps, possess'd of a genius superior to your own—

Cad. If I had had a university education—

Spri. And of a family as old as the creation.

Cad. Older; Beck, fetch the pedigree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this gentleman; but now, sir, what apology can you make me, who was your passport, your security?

Cad. Zounds, none; fight him.

Spri. Fight him?

Cad. Ay, do; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the measles last winter; but stay till I get out of the room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a protection here, the presence of the ladies.

Cad. Pshaw, pox! they belong to the family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, sir, are you dumb? No excuse? No palliation?

Cad. Ay, no palliation?

Mrs Cad. Ay, no tribulation? It's a shame, so it is.

Cape. When I have leave to speak—

Cad. Speak! what the devil can you say?

Cape. Nay, sir—

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr Cadwallader, however.

Cad. Hold, hold; come, begin then.

Cape. And first to you, Mr Sprightly, as you seem most interested; pray does this charge correspond with any other action of my life, since I have had the honour to know you?

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect; but still, as the scholiasts say—*Nemo repente turpissimus.*

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that?

Spri. Why, that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs Cad. By gosh! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is: speak a little more Latin to him; if I had been bred at the university, you shou'd have it both sides of your ears.

Cape. A little patience, gentlemen; now, sir, to you; you were pleased yourself to drop a few hints of your lady's weakness; might not she take too seriously, what was meant as a mere matter of merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry excuse; can any woman be such a fool as not to know when a man has a design upon her person?

Cad. Answer that, Mr Cape, hey! answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the innocency of my own intentions; may not your lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a favourite, contrive this charge with a view of destroying the connexion—

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, connexion ?

Spri. There's something in that—

Cad. Hey ? is there ? Hold, hold, hey ! egad, he is right.—You're right, Mr Cape ; hold, Becky, my dear, how the devil could you be so wicked, hey ! child : ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the wickedness to attempt to destroy the connexion ?

Mrs Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'ye hear ? You are an incendiary, but you have miss'd your point ; the connexion shall be only the stronger : my dear friend, I beg ten thousand pardons, I was too hasty ; but ecod, Becky's to blame.

Cape. The return of your favour has effaced every other impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured creature !

Cape. But if you have the least doubts remaining, this lady, your sister, I believe, will do me the justice to own—

Mrs Cad. Ay, ask my fellow, if I be a thief.

Cad. What the devil is Becky at now ?

Mrs Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he ? Hey ! how ; what the devil, she did not make love to you too ? Stop, hey ! hold, hold, hold.

Mrs Cad. Why no, foolish, but you are always running on with your riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a body's story out.

Cad. Well, Beck, come let's have it.

Mrs Cad. Be quiet then ; why, as I was telling you, first he made love to me, and wanted me to be a hare.

Cad. A hare ! hold, ecod, that was whimsical ; a hare ! hey ! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hair-brained already : Becky, a damn'd good story. Well, Beck, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, pr'ythee, Beck.

Mrs Cad. Hold your tongue then: And so there he was going on with his nonsense, and so in come our Bell; and so—

Cad. Hold, hold, Becky; damn your so's; go on, child, but leave out your so's; it's a low—hold, hold, vulgar—but go on.

Mrs Cad. Why how can I go on, when you stop me every minute? Well, and then our Bell came in and interrupted him, and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well?

Mrs Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So, what, you staid and listen'd?

Mrs Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying, she went out; no—upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind story, but go on, Beck.

Mrs Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said—

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may all be very true, Beck, but, hold, hold; as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst teller of a story—

Mrs Cad. Well, I have but a word more; and then he said as how I was a great fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. [Aside.]

Mrs Cad. And that he would not have stay'd with me a minute, but to pave the way to the possession of she.

Cad. Well, Beck, well?

Mrs Cad. And so—that's all.

Cad. Make love to her, in order to get possession of you?

Mrs Cad. Love to me, in order to get she.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey!

What's this true, Bell? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! Mr Cape?

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, sir, I have a reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, Mr Cape? Let's have it, without equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, sir?

Cad. Of what? Hold, hold; of making love to Bell?

Cape. Guilty.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, zounds! No, what not with an intention to marry her?

Cape. With the lady's approbation, and your kind consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what, my consent to marry you?

Cape. Ay, sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold. What, our Bell? To mix the blood of the Cadwalladers with the puddle of a poet?

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming—

Spri. But Mr—

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold—garretteer? that has no more cloaths than backs, no more heads than hats, and no shoes to his feet.

Spri. Nay, but—

Cad. The offspring of a dunghill! born in a cellar, hold, hold; and living in a garret; a fungus, a mushroom.

Cape. Sir, my family—

Cad. Your family! Hold, hold, hold. Peter, fetch the pedigree; I'll shew you—your family! a little obscure—hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a grandfather.

Enter PETER with the Pedigree.

There it is; there; Peter, help me to stretch it out:

there's seven yards more of lineals, besides three of collaterals, that I expect next Monday from the Herald's Office; d'ye see, Mr Sprightly?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but look'e, there's Welch princes, and ambassadors, and kings of Scotland, and members of parliament: hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an earl or a lord in my pedigree, hold, hold, than Kouli Khan wou'd a serjeant in the trained bands.

Spri. An amazing descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy son of a shoe-maker, to talk of families—hold, hold, get out of my house!

Rob. Now is your time, sir.

Cad. Mr Sprightly, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, sir, I have a secret to disclose, that may make you alter your intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr Interpreter?

Gov. You are now to regard that young man in a very different light, and consider him as my son.

Cape. Your son, sir?

Gov. In a moment, George, the mysteries shall be explained.

Cad. Your son? Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the scribbler, the mushroom you have described, but of birth and fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the son of an interpreter equal to me! A fellow that trudges about, teaching of languages to foreign counts!

Gov. A teacher of languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a runner to monsieurs and marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, sir.

Cad. A jack-pudding! that takes fillips on the nose for six-pence a piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me eighteen-pennyworth, and change for half-a-crown.

Gov. Stop, when you are well.

Cad. A spunger at other men's tables ! that has jallop put into his beer, and his face blacked at Christmas for the diversion of children !

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, sir ; who is it you dare to treat in this manner ?

Cad. Hey ! Zounds, Mr Sprightly, lay hold of him.

Spri. Calm your choler. Indeed, Mr Cadwallader, nothing could excuse your behaviour to this gentleman, but your mistaking his person.

Cad. Hold, hold ; is not he interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why, did not you tell—

Spri. That was a mistake. This gentleman is the prince's friend ; and, by a long residence in the monarch's country, is perfect master of the language.

Cad. But who the devil is he then ?

Spri. He is Mr Cape, sir ; a man of unblemished honour, capital fortune, and late governor of one of our most considerable settlements.

Cad. Governor ! Hold, hold, and how came you father to—hey ?—

Gov. By marrying his mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this ?

Gov. As a solemn truth ; that foreign friend, to whom you owe your education, was no other than myself ; I had my reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this ; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my son.

Cape. Sir ! it is not for me [*Kneeling.*] but if gratitude, filial duty—

Gov. Rise, my boy ; I have ventured far to fix thy fortune, George ; but to find thee worthy of it, more than o'erpays my toil ; the rest of my story shall be reserved till we are alone.

Cad. Hey ! Hold, hold, hold ; ecod, a good sensi-

ble old fellow this; but hark'e, Sprightly, I have made a damn'd blunder here: Hold, hold, Mr Governor, I ask ten thousand pardons; but who the devil cou'd have thought that the interpreter to prince Potowowsky—

Gov. Oh, sir, you have in your power sufficient means to atone for the injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how?

Gov. By bestowing your sister, with, I flatter myself, no great violence to her inclinations, here.

Cad. What, marry Bell? Hey! Hold, hold; zounds, Bell, take him, do; 'ecod, he is a good likely—hey! Will you?

Arab. I sha'n't disobey you, sir.

Cad. Sha'n't you? That's right. Who the devil knows but he may come to be a governor himself? hey! Hold, hold; come here then, give me your hands both; [*Joins their hands.*] There, there, the business is done: and now, brother Governor—

Gov. And now, brother Cadwallader.

Cad. Hey, Beck! Here's something new for my pedigree; we'll pop in the Governor to-morrow.

Mrs Cad. Hark'e, Mr Governor, can you give me a black boy and a monkey?

Cad. Hey! Ay, ay, you shall have a black boy and a monkey, and a parrot too, Beck.

Spri. Dear George, I am a little late in my congratulations; but—

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested friendship, I shall be sorry I ever owned him. Now, Robin, my cares are over, and my wishes full; and if George remains as untainted by affluence, as he has been untempted by distress, I have given the poor a protector, his country an advocate, and the world a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE OLD MAID;

A

COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLERIMONT,
Capt. CAPE,
Mr HARLOW,
Mr HARTWELL,
FOOTMAN,

Mr O'Brien.
Mr King.
Mr Kennedy.
Mr Phillips.
Mr Castle.

Mrs HARLOW,
Miss HARLOW,
TRIFLE,

Miss Haughton.
Mrs Kennedy.
Miss Hippisley.

THE OLD MAID.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Mrs HARLOW and Miss HARLOW.

Mrs Har. My dear sister, let me tell you—

Miss Har. But, my dear sister, let me tell you it is in vain; you can say nothing that will have any effect.

Mrs Har. Not if you won't hear me; only hear me.

Miss Har. Oh! ma'am, I know you love to hear yourself talk, and so please yourself; talk on at your usual rate, if your fancy so inclines you; but I have taken my resolution, and nothing shall alter it.

Mrs Har. And yet, upon due reflection, your mind may change.

Miss Har. Never, sister, never.

Mrs Har. You can't be sure of that, sister; when you have considered every thing—

Miss Har. Upon no consideration.

Mrs Har. You don't know how that may be: recollect, sister, that you are no chicken: you are not

now in that sprightly season of life, when giddiness and folly are excusable, nay, becoming. Your age, sister—

Miss Har. Age, ma'am!—

Mrs Har. Do but hear me, sister; do but hear me. A person of your years—

Miss Har. My years, sister!—Upon my word—

Mrs Har. Nay, no offence, sister—

Miss Har. But there is offence, ma'am: I don't understand what you mean by it. Always thwarting me with my years; my years, indeed! when perhaps, ma'am, if I was to die of old age, some folks might have reason to look about them.

Mrs Har. She feels it, I see—oh! how I delight in mortifying her!—[*Aside.*]—Sister, if I did not love you, I am sure I should not talk to you in this manner. But how can you make so unkind a return as to alarm me about myself?—In some sixteen or eighteen years after you, to be sure, I own I shall begin to think of making my will. How could you be so severe?—

Miss Har. Some sixteen or eighteen years, ma'am!—if you would own the truth, ma'am,—I believe, ma'am,—you would find, ma'am, that the disparity, ma'am, is not so very great, ma'am—

Mrs Har. Well, I vow passion becomes you inordinately: it blends a few roses with the lilies of your cheek, and—

Miss Har. And though you are married to my brother, ma'am, I would have you to know, ma'am, that you are not thereby any way authorised to take unbecoming liberties with his sister. I am independent of my brother, ma'am; my fortune is in my own hands, ma'am, and, ma'am—

Mrs Har. Well! do you know when your blood circulates a little, that I think you look mighty well! But you was in the wrong not to marry at my age. Sweet three-and-twenty! you can't conceive what a

deal of good it would have done your temper and your spirits, if you had married early.

Miss Har. Insolent! provoking,—female malice!

Mrs Har. But to be waiting till it is almost too late in the day, and force one's self to say strange things, with the tongue and heart at variance all the time——“I don't mind the hideous men”——“I am very happy as I am”——“I don't desire to change my condition”——and while those words are at your tongue's end, the heart murmurs inwardly, and flutters upon the tenter-hooks of expectation.

Miss Har. I upon tenter-hooks!

Mrs Har. And to be at this work of sour grapes, till one is turned of three-and-forty!

Miss Har. Three-and-forty, ma'am?—I desire, sister—I desire, ma'am—three-and-forty, ma'am!

Mrs Har. Nay—nay—nay—don't be angry; don't blame me; blame my husband; he is your own brother, and he knows your age: he told me so.

Miss Har. Oh! ma'am, I see your drift: but you need not give yourself those airs, ma'am—the men don't see with your eyes, ma'am—years, indeed!—Three-and-forty, truly!—I'll assure you—upon my word—very fine!—But I see plainly, ma'am, what you are at—Mr Clerimont, madam!—Mr Clerimont, sister! that's what frets you. A young husband, ma'am: younger than your husband, ma'am, Mr Clerimont, let me tell you—

Enter TRIFLE.

Trifle. Oh! rare news, ma'am, charming news: we have got another letter.

Miss Har. From whom?—from Mr Clerimont!—where is it?

Trifle. Yes, ma'am! from Mr Clerimont, ma'am.

Miss Har. Let me see it; let me see it; quick; quick. [Reads.]

“ Madam,

“ The honour of a letter from you has so filled my mind with joy and gratitude, that I want words of force to reach but half my meaning. I can only say that you have revived a heart that was expiring for you, and now beats for you alone.”—

There, sister, mind that ! years indeed !

[*Reads to herself.*

Mrs Har. I wish you joy, sister.—I wish I had not gone to Ranelagh with her last week. Who could have thought that her faded beauties would have made such an impression !

[*Aside.*

Miss Har. Mind here again, sister.—[*Reads.*]

“ Ever since I had the good fortune of seeing you at Ranelagh, your idea has been ever present to me ; and since you now give me leave, I shall, without delay, wait upon your brother. The terms he may think proper to demand, I shall readily subscribe to ; for to be your slave, is dearer to me than liberty. I have the honour to remain

“ The humblest of your admirers,

“ CLERIMONT.”

There, sister !

Mrs Har. Well ! I wish you joy again : but remember I tell you, take care what you do. He is young, and, of course, giddy and inconstant.

Miss Har. He is warm, passionate, and tender.

Mrs Har. But you don't know how long that may last ; and here are you going to break off a very suitable match, which all your friends liked and approved, a match with Captain Cape, who, to be sure—

Miss Har. Don't name Captain Cape, I beseech you, don't name him.

Mrs Har. Captain Cape, let me tell you, is not to be despised. He has acquired by his voyages to India a very pretty fortune : has a charming box of a house upon Hackney-Marsh, and is of an age every way suitable to you.

Miss Har. There again now!—age! age! age! for ever!—years—years—my years! but I tell you once for all, Mr Clerimont does not see with your eyes. I am determined to hear no more of Captain Cape. Odious Hackney-Marsh! ah! sister, you would be glad to see me married in a middling way.

Mrs Har. I, sister!—I am sure nobody will rejoice more at your preferment.—I am resolved never to visit her if Mr Clerimont marries her. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. To cut the matter short, sister, Mr Clerimont has won my heart: young, handsome, rich, town-house, country-house, equipage! to him, and only him, will I surrender myself. Three-and-forty, indeed!—ha! ha!—you see, my dear, dear sister, that these features are still regular and blooming; that the love-darting eye has not quite forsook me; and that I have made a conquest which your boasted youth might be vain of.

Mrs Har. Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon, if I have taken too much liberty, it has all arisen from affection and regard: your good is all I aim at, sister.

Miss Har. I humbly thank you for your advice, my sweet dear friendly sister; but don't envy me, I beg you won't; don't fret yourself; you can't conceive what a deal of good serenity of mind will do your health. I'll go and write an answer directly to this charming, charming letter. Sister, yours. I shall be glad to see you, sister, at my house in Hill-street, when I am Mrs Clerimont. And remember what I tell you, some faces retain their bloom and beauty longer than you imagine, my dear sister. Come, Trifle, let me fly this moment. Sister, your servant.

[*Exit, with TRIFLE.*

Mrs Har. Your servant, my dear!—Well! I am determined to lead the gayest life in nature, if she marries Clerimont.—I'll have a new equipage, that's one thing; and I'll have greater routs than her, that's another: positively, I must outshine her there; and

I'll keep up a polite enmity with her; go and see her, may be once or twice in a winter; "Ma'am, I am really so hurried with such a number of acquaintances, that I can't possibly find time." And then, to provoke her, "I wish you joy, sister, I hear you are breeding." Ha! ha!—that will so mortify her—"I wish it may be a boy, sister." Ha! ha!—And then, when her husband begins to despise her, "really, sister, I pity you; had you taken my advice, and married the India captain—your case is a compassionate one"—Compassion is so insolent when a body feels none at all. Ha! ha! it is the finest way of insulting.

Enter Mr Harlow.

Mr Har. So, my dear; how are my sister's affairs going on?

Mrs Har. Why, my dear, she has had another letter from Mr Clerimont. Did you ever hear of such a strange unaccountable thing patched up in a hurry here?

Mr Har. Why it is sudden, to be sure.

Mrs Har. Upon my word, I think you had better advise her not to break off with Captain Cape.

Mr Har. No, not I—I wish she may be married to one or other of them. Her temper is really grown so very sour, and there is such eternal wrangling between you both, that I wish to see her in her own house, for the peace and quiet of mine.

Mrs Har. Do you know this Mr Clerimont?

Mr Har. No; but I have heard of the family. There is a very fine fortune. I wish he may hold his intention.

Mrs Har. I wish he may, but I doubt it.

Mr Har. And truly so do I; for, between ourselves, I see no charms in my sister.

Mrs Har. For my part, I can't comprehend it. How she could strike his fancy, is to me the most

astonishing thing: after this, I shall be surprised at nothing.

Mr Har. Well! strange things do happen. So she is but married out of the way, I am satisfied. An old maid in a house is the devil.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr Clerimont, sir, to wait on you.

Mr Har. Shew him in. [*Exit Servant.*] How comes this visit, pray?

Mrs Har. My sister wrote to him to explain himself to you. The affair seems now to grow serious. The gentleman seems in earnest, and in a hurry too. Well, I suppose he wants to talk to you; I'll leave you to yourselves. [*Aside as she goes out.*] The man must be mad to think of her. He must have a strange taste, indeed. [*Exit.*]

Enter CLERIMONT.

Mr Har. Your most obedient, sir; be pleased to walk in.

Cleri. I presume, sir, you are no stranger to the business that occasions this visit?

Mr Har. Sir, the honour you do me and my family—

Cleri. Oh! sir, to be allied to your family by so tender a tie as a marriage with your sister, will at once reflect a credit upon me, and conduce to my happiness in the most essential point. I adore your sister, sir: my sentiments are not to be expressed: she charmed me at the very first sight.

Mr Har. [*Aside.*] The devil she did!

Cleri. The sensibility of her countenance, the elegance of her figure, the sweetness of her manner—

Mr Har. Sir, you are pleased to compliment!—

Cleri. Compliment! I speak the language of the heart. Where merit is so apparent, so transcending all praise, he must have great skill in flattery, who

can give an air of compliment to that justice which your sister claims from all.

Mr Har. The sweetness of my sister's manner!
[*Aside.*] Ha! ha!

Cleri. I saw her, for the first time, a few nights ago at Ranelagh; though there was a crowd of beauties in the room, thronging and pressing all around, yet she shone amongst them with superior lustre. She was walking arm in arm with another lady. No opportunity offered for me to form an acquaintance amidst the hurry and bustle of the place. I enquired their names as they were going into their chariot: I was told they were Mrs and Miss Harlow. From that moment she won my heart. At one glance I became the willing captive of her beauty.

Mr Har. A very candid declaration, sir!—How can this be? the bloom has been off the peach any time these fifteen years, to my knowledge. [*Aside.*] You see my sister with a favourable eye, sir.

Cleri. A favourable eye! He must greatly want discernment, who has not a quick perception of her merit.

Mr Har. You do her a great deal of honour. But this affair—is it not somewhat sudden, sir?

Cleri. I grant it. You may indeed be surprised at it, sir; nor should I have been hardy enough to make any overtures to you,—at least yet awhile,—if she herself had not condescended to listen to my passion. She has authorised me, under her own fair hand, to apply to her brother for his consent.

Mr Har. I shall be very ready, sir, to give my approbation to my sister's happiness.

Cleri. No doubt you will. But let me not cherish an unavailing flame, a flame that already lights up all my tenderest passions.

Mr Har. To you, sir, there can be no exception. I am not altogether a stranger to your family and fortune.—His language is warm, considering my sister's

age ; but I won't hurt her preferment. [*Aside.*]— You will pardon me, sir, if I observe one thing : you are, as one may say, just coming into life. Have you left the university ?

Cleri. Left it, sir ? above a year. I am almost two-and-twenty.

Mr Har. And yet this is a delicate point : Have you consulted your friends ?

Cleri. I have ; my uncle, Mr Heartwell, who proposes to leave me a very handsome addition to my fortune, which is considerable already, he, sir—

Mr Har. Well, sir, if he has no objection, I can have none.

Cleri. He has none, sir ; he has given his consent ; he desires me to lose no time. I will bring him to pay you a visit. He approves my choice. You shall have it out of his own mouth. Name your hour, and he shall attend you.

Mr Har. Any time to-day. I shall stay at home on purpose.

Cleri. In the evening I will conduct him hither. In the mean time, I feel an attachment here : the lady, sir—

Mr Har. Oh ! you want to see my sister. I will send her to you, sir, this instant. I beg your pardon for leaving you alone—Ha ! ha ! who could have thought of her making a conquest at last ? [*Exit.*

Cleri. Your politeness, sir, upon this occasion, will lay me under the most lasting obligation.—Now, Clerimont, now your heart may rest content : your doubts and fears may all subside, and joy and rapture take their place. Miss Harlow shall be mine ; she receives my vows ; she approves my passion. [*Sings and dances.*] Soft ! here she comes—her very appearance controuls my wildest hopes, and hushes my proud heart into respect and silent admiration.

Enter Mrs HARLOW.

Mrs Har. I beg your pardon, sir; I intrude, perhaps.

Cleri. Madam, [*Bows respectfully.*] you never can intrude, madam. You—you must be ever welcome.

Mrs Har. I thought Mr Harlow was here, sir.

Cleri. Madam, he is but just gone.—How a single glance of that deluding eye overawes and checks each wish that flutters in my heart! [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. I wonder he would leave you alone, sir. That is not so polite in his own house.

Cleri. How her modesty throws a veil over her inclinations!—My tongue falters!—I can't speak to her. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. He seems in confusion. A pretty man too!—That this should be my sister's luck!—

[*Aside.*]

Cleri. Madam!—[*Embarrassed.*]

Mrs Har. I imagine you have been talking to him on the subject of the letter you sent this morning.

Cleri. Madam, I have presumed to—

Mrs Har. You are the only person, sir, that will call it presumption. Mr Harlow has no objection, I hope?

Cleri. She hopes! Heavens bless her for the word—[*Aside.*—]Madam, he has frankly consented, if his sister will do me that honour.

Mrs Har. You do his sister a great deal of honour, sir,—[*Aside.*] a great deal more than she deserves, if he knew all.

Cleri. How her modesty makes her turn aside that lovely countenance!—Mr Harlow, madam, encouraged me to entertain a gleam of hope.

Mrs Har. I think you need not despair, sir, if I may venture to hazard my sentiment.

Cleri. No doubt you may.

Mrs Har. Then, without doubt—[*Turns away.*] Her success is too provoking—[*Turns to him.*] I believe, sir,—I think you may entertain some degree of hope.

Cleri. How coyly she pronounces it !—“ Oh ! sweet reluctant amorous delay ! ”—Madam, you make me happy. If any thing could add to the ardour of my affection, you have done it. [*Turns from her.*] Generous Miss Harlow !

Mrs Har. A proposal so honourable on your part, claims attention, and cannot easily be rejected ; Mr Harlow has too much regard for his sister ; and the whole family hold themselves much obliged to you.

Cleri. Madam, this extreme condescension has added rapture to the sentiments I felt before ; it shall be the endeavour of my life to prove deserving of the amiable object I have dared to aspire to.

Mrs Har. Sir, I make no doubt of your sincerity. I have already declared my sentiments. You know Mr Harlow's ; and if my sister gives her approbation, nothing will be wanting to conclude this business. If no difficulties arise from her—her temper is uncertain—as to my consent, sir, your air, your manner have commanded it. Sir, your most obedient : I'll send my sister to you. [*Exit.*]

Cleri. Madam, [*Bowing.*] I shall endeavour to repay this goodness with excess of gratitude. She is an angel !—and yet, stupid that I am, I could not give vent to the tenderness with which my heart is ready to dissolve. It is ever so with sincere and generous love ; it fills the soul with rapture, and then denies the power of uttering what we so exquisitely feel. Generous Miss Harlow ! who could thus see through my confusion, interpret all appearances favourably, and with a dignity superior to her sex's little arts, forego the idle ceremonies of coquetting, teasing, and tormenting her admirer. I hear somebody. Oh ! here comes Mistress Harlow : what a gloom

sits upon her features!—She assumes authority here I find. But I'll endeavour by insinuation and respect to make her my friend, or at least to soften her prejudices, and get the better of that sour ill-natured temper.

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss Har. My sister has told me, sir—

Cleri. Ma'am—[*Bowing cheerfully.*]

Miss Har. He is a sweet figure. [*Aside.*]

Cleri. She rather looks like Miss Harlow's mother than her sister-in-law.—[*Aside.*]

Miss Har. He seems abash'd—his respect is the cause——[*Aside.*—My sister told me, sir, that you was here. I beg pardon for making you wait so long.

Cleri. Oh, ma'am, [*Bows.*] the gloom disappears from her face, but the lines of ill-nature remain. [*Aside.*

Miss Har. In his confusion I see the ardour of his passion.—He has not recovered himself!—I'll cheer him with affability—[*Aside.*—Sir, the letter you was pleased to send, my sister has seen, and—

Cleri. And has assured me that she has no objection,

Miss Har. I am glad of that, sir—I was afraid—

Cleri. No objection. And Mr Harlow—I have seen him too. He has honoured me with his consent. Now, madam, the only doubt remains with you. May I be permitted to hope—

Miss Har. Sir, you appear like a gentleman,—and—

Cleri. Madam, believe me, never was love more sincere, more justly founded on esteem, or kindled into higher admiration.

Miss Har. Sir, with the rest of the family, I hold myself much obliged to you, and—

Cleri. Obligated!—'tis I that am obliged. There is no merit on my side: it is the consequence of impressions made upon my heart; and what heart can resist such beauty, such various graces!

Miss Har. The warmth of your expression, sir—I wish my sister heard him. [*Aside.*] I am afraid

you are lavish of your praise ; and the short date of your love, sir—

Cleri. It will burn with unabating ardour. The same charms that first inspired it, will for ever cherish, and add new fuel to the flame.—You cannot doubt me, madam : No, you will not harbour an ungenerous suspicion. You use this style, to put my sincerity to the proof. That, madam, I perceive is your aim ; but could you read the feelings of my heart, you would not thus cruelly keep me in suspense.

Miss Har. Heavens ! if my sister saw my power over him.—[*Aside.*]—A little suspense cannot be deem'd unreasonable. Marriage is an important affair ; an affair for life ; and some caution you will allow to be necessary.

Cleri. Madam !—[*Disconcerted.*]—Oh ! I dread the sourness of her look ! [*Aside.*]

Miss Har. One thing, sir, you will permit me to observe. You seem to dwell chiefly on articles of external and superficial merit ; whereas, the more valuable qualities of the mind, prudence, good sense, a well-regulated conduct—

Cleri. Oh, ma'am, I am not inattentive to those matters ; she has a notable household understanding, I warrant her.—[*Aside.*]—But let me entreat you, madam, to do justice to my principles, and believe that never yet a fond, fond heart declared itself with more sincerity.

Miss Har. Sir, I will frankly own that I have been trying you all this time, and from henceforth all doubts are banished.

Cleri. Your words recall me to new life. I shall for ever study to merit this goodness. But your fair sister, do you think I can depend upon her consent ? May I flatter myself she will not change her mind ?

Miss Har. My sister cannot be insensible of your merit, and the honour you do her and the whole fa-

mily. And, sir, as far as I can act with propriety in the affair, I will endeavour to keep them all in a disposition to favour your pretensions.

Cleri. Madam.—[*Bows.*]

Miss Har. You have an interest in my breast that will be busy for you.

Cleri. I am eternally devoted to you, madam—

[*Bows.*]

Miss Har. How modest, and yet how expressive he is! [Aside.]

Cleri. Madam, I shall be ever sensible of this extreme condescension. I shall think no pains too great to prove the gratitude and esteem I bear you. I beg my compliments to Mr Harlow. I shall be here with my uncle in the evening; as early as possible I shall come. My respects to your sister, ma'am, —and pray, madam, keep her in my interest—madam, your most obedient—I have managed the motherly lady finely, I think. [Aside.] [Bows and exit.]

Miss Har. What will my sister say now? I shall hear no more of her taunts. A malicious thing! I fancy she now sees that your giddy flirts are not always the highest beauties. Set her up, indeed! Had she but heard him, the dear man, what sweet things he said! and what sweet things he looked. Well, I am enchanted with him. I shall love him to distraction.

Enter Mrs HARLOW.

Mrs Har. Well, sister!—how!—what does he say?

Miss Har. Say, sister!—Every thing that is charming: he is the prettiest man! and so polite, so sensible, so elegant, so every thing that is agreeable!

Mrs Har. Well! I am glad of it. But all's well that ends well.

Miss Har. Envy, sister! Envy, and downright malice!—Oh! had you heard all the tender things

he uttered, and with that extasy too! that tenderness! that delight restrained by modesty!

Mrs Har. All that is very true: but still I feel, methinks, as if every thing was not right: I can't well explain myself; but there is to me something odd in the whole business.

Miss Har. Oh! I don't doubt but you will say so. You will find, however, that I have beauty enough left to make some noise in the world. The men, sister, are the best judges of female beauty. Don't concern yourself about the affair, sister; the men are the best judges; leave it all to them.

Mrs Har. But only think of a lover you never saw but once at Ranelagh.

Miss Har. Very true! but even then I saw what work I made in his heart. Don't you remember how he followed us up and down the room! Oh! I am in raptures with him, and he is in raptures with me; and in a few days, sister, Mrs Clerimont will be glad to see you.

Enter Mr HARLOW.

Mr Har. So, sister! how stand matters now?

Miss Har. As I could wish. I shall no more be a trouble to you. He has declared himself in the most warm and vehement manner; though my sister has her doubts; she is a good friend, she is afraid of my success.

Mrs Har. Pray, sister, don't think so meanly of me. I understand that sneer, ma'am.

Miss Har. And I understand you too, ma'am.

Mr Har. Come, come, I desire we may have no quarrelling. You two are always wrangling. But when you are separated, it is to be hoped you will then be more amicable. Things are now in a fair way. Though, sister, let me tell you, I am afraid our India friend will think himself ill treated.

Mrs Har. That's what I fear too: that's my reason

for speaking. Captain Cape, in my opinion, will have reason to think himself ill used.

Miss Har. Oh! never throw away a thought on him. Mr Clerimont has my heart; and now I think I am settled for life, sister—I love to plague her [*Aside.*—I say, sister, whatever doubts you may have, you will see me settled for life, for life, for life, my dear sister.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Dinner is served, sir.

Mr Har. Very well! come, sister, I give you joy. Let us in to dinner.

Miss Har. Oh! vulgar!—I can't eat—I must go and dress my head over again, and do a thousand things:—for I am determined I'll look this afternoon as well as ever I can. [*Exit.*

Mrs Har. Is not all this amazing, my dear? her head is turned.

Mr Har. Well, let it all pass: don't you mind it: don't you say any thing. Let her get married if she can. I am sure I shall rejoice at it.

Mrs Har. And upon my word, my dear, so shall I. If I interfere, it is purely out of friendship.

Mr Har. Be advised by me; say no more to her. If the affair goes on, we shall fairly get rid of her. Her peevish humours, and her maiden temper, are become insupportable. Come, let us in to dinner. If Mr Clerimont marries her, which indeed will be good enough, we shall then enjoy a little peace and quiet in our own house. [*Exit.*

Mrs Har. What in the world could the man see in her? He will repent of his bargain in a week or a fortnight; that I am sure he will. She is going to dress now!—ha! ha!—

Oh! how she rolls her pretty eyes in spite,
And looks delightfully with all her might!
Ha! ha! delightfully she will look indeed!—[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter a Servant, and Captain CAPE.

Serv. Yes, sir, my master is at home ; he has just done dinner, sir.

Capt. C. Very well, then ; tell him I would speak a word with him.

Serv. I beg pardon, sir ; I am but a stranger in the family—who shall I say ?

Capt. C. Captain Cape, tell him.

Serv. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

Capt. C. I can hardly believe my own eyes. 'Sdeath ! I am almost inclined to think this letter, signed with Miss Harlow's name, a mere forgery by some enemy, to drive me into an excess of passion, and so injure us both : I don't know what to say to it.

Enter Mr HARLOW.

Capt. C. I have waited on you about an extraordinary affair ; I can't comprehend it, sir. Here is a letter with your sister's name—Look at it, sir ; is that her hand-writing ?

Mr Har. Yes, sir ; I take it to be her writing.

Capt. C. And do you know the contents ?

Mr Har. I can't say I have read it ; but—

Capt. C. But you know the purport of it ?

Mr Har. Partly.

Capt. C. You do ?—and is it not base treatment, sir ? Is it not unwarrantable ? Can you justify her ?

Mr Har. For my part, I leave women to manage their own affairs. I am not fond of intermeddling.

Capt. C. But, sir, let me ask you : Was not every thing agreed upon ? Are not the writings now in the lawyer's hands ? Was not next week fixed for our wedding ?

Mr Har. I understood it so.

Capt. C. Very well, then; you see how she treats me. She writes me here in a contemptuous style, that she recalls her promise; it was rashly given; she has thought better of it; she will listen to me no more; she is going to dispose of herself to a gentleman with whom she can be happy for life. There, that's free and easy, is not it? What do you say to that?

Mr Har. Why really, sir, it is not my affair. I have nothing to say to it.

Capt. C. Nothing to say to it!—Sir, I imagined I was dealing with people of honour.

Mr Har. You have been dealing with a woman, and you know—

Capt. C. Yes, I know; I know the treachery of the sex. Who is this gentleman, pray?

Mr Har. His name is Clerimont. They have fixed the affair among themselves, and amongst them be it for me.

Capt. C. Very fine! mighty fine!—is Miss Harlow at home, sir?

Mr Har. She is; and here she comes this way.

Capt. C. Very well!—let me hear it from herself, that's all: I desire to hear her speak for herself.

Mr Har. With all my heart. I'll leave you together: you know, captain, I was never fond of being concerned in these affairs. [Exit.

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss Har. Captain Cape, this is mighty odd: I thought my letter informed you—

Capt. C. Madam, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and, madam, the usage is so extraordinary, that I hold myself excusable, if I refuse to comply with the terms you impose upon me.

Miss Har. Not comply! I don't understand you.

Capt. C. Mistake me not; I am not come to

whimper or to whine, and to make a puppy of myself again. That, madam, is all blown over.

Miss Har. Well, there is no harm done, and you will survive this I hope.

Capt. C. Survive it!

Miss Har. Yes;—you won't grow desperate: suppose you were to order somebody to take care of you, because you know fits of despair are sudden, and you may rashly do yourself a mischief. Don't do any such thing, I beg you won't.

Capt. C. This insult, madam!—Do myself a mischief! Don't flatter yourself that it is in your power to make me unhappy. It is not vexation brings me hither, that let me assure you.

Miss Har. Then let vexation take you away. We were never designed for one another.

Capt. C. My amazement brings me hither; amazement that any woman can behave—but I don't want to upbraid—I only come to ask—for I can hardly as yet believe it—I only come to ask if I am to credit this pretty epistle?

Miss Har. Every syllable: therefore take your answer, sir, and truce with your importunity.

Capt. C. Very well, ma'am, very well—your humble servant, madam—I promise you, ma'am, I can repay this scorn with scorn; with tenfold scorn, madam, such as this treatment deserves; that's all: I say no more—your servant, ma'am—but let me ask you—is this a just return for all the attendance I have paid you these three years past?

Miss Har. Perfectly just, sir; three years!—how could you be a dangler so long? I told you what it would come to: can you think that raising a woman's expectation, and tiring her out of all patience, is the way to make sure of her at last? you ought to have been a brisker lover, you ought indeed, sir. I am now contracted to another, and so there is an end of every thing between us.

Capt. C. Very well, madam,—and yet I can't bear to be despised by her—and can you, Miss Harlow, can you find it in your heart to treat me with this disdain? have you no compassion?

Miss Har. No, positively none, sir, none; none.

Capt. C. Your own Captain Cape, whom you—

Miss Har. Whom I despise.

Capt. C. Whom you have so often encouraged to adore you.

Miss Har. Pray, sir, don't touch my hand: it is now the property of another.

Capt. C. Can't you still break off with him?

Miss Har. No, sir, I can't; I won't; I love him, and if you are a man of honour, you will speak to me no more; desist, sir, for if you don't, my brother shall tell you of it, and to-morrow Mr Clerimont shall tell you of it.

Capt. C. Mr Clerimont, madam, shall fight me for daring—

Miss Har. And must I fight you too, most noble valiant captain?

Capt. C. Laughed at too!

Miss Har. What a passion you are in!—I can't bear to see a man in such a passion. Oh! I have a happy riddance of you: the violence of your temper is dreadful. I won't stay a moment longer with you; you frighten me: you have your answer,—and so your servant, sir. [Exit.

Capt. C. Ay! she is gone off like a fury, and the furies catch her, say I. I will never put up with this: I will find out this Mr Clerimont: he shall be accountable to me; Mr Harlow too shall be accountable; and—

Enter Mr and Mrs HARLOW.

Mr Harlow, I am used very ill here, by all of you, and, sir, let me tell you—

Mr Har. Nay, don't be angry with me. I was not to marry you.

Capt. C. But, sir, I can't help being angry: I must be angry: and let me tell you, you don't behave like a gentleman.

Mrs Har. How can Mr Harlow help it, sir, if my sister—

Mr Har. You are too warm; you are indeed. Let us talk this matter over a bottle.

Capt. C. No, sir: no bottle: over a cannon, if you will.

Mrs Har. Mercy on me! I beg you won't talk in that terrible manner: you frighten me out of my wits.

Mr Har. Be you quiet, my dear. Captain Cape, I beg you will just step into that room with me; and if, in the dispatching of one bottle, I don't acquit myself of all sinister dealing, why then—come, come, be a little moderate: you shall step with me: I'll take it as a favour. Come, come, you must.

Capt. C. I always found you a gentleman, Mr Harlow, and so with all my heart, I don't care if I do talk the matter over.

Mr Har. That's fair, and I am obliged to you. Come, I'll shew you the way. [Exeunt.]

Mrs Har. Just as I foresaw: my sister was sure of him, and now is she going to break off for a young man, who will despise her in a little time. I wish she would have Captain Cape.

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss Har. Is he gone, sister?

Mrs Har. No; and here is the deuce and all to do. He is for fighting every body: upon my word you are wrong: you don't behave genteelly in the affair.

Miss Har. Genteelly! I like that notion prodigiously: an't I going to marry genteelly?

Mrs Har. Well, follow your own inclinations. I won't intermeddle any more, I promise you. I'll step into the parlour, and see what they are about. [*Exit.*

Miss Har. As you please, ma'am. I see plainly the ill-natured thing can't bear my success. Heavens! here comes Mr Clerimont.

Enter Mr CLERIMONT.

Miss Har. You are earlier than I expected, sir.

Cleri. I have flown, madam, upon the wings of love. I have seen my uncle: he will be here within this half hour. Every thing succeeds to my wishes. I hope there is no alteration here since I saw you.

Miss Har. Nothing of moment, sir.

Cleri. You alarm me! Mr Harlow has not changed his mind, I hope?

Miss Har. No, he continues in the same opinion.

Cleri. And your sister—I tremble with doubt and fear—she does not surely recede from the sentiments she flattered me with.

Miss Har. Why there, indeed, I can't say so much. She seems to—

Cleri. How!

Miss Har. She—I don't know what to make of her.

Cleri. I am on the rack: in pity, do not torture me.

Miss Har. How tremblingly solicitous he is—Oh! I have made a sure conquest. [*Aside.*—Why, she, sir—

Cleri. I am all attention, madam. [*Disconcerted.*

Miss Har. She does not seem entirely to approve.

Cleri. You kill me with despair.

Miss Har. Oh! he is deeply smitten. [*Aside.*—She thinks another match would suit better.

Cleri. Another match!

Miss Har. Yes, another; an India captain, who has made his proposals; but I shall take care to see him dismissed.

Cleri. Will you?

Miss Har. I promise you I will. Though he runs much in my sister's head, and she has taken great pains to bring the family over to her opinion.

Cleri. How cruel ! I could not have expected that from her. But has she fixed her heart upon a match with this other gentleman ?

Miss Har. Why, truly I think she has : but my will in this affair ought, and shall be consulted.

Cleri. It is highly proper, madam. Your long acquaintance with the world—

Miss Har. Long acquaintance, sir ! I have a few years experience only.

Cleri. That is, your good sense, ma'am—Oh ! confound my tongue ! how that slipt from me. [*Aside.*]—Your good sense,—your early good sense,—and—and—inclinations should be consulted.

Miss Har. And they shall, sir. Hark ! I hear her coming. I'll leave you this opportunity to speak to her once more, and try to win her over by persuasion. It will make things easy if you can. I am gone, sir. [*Curtsies affectedly, and exit.*]

Cleri. The happiness of my life will be owing to you, madam.—The woman is really better-natured than I thought. She comes, the lovely tyrant comes !

Enter Mrs HARLOW.

Cleri. She triumphs in her cruelty, and I am ruined. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. You seem uneasy, sir. I hope no misfortune—

Cleri. The severest misfortune !—you have broke my heart.

Mrs Har. I break your heart, sir ?

Cleri. Yes, cruel fair, you—you have undone me.

Mrs Har. How can that be, sir ?

Cleri. And you seem unconscious of the mischief you have made.

Mrs Har. Pray unriddle.

Cleri. Your sister has told me all.

Mrs Har. Ha! ha! what has she told you, sir?

Cleri. It may be sport to you, but to me 'tis death.

Mrs Har. What is death?

Cleri. The gentleman from India, madam—I have heard it all—you can give him a preference; you can blast my hopes, my fond delighted hopes, which you yourself had cherished.

Mrs Har. The gentleman is a very good sort of a man.

Cleri. She loves him, I see—[*Aside.*—]madam, I perceive my doom is fixed, and fixed by you.

Mrs Har. How have I fixed your doom?—If I speak favourably of Captain Cape, it is no more than he deserves.

Cleri. Distraction! I cannot bear this— [*Aside.*

Mrs Har. I believe there is nobody that knows the gentleman, but will give him his due praise.

Cleri. Love! love! love! [*Aside.*

Mrs Har. And besides, his claim is in fact prior to yours.

Cleri. And must love be governed, like the business of mechanics, by the laws of tyrant custom? Can you think so, madam?

Mrs Har. Why, sir, you know I am not in love.

Cleri. Confusion!—No, madam, I see you are not.

Mrs Har. And really, sir, reasonably speaking, my sister is for treating Captain Cape very ill. He has been dancing attendance here these three years.

Cleri. Yet that you knew, when you were pleased to fan the rising flame that matchless beauty had kindled in my heart.

Mrs Har. Matchless beauty!—ha! ha!—I cannot but laugh at that. [*Aside.*

Cleri. Laugh, madam, if you will, at the pangs you yourself occasion: yes, triumph, if you will: I am resigned to my fate, since you will have it so.

Mrs Har. I have it so!—you seem to frighten yourself without cause. If I speak favourably of any body else, what then? I am not to marry him, you know.

Cleri. An't you?

Mrs Har. I!—No, truly; thank heaven!

Cleri. She revives me. [*Aside.*]

Mrs Har. That must be as my sister pleases.

Cleri. Must it?

Mrs Har. Must it! To be sure it must.

Cleri. And may I hope some interest in your heart?

Mrs Har. My heart, sir!

Cleri. While it is divided, while another has possession of but part of it—

Mrs Har. I don't understand him! Why, it has been given away long ago.

Cleri. I pray you, do not tyrannize me thus with alternate doubts and fears. If you will but bless me with the least kind return—

Mrs Har. Kind return! what, would you have me fall in love with you?

Cleri. It will be generous to him who adores you.

Mrs Har. Adore me!

Cleri. Even to idolatry.

Mrs Har. What can he mean?—I thought my sister was the object of your adoration.

Cleri. Your sister, ma'am! I shall ever respect her as my friend on this occasion, but love—no—no—she is no object for that.

Mrs Har. No!

Cleri. She may have been handsome in her time, but that has been all over long ago.

Mrs Har. Well! this is charming—I wish she heard him now, with her new-fangled airs. [*Aside.*] But let me understand you, sir: adore me?

Cleri. You!—you! and only you! by this fair hand—[*Kisses it.*]

- *Mrs Har.* Hold, hold. This is going too far.— But pray, sir, have you really conceived a passion for me?

Cleri. You know I have; a passion of the tenderest nature.

Mrs Har. And was that your drift in coming hither?

Cleri. What else could induce me?

Mrs Har. And introduced yourself here to have an opportunity of speaking to me?

Cleri. My angel! don't torment me thus.

Mrs Har. Angel! and what do you suppose Mr Harlow will say to this?

Cleri. Oh! ma'am—he! he approves my passion.

Mrs Har. Does he really? I must speak to him about that.

Cleri. Do so, ma'am, you will find me a man of more honour than to deceive you.

Mrs Har. Well! it will be whimsical enough if he does. And my sister too, this will be a charming discovery for her. [*Aside.*—Ha! ha! well! really, sir, this is mighty odd. I'll speak to Mr Harlow about this matter, and you shall know his answer. [*Going.*]

Cleri. And may I then flatter myself?

Mrs Har. Oh! to be sure; such an honourable project! I'll step to him this moment; and then, sister, I shall make such a piece of work for you.

[*Exit.*]

Cleri. Very well, ma'am, see Mr Harlow: he will confirm it all. While there is life there is hope. To lose that matchless beauty, were the worst misery in the power of fortune to heap upon me.

Enter Miss HARLOW.

Miss Har. I beg pardon for leaving you all this time.—Well, sir, what says my sister?

Cleri. She has given me some glimmering hopes.

Miss Har. Don't be uneasy about her ; it shall be as I please—

Cleri. But with her own free consent it would be better : however, to you I am bound by every tie, and thus let me seal a vow—(*Kisses her hand.*)

Miss Har. He certainly is a very passionate lover. He is ready to eat my hand up with kisses. I wish my sister saw this. [*Aside.*] Hush ! I hear Captain Cape's voice. The hideous sea-monster ! he is coming this way. I would not see him again for the world. I'll withdraw for a moment, sir. You'll excuse me : [*Kisses her hand and curtsies very low.*] your most obedient—Oh ! he is a charming man.

[*Curtsies, and exit.*]

Enter Captain CAPE.

Capt. C. There she goes, the perfidious—Sir, I understand your name is Clerimont.

Cleri. At your service, sir.

Capt. C. Then, draw this moment.

Cleri. Draw, sir ! for what ?

Capt. C. No evasion, sir.

Cleri. Explain the cause.

Capt. C. The cause is too plain : your making love to that lady, who went out there this moment.

Cleri. That lady ! not I, upon my honour, sir.

Capt. C. No shuffling, sir, draw.

Cleri. Sir, I can repel an injury like this : but your quarrel is groundless. And, sir, if ever I made love to that lady, I will lay my bosom naked to your sword. That lady !—I resign all manner of pretension to her.

Capt. C. You resign her ?

Cleri. Entirely.

Capt. C. Then I am pacified. [*Puts up his sword.*]

Cleri. Upon my word, sir, I never so much as thought of the lady.

Enter Mr Harlow.

Mr Har. So, sir, fine doings you have been carrying on here!

Cleri. Sir!

Mr Har. You have been attempting my wife, I find.

Cleri. Upon my word, Mr Harlow—

Mr Har. You have behaved in a very base manner, and I insist upon satisfaction. [*Draws his sword.*]

Cleri. This is the strangest accident! I assure you, sir,—only give me leave.

Mr Har. I will not give you leave—I insist—

Capt. C. Nay, Mr Harlow. This is neither time nor place: and besides, hear the gentleman; I have been over-hasty, and he has satisfied me: only hear him.

Mr Har. Sir, I will believe my own wife. Come on, sir.

Cleri. Without cause I cannot: I have no quarrel, sir. You may believe me, Mr Harlow, when I assure you, that I came into this house upon honourable principles: induced, sir, by my regard for Miss Harlow.

Capt. C. For Miss Harlow!—zounds! draw this moment.

Cleri. Again! this is downright madness: two upon me at once! you will murder me between you.

Mr Har. There is one too many upon him sure enough: and so, captain, put up your sword.

Capt. C. Resign your pretensions to Miss Harlow.

Cleri. Resign Miss Harlow!—not for the universe: in her cause I can be as ready as any bravo of ye all. [*Draws his sword.*]

Mr Har. For heaven's sake, Captain Cape, moderate your anger; this is neither time nor place. I have been too rash myself: I beg you will be paci-

fied. [*He puts up.*].—Mr Clerimont, sheathe your sword.

Cleri. I obey, sir.

Mr Har. Captain Cape, how can you? you promised me you would let things take their course? if my sister will marry the gentleman, how is he to blame?

Capt. C. Well argued, sir: I have done.—She is a worthless woman, that's all.

Cleri. A worthless woman, sir!

Capt. C. Ay! worthless.

Cleri. Damnation!—Draw, sir!

Mr Har. Nay, now, Mr Clerimont, you are too warm; and there's a gentleman coming—this is your uncle, I suppose?

Cleri. It is, and he comes opportunely.

Enter Mr HEARTWELL.

Mr Har. [*Aside.*] I'll waive all disputes now, that I may conclude my sister's marriage.

Heart. My nephew has informed me, sir, of the honour you have done him, and I am come to ratify the treaty by my consent.

Mr Har. I thought it necessary to have the advice of Mr Clerimont's friends, as he is very young, and my sister not very handsome.

Cleri. She is an angel, sir.

Heart. Patience, Charles, patience.—My nephew's estate will provide for his eldest born, and upon the younger branches of his marriage, I mean to settle my fortune.

Mr Har. Generously spoken, sir, and after that declaration, there is no occasion for delay. Who waits there?—tell the ladies they are wanted.

Heart. I have ever loved my nephew, and since he tells me he has made a good choice, I shall be glad to see him happy.

Capt. C. But, sir, let me tell you, that your nephew has used me basely, and, sir—

Mr Har. Po! Captain Cape, now you are wrong again; every thing was settled between us in the other room: recollect yourself; I beg you will—Oh! here come the ladies.

Enter Mrs HARLOW and Miss HARLOW.

Miss Har. Now, sister, you shall see that I have completed my conquest.

Cler. At length I am happy, indeed! my lovely charming bride! thus let me snatch thee to my heart, and thus, and thus—[*Embraces Mrs HARLOW.*]

Mr Har. Death and distraction! before my face? —[*Pushing him away.*]

Cleri. Pr'ythee, indulge my transport; my life, my angel!

Mr Har. I desire you will desist, sir; these liberties may provoke me too far.

Cler. Nay, nay, pr'ythee be quiet; my charming, charming wife!

Mr Har. That lady is not your wife.

Cleri. How! my wife! not my wife!—extasy and bliss!

Mr Har. Come, come, sir, this is too much; I desire—

Cleri. Ha! ha! you are very pleasant, sir.

Mr Har. This is downright madness, but it shall not excuse you: that lady is my wife.

Cleri. Sir!

Mr Har. I say, sir, that lady is my wife.

Capt. C. Ha! ha! I see through this; it is a comedy of errors, I believe. [*Sings.*]

Heart. What does all this mean?

Cleri. Your wife, sir?

Mr Har. Yes, my wife; and there is my sister, if you please to take her.

Cleri. Sir?

Mr Har. Sir, this is the lady whom you have desired in marriage.

Cleri. Who I, sir? I beg your pardon: that lady I took to be your wife [*Pointing to Miss HARLOW.*]—and that lady [*Pointing to Mrs HARLOW*] I took to be your sister.

Capt. C. and Mrs Har. Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. How! how is this? have I been made a fool of all this time? furies! torture! madness!

Capt. C. Ha! ha!—my lady fair is taken in, I think.

Mrs Har. Sister, the men don't see with my eyes—ha! ha!

Capt. C. Ha! ha! the gentleman is no dangler, ma'am.

Mrs Har. This is a complete conquest my sister has made.

Miss Har. I can't bear this—sir, I desire I may not be made a jest of—did not you solicit me? importune me?

Cleri. For your interest in that lady, whom I took for Miss Harlow. I beg your pardon if I am mistaken; I hope there is no harm done.

Miss Har. Yes, sir, but there is harm done. I am made sport of; exposed to derision—Oh! I cannot bear this—I cannot bear it.—[*Cries.*]

Mrs Har. Don't cry, sister; some faces preserve their bloom longer than others you know—ha! ha!

Capt. C. Loll toll loll—

Heart. This is all a riddle to me: is that lady your wife, sir?

Mr Har. She is, sir.

Heart. And pray, nephew, you took that lady for Mr Harlow's sister, I suppose?

Cleri. I did, sir. I beg pardon for the trouble I have given—I am in such confusion, I can hardly—

Heart. Well, well! the thing is cleared up, and

you have been proceeding upon a mistake. But you should have known what ground you went upon—ha! ha! I can't help laughing neither.

Mr Har. Why, faith, nor I—ha! ha!

Cleri. Since matters have turned out so unexpectedly, I beg pardon for my mistake, and, sir, I take my leave—[*Going.*]

Miss Har. And will you treat me in this manner, sir? Will you draw me into such a scrape, and not—

Cleri. Madam, that gentleman would cut my throat; his claim is prior to mine; and, I dare say, he will be very glad to be reconciled.

Miss Har. You are a base man, then, and I reject you.—Captain Cape, I see my error, and I resign myself to you.

Capt. C. No, madam, I beg to be excused. I have been a dangler too long. I ought to have been a brisker lover. I shall endeavour to survive it, madam; I won't do myself a mischief: I have my answer, and I am off, madam. Loll, toll loll!

Mrs Har. Ha! ha! I told you this, my dear sister.

Cleri. Madam, I dare say the gentleman will think better of it. Mr Harlow, I am sorry for all this confusion, and I beg pardon of the whole company for my mistake. Mrs Harlow, I wish you all happiness, ma'am—Angelic creature! what a misfortune to lose her! [Bows and exit.]

Capt. C. And I will follow his example—Miss Harlow, I wish you all happiness. Angelic creature! what a misfortune to lose her!—Upon my soul, I think you a most admirable jilt, and so now you may go, and bewail your virginity in the mountains—lo! toll loll! [Exit.]

Miss Har. Oh! oh! I can't bear to be thus disgraced. I'll go and hide myself from the world for ever. The men are all savages, barbarians, monsters, and I hate the whole sex. [Exit.]

Mrs Har. My dear sister, with her beauty and her conquests, ha! ha!

Mr Har. Ha! ha! whimsical and ridiculous!

Heart. Sir, my nephew is young; I am sorry for this scene of errors, and I hope you'll ascribe the whole to his inexperience.

Mr Har. I certainly shall, sir.

Mrs Har. I cautioned my sister sufficiently about this matter, but vanity got the better of her, and leaves her now a whimsical instance of folly and affectation.

In vain the *Faded Toast* her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For Ridicule, sly peeping o'er her head,
Will point the roses and the lilies dead;
And while, fond soul! she weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a subject of the comic strain.

[*Exeunt.*]

**THE
MILLER OF MANSFIELD;**

**A
DRAMATIC TALE.**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.**

**BY
R. DODSLEY.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The KING,
The MILLER,
RICHARD, (the Miller's son)
Lord LUREWELL,
COURTIERS and
KEEPERS of the Forest.

Mr Cibber.
Mr Miller.
Mr Berry.
Mr Este.

PEGGY,
MARGERY,
KATE,

Mrs Pritchard.
Mrs Bennet.
Mrs Cross.

SCENE,—*Sherwood Forest.*

THE
MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

SCENE I.—*Sherwood Forest.*

Enter several Courtiers as lost.

First C. 'Tis horrid dark ! and this wood, I believe, has neither end nor side.

Fourth C. You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you see.

Second C. I wish our good King Harry had kept nearer home to hunt ; in my mind, the pretty, tame deer in London make much better sport than the wild ones in Sherwood forest.

Third C. I can't tell which way his majesty went, nor whether any body is with him or not ; but let us keep together, pray.

Fourth C. Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourselves, whatever becomes of our master.

Second C. Well, it's a terrible thing to be lost in the dark.

Fourth C. It is. And yet it's so common a case, that one would not think it should be at all so. Why we are all of us lost in the dark every day of our

lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines lose us in dark mysteries; lawyers, in dark cases; and statesmen in dark intrigues. Nay, the light of reason, which we so much boast of, what is but a dark-lantern, which just serves to prevent us from running our nose against a post, perhaps; but it is no more able to lead us out of the dark mists of error and ignorance, in which we are lost, than an *ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this wood.

First C. But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And, for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkness, I believe.

Third C. Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on; we shall find some house or other by and by.

Fourth C. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the KING, alone.

King. No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost, indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shews me no respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed; but what now can my power command? Is he not greater, and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes? Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*]

Hark ! some villain sure is near ! What were it best to do ? Will my majesty protect me ? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER.

Mil. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there ?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Mil. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun ?

King. Not I indeed.

Mil. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie ! lie ! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. [*Aside.*] Upon my word, I don't.

Mil. Come, come, sirrah, confess ; you have shot one of the king's deer, have not you ?

King. No, indeed ; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Mil. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you ? what's your name ?

King. Name !

Mil. Name ! yes, name. Why, you have a name, have not you ? where do you come from ? what is your business here ?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Mil. May be so ; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think. So if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you ! what authority have you to—

Mil. The king's authority, if I must give you an account, sir. I am John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this Forest of Sherwood ; and I will let no suspected fellow pass

this way, that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority.

[*Aside.*

Very well, sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Mil. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chace leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Mil. This does not sound well; if you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Mil. If I thought I might believe this now—

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Mil. What! do you live at court, and not lie! that's a likely story, indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Mil. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath: here, take it again, and take this along with it——John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought——without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Mil. Thee! and thou! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourself at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Mil. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with any body before I know whether they deserve it or not.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Mil. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Mil. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Changes to the Town of Mansfield.*

DICK alone.

Dick. Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to see thy face again. But my heart aches, methinks, for fear this should be only a trick of theirs to get me into their power. Yet the letter seems to be wrote with an air of sincerity, I confess; and the girl was never used to lie till she kept a lord company. Let me see, I'll read it once more.

“DEAR RICHARD,

“I am at last (though much too late for me) convinced of the injury done to us both by that base man, who made me think you false; he contrived these letters which I send you, to make me think you just upon the point of being married to another, a thought I could not bear with patience: so, aiming at revenge on you, consented to my own undoing. But, for your own sake, I beg you to return hither, for I have some hopes of being able to do you justice, which is the only comfort of your most distressed, but ever affectionate

PEGGY.”

There can be no cheat in this, sure! The letters she has sent are, I think, a proof of her sincerity. Well, I will go to her, however: I cannot think she will again betray me: If she has as much tenderness left for me, as, in spite of her ill usage, I still feel for her, I'm sure she won't. Let me see, I am not far from the house, I believe. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Changes to a Room.*

PEGGY and PHOEBE.

Phoebe. Pray, madam, make yourself easy.

Peg. Ah! Phoebe, she that has lost her virtue has with it lost her ease, and all her happiness. Believing, cheated fool, to think him false!

Phoebe. Be patient, madam; I hope you will shortly be revenged on that deceitful lord.

Peg. I hope I shall, for that were just revenge. But will revenge make me happy? Will it excuse my falsehood? Will it restore me to the heart of my much-injured love? Ah! no. That blooming innocence he used to praise, and call the greatest beauty

of our sex, is gone. I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took such pains to quench.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

See who's there. O heavens, 'tis he! Alas! that ever I shou'd be ashamed to see the man I love!

Enter RICHARD, who stands looking on her at a distance, she weeping.

Dick. Well, Peggy, (but I suppose you're madam now in that fine dress) you see you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your falsehood; or am I to receive the slighted leavings of your fine lord?

Peg. O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confusion: but do not think so hardly of me; I stay'd not to be slighted by him, for the moment I discovered his vile plot on you, I fled his sight, nor could he ever prevail to see me since.

Dick. Ah, Peggy! you were too hasty in believing: and much I fear the vengeance aim'd at me, had other charms to recommend it to you: such bravery as that, [*Pointing to her clothes.*] I had not to bestow; but if a tender honest heart could please, you had it all; and if I wish'd for more, 'twas for your sake.

Peg. O Richard! when you consider the wicked stratagem he contrived, to make me think you base and deceitful, I hope you will, at least, pity my folly, and, in some measure, excuse my falsehood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

Dick. To be forced to fly from my friends and country, for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot easily forgive, to be sure; but if you are less guilty of it than I thought, I shall be very glad; and if your design be really, as you say, to clear me, and to expose the baseness of him that betray'd

and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propose to do this?

Peg. The king is now in this forest a-hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: now, I think, if we could take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice of one of his courtiers, it might, perhaps, have some effect upon him.

Dick. If we were suffer'd to make him sensible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of such little folks as we seldom reach the ears of majesty.

Peg. We can but try.

Dick. Well, if you will go with me to my father's, and stay there till such an opportunity happens, I shall believe you in earnest, and will join with you in your design.

Peg. I will do any thing to convince you of my sincerity, and to make satisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

Dick. Will you go now?

Peg. I'll be with you in less than an hour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Changes to the Mill.*

MARGERY and KATE *knitting.*

Kate. O dear, I would not see a spirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear stories of them. Well, and what then?

Mar. And so at last, in a dismal hollow tone it cry'd——

[*A knocking at the door frights them both; they scream out, and throw down their knitting.*]

Mar. and Kate. Lord bless us! what's that?

Kate. O dear mother, it's some judgment upon

us, I'm afraid. They say, talk of the devil, and he'll appear.

Mar. Kate, go and see who's at the door.

Kate. I durst not go, mother; do you go.

Mar. Come, let's both go.

Kate. Now don't speak as if you was afraid.

Mar. No, I won't if I can help it. Who's there?

Dick. [*Without.*] What! won't you let me in?

Kate. O gemini, it's like our Dick, I think: he's certainly dead, and it's his spirit.

Mar. Heaven forbid! I think in my heart it's he himself. Open the door, Kate.

Kate. Nay, do you.

Mar. Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the door.*]

Enter DICK.

Dick. Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

Mar. Dear child, I'm overjoyed to see thee; but I was so frightened, I did not know what to do.

Kate. Dear brother, I am glad to see you; how have you done this long while?

Dick. Very well, Kate. But where's my father?

Mar. He heard a gun go off just now, and he's gone to see who it is.

Dick. What, they love venison at Mansfield as well as ever, I suppose?

Kate. Ay, and they will have it too.

Mil. [*Without.*] Hoa! Madge! Kate! bring a light here.

Mar. Yonder he is.

Kate. Has he catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING and the MILLER.

Mar. Who have you got?

Mil. I have brought thee a stranger, Madge;

thou must give him a supper, and a lodging if thou can'st.

Mar. You have got a better stranger of your own, I can tell you: Dick's come.

Mil. Dick! where is he? why Dick! how is't, my lad?

Dick. Very well, I thank you, father.

King. A little more and you had push'd me down.

Mil. Faith, sir, you must excuse me; I was overjoy'd to see my boy. He has been at London, and I have not seen him these four years.

King. Well, I shall once in my life have the happiness of being treated as a common man, and of seeing human nature without disguise. [*Aside.*

Mil. What has brought thee home so unexpected?

Dick. You will know that presently.

Mil. Of that by-and-by then. We have got the king down in the forest a-hunting this season, and this honest gentleman, who came down with his majesty from London, has been with him to-day, it seems, and has lost his way. Come, Madge, see what thou can'st get for supper. Kill a couple of the best fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale. We are famous, sir, at Mansfield, for good ale, and for honest fellows that know how to drink it.

King. Good ale will be acceptable, at present, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your son to leave you, and go to London?

Mil. Why, that's a story which Dick, perhaps, won't like to have told.

King. Then I don't desire to hear it.

Enter KATE, with an earthen Pitcher of Ale and a Horn.

Mil. So, now do you go help your mother.—Sir, my hearty service to you.

King. Thank ye, sir.—This plain sincerity and freedom is a happiness unknown to kings. [*Aside.*

Mil. Come, sir.

King. Richard, my service to you.

Dick. Thank you, sir.

Mil. Well, Dick, and how dost thou like London? Come, tell us what thou hast seen.

Dick. Seen! I have seen the land of promise.

Mil. The land of promise! What dost thou mean?

Dick. The court, father.

Mil. Thou wilt never leave joking.

Dick. To be serious then, I have seen the disappointment of my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one would wish to see.

Mil. What! would the great man thou wast recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at last?

Dick. Why, yes; he would promise me to the last.

Mil. Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependants can eat promises?

Dick. No, no; they never trouble their heads to think whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his lordship several years, tantalized with hopes and expectations; this year promised one place, the next another, and the third, in sure and certain hope of—a disappointment. One falls, and it was promised before; another, and I am just half an hour too late; a third, and it stops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a vote; and, the sixth, I am promised still. But having thus slept away some years, I awoke from my dream; my lord, I found, was so far from having it in his power to get

a place for me, that he had been all this while seeking after one for himself.

Mil. Poor Dick ! And is plain honesty then a commendation to no place at court ?

Dick. It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing farther, nothing farther indeed. If you look higher, you must furnish yourself with other qualifications : You must learn to say Ay, or No ; to run, or stand ; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a stick at the word of command. You must be master of the arts of flattery, insinuation, dissimulation, application, and [*Pointing to his palm.*] right application too, if you hope to succeed.

King. You don't consider I am a courtier, methinks.

Dick. Not I, indeed ; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If in general my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault if it's disagreeable to your worship. There are particular exceptions, I own, and I hope you may be one.

King. Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, so let that pass. Here's better success to you the next time you come to London.

Dick. I thank ye ; but I don't design to see it again in haste.

Mil. No, no, Dick ; instead of depending upon lords' promises, depend upon the labour of thine own hands ; expect nothing but what thou can'st earn, and then thou wilt not be disappointed. But come, I want a description of London ; thou hast told us nothing thou hast seen yet.

Dick. O ! 'tis a fine place ! I have seen large houses and small hospitality ; great men do little actions ; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have seen the honest lawyers of Westminster-Hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of 'Change-Alley ; the politic madmen of coffee-houses, and the wise statesmen of Bedlam. I

have seen merry tragedies, and sad comedies ; devotion at an opera, and mirth at a sermon : I have seen fine clothes at St James's, and long bills at Ludgate-Hill. I have seen poor grandeur, and rich poverty ; high honours, and low flattery ; great pride, and no merit. In short, I have seen a fool with a title, a knave with a pension, and an honest man with a thread-bare coat. Pray how do you like London ?

Mil. And is this the best description thou can'st give of it ?

Dick. Yes.

King. Why, Richard, you are a satirist, I find.

Dick. I love to speak truth, sir ; if that happens to be satire, I can't help it.

Mil. Well ! if this is London, give me my country cottage ; which, though it is not a great house, nor a fine house, is my own house, and I can shew a receipt for the building on't. But come, sir, our supper, I believe, is ready for us by this time ; and to such as I have, you're welcome as a prince.

King. I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Changes to the Wood.*

Enter several Keepers.

First K. The report of a gun was somewhere this way, I'm sure.

Second K. Yes ; but I can never believe that any body would come a deer-stealing so dark a night as this.

Third K. Where did the deer harbour to-day ?

Fourth K. There was a herd lay upon Hamilton-Hill, another just by Robin Hood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

First K. Ay ; those they have been amongst.

Second K. But we shall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis so dark.

Third K. No, no ; let's go back again.

First K. Zoons ! you're afraid of a broken head, I suppose, if we should find 'em ; and so had rather slink back again. Hark ! stand close. I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the Courtiers.

First C. Did not you hear somebody just now ? Faith I begin to be afraid we shall meet with some misfortune to-night.

Second C. Why if any body should take what we have got, we have made a fine business of it.

Third C. Let them take it if they will ; I am so tired I shall make but small resistance.

[The Keepers rush upon them.]

Second K. Ay, rogues, rascals, and villains ; you have got it, have you ?

Second C. Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but use us civilly.

First K. O, yes, very civilly ; you deserve to be used civilly, to be sure.

Fourth C. Why, what have we done that we may not be civilly used ?

First K. Come, come, don't trifle, surrender.

First C. I have but three half-crowns about me.

Second C. Here's three and sixpence for you, gentlemen.

Third C. Here's my watch ; I have no money at all.

Fourth C. Indeed I have nothing in my pocket but a snuff-box.

Fourth K. What ! the dogs want to bribe us, do they ? No, rascals ; you shall go before the justice to-morrow, depend on't.

Fourth C. Before the justice ! What, for being robb'd ?

First K. For being robb'd! What do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

First C. Why, did not you just now demand our money, gentlemen?

Second K. O, the rascals! they will swear a robbery against us, I warrant.

Fourth C. A robbery! Ay to be sure.

First K. No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you have kill'd.

Fourth C. The devil take the deer, I say; he led us a chace of six hours, and got away from us at last.

First K. Zoons! ye dogs, do ye think to banter us? I tell ye you have this night shot one of the king's deer; did not we hear the gun go off? Did not we hear you say, you was afraid it should be taken from you?

Second C. We were afraid our money should be taken from us.

First K. Come, come, no more shuffling: I tell ye, you're all rogues, and we'll have you hang'd, you may depend on't. Come, let's take them to old Cockle's; we're not far off; we'll keep 'em there all night, and to-morrow morning we'll away with 'em before the justice.

Fourth C. A very pretty adventure! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Changes to the Mill.*

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, and DICK, at Supper.

Mil. Come, sir, you must mend a bad supper with a glass of good ale; here's King Harry's health.

King. With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's King Harry's health; I hope you are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

Dick. Yes, yes, sir, I'll drink the king's health with all my heart.

Mar. Come, sir, my humble service to you, and

much good may do ye with your poor supper ; I wish it had been better.

King. You need make no apologies.

Mar. We are obliged to your goodness in excusing our rudeness.

Mil. Pr'ythee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

Mar. Lord, husband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would take us all for hogs.

Mil. Now I think the more compliments the less manners.

King. I think so too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion ; the one has destroy'd all true piety, and the other all sincerity and plain-dealing.

Mil. Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too : give us thy hand, and let us drink and be merry.

King. Right, honest Miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song ?

Mil. Ah ! my singing days are over, but my man Joe has got an excellent one : and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

King. With all my heart.

Mil. Joe !

Enter JOE.

Mil. Come, Joe, drink, boy ; I have promised this gentleman that you shall sing him your last new song.

Joe. Well, master, if you have promised it him, he shall have it.

SONG.

How happy a state does the Miller possess !
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so dawb'd they're not fit to be
seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he wou'd mimick the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

Mil. There's a song for you.

King. He should go sing this at court, I think.

Dick. I believe, if he's wise, he will chuse to stay
at home though.

Enter PEGGY.

Mil. What wind blew you hither, pray? You have
a good share of impudence, or you wou'd be ashamed
to set your foot within my house, methinks.

Peg. Ashamed I am, indeed, but do not call me
impudent. [Weeps.

Dick. Dear father, suspend your anger for the pre-
sent; that she is here now is by my direction, and to
do me justice.

Peg. To do that is all that is now in my power;
for as to myself, I am ruin'd past redemption; my
character, my virtue, my peace, are gone: I am

abandoned by my friends, despised by the world, and exposed to misery and want.

King. Pray let me know the story of your misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my power to do something towards redressing them.

Peg. That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, shame will not let me speak, or hear it told. *[Exit.]*

King. She's very pretty.

Dick. O, sir, I once thought her an angel; I loved her dearer than my life, and did believe her passion was the same for me; but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to see her, her youth and blooming beauty presently struck his fancy; a thousand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; not even the promise of making her his wife, could prevail upon her: In a little time he found out her love to me, and, imagining this to be the cause of her refusal, he, by forged letters, and feign'd stories, contrived to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Possess'd with this opinion, she, in a rage, writes me word, never to see her more; and, in revenge, consented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor easy while I was so near her, he bribed one of his cast-off mistresses to swear a child to me, which she did: this was the occasion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

King. And how does she propose to do you justice?

Dick. Why, the king being now in this forest a-hunting, we design to take some opportunity of throwing ourselves at his majesty's feet, and complaining of the injustice done us by this noble villain.

Mil. Ah! Dick! I expect but little redress from such an application. Things of this nature are so common among the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jest of.

King. Those that can make a jest of what ought to be shocking to humanity, surely deserve not the name of great or noble men.

Dick. What do you think of it, sir? If you belong to the court, you, perhaps, may know something of the king's temper.

King. Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not suffer the greatest nobleman in his court, to do an injustice to the meanest subject in his kingdom. But pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of such actions as these?

Dick. Do you know my Lord Lurewell?

King. Yes.

Dick. That's the man.

King. Well, I would have you put your design in execution. 'Tis my opinion the king would not only hear your complaint, but redress your injuries.

Mil. I wish it may prove so.

Enter the Keepers leading in the Courtiers.

First K. Hola, Cockle! Where are ye? Why, man, we have nabbed a pack of rogues here just in the fact.

King. Ha, ha, ha! What, turned highwaymen, my lords? or deer-stealers?

First C. I am very glad to find your majesty in health and safety.

Second C. We have run through a great many perils and dangers to-night; but the joy of finding your majesty so unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have suffered.

Mil. and Dick. What! is this the king?

King. I am very glad to see you, my lords, I confess; and particularly you, my Lord Lurewell.

Lure. Your majesty does me honour.

King. Yes, my lord, and I will do you justice too;

your honour has been highly wronged by this young man.

Lure. Wronged, my liege !

King. I hope so, my lord ; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of baseness and treachery.

Lure. I hope your majesty will never find me so. What dares this villain say ?

Dick. I am not to be frightened, my lord. I dare speak truth at any time.

Lure. Whatever stains my honour must be false.

King. I know it must, my lord ; yet has this man, not knowing who I was, presumed to charge your lordship, not only with great injustice to himself, but also with ruining an innocent virgin whom he loved, and who was to have been his wife ; which, if true, were base and treacherous ; but I know 'tis false, and therefore leave it to your lordship to say what punishment I shall inflict upon him, for the injury done to your honour.

Lure. I thank your majesty. I will not be severe ; he shall only ask my pardon, and to-morrow morning be obliged to marry the creature he has traduced me with.

King. This is mild. Well, you hear your sentence.

Dick. May I not have leave to speak before your majesty ?

King. What canst thou say ?

Dick. If I had your majesty's permission, I believe I have certain witnesses which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accused his lordship of.

King. Produce them.

Dick. Peggy !

Enter PEGGY.

King. Do you know this woman, my lord ?

Lure. I know her, please your majesty, by sight ; she is a tenant's daughter.

Peg. [*Aside.*] Majesty! What, is this the king?

Dick. Yes.

King. Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

Lure. Hum—I have not seen her these several months.

Dick. True, my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for, I believe, I have some letters which will prove your lordship once had a more particular acquaintance with her. Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tenderest and most solemn protestations of love and constancy; here is another, which will inform your majesty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an absolute promise of marriage before he could accomplish it.

King. What say you, my lord? are these your hand?

Lure. I believe, please your majesty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl some time ago.

King. It was a little affair, my lord; a mean affair; and what you call gallantry, I call infamy. Do you think, my lord, that greatness gives a sanction to wickedness? Or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjust and inhumane? You remember the sentence which yourself pronounced upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it should pass on you who are guilty.

Lure. I hope your majesty will consider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

King. Your rank, my lord? Greatness that stoops to actions base and low, deserts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordship great? Is it your gilded equipage and dress? Then put it on your meanest slave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or estate? The villain that should plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No,

my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I therefore think you ought, in justice, to marry her you thus have wronged.

Peg. Let my tears thank your majesty. But, alas ! I am afraid to marry this young lord : that would only give him power to use me worse, and still increase my misery : I therefore beg your majesty will not command him to do it.

King. Rise then, and hear me.—My lord, you see how low the greatest nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an absolute promise of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your unworthiness, she has prudently declined to make you fulfil. I shall therefore not insist upon it ; but I command you, upon pain of my displeasure, immediately to settle on her three hundred pounds a-year.

Peg. May heaven reward your majesty's goodness ! 'Tis too much for me ; but if your majesty thinks fit, let it be settled upon this much-injured man, to make some satisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myself, I only sought to clear the innocence of him I loved and wronged, then hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

Dick. This act of generous virtue cancels all past failings ; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

Peg. You cannot sure forgive me !

Dick. I can, I do, and still will make you mine.

Peg. O ! why did I ever wrong such generous love ?

Dick. Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodness which has made us blest.

King. May you be happy.

Mil. [*Kneels.*] After I have seen so much of your majesty's goodness, I cannot despair of pardon, even for the rough usage your majesty received from me.

[*The King draws his sword, the Miller is*

frighted, and rises up, thinking he was going to kill him.]

What have I done that I should lose my life?

King. Kneel without fear. No, my good host, so far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honourable knight; so rise up, *Sir John Cockle*: and to support your state, and in some sort requite the pleasure you have done us, a thousand marks a-year shall be your revenue.

Mil. Your majesty's bounty I receive with thankfulness; I have been guilty of no meanness to obtain it, and hope I shall not be obliged to keep it upon base conditions; for though I am willing to be a faithful subject, I am resolved to be a free, and an honest man.

King. I rely upon your being so: and, to gain the friendship of such a one, I shall always think an addition to my happiness, though a king.

Worth, in whatever state, is sure a prize,
Which kings, of all men, ought not to despise;
By selfish sycophants so close besieged,
'Tis by mere chance a worthy man's obliged:
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue shall find protection from the throne.

COMUS;

A

MASQUE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

ALTERED FROM MILTON

BY

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COMUS,	<i>Mr Conway.</i>
Spirit,	<i>Mr Duruset.</i>
Elder Brother,	<i>Mr Abbott.</i>
Younger Brother,	<i>Miss Foote.</i>
Chief Bacchanals,	<i>Mr Incledon.</i>
	<i>Mr Sinclair.</i>
	<i>Mr Taylor.</i>
Lady,	<i>Mrs Faucit.</i>
1st Bacchante, Pastoral Nymph,	} <i>Miss Stephens.</i>
and the Song of Sweet Echo,	
2d Bacchante and Euphrosyne,	<i>Miss Matthews.</i>
3d Bacchante, and Sabrina,	<i>Mrs Bishop.</i>
4th Bacchante,	<i>Mrs Liston.</i>
5th Bacchante,	<i>Mrs Stirling.</i>

Bacchanals, Bacchantes, Spirits, &c.

COMUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Wilderness, with intricate Paths, in which are scattered wild Sweet-briars, Furzes, Broom, &c. all in bloom, with Cowslips, Primroses, &c. &c.

[The Spirit descends in an illumined Machine, to soft aerial Music.]

RECITATIVE.—*Spirit.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court,
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions wild, of calm and serene air,

AIR.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth; and with low-thoughted care
Confined and pestered to this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

[*Speaks.*]

But, to my task.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
On Circe's island fell: this nymph had by him a son,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named;
Who, in thick shelter of these shades embower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass.
Soon as the potion works, their human
Countenance is changed into some brutish
Form; and they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
I shoot from heav'n, to give him safe convoy.
But, first, I must take the likeness of a
Swain—I hear the tread of hateful steps.

[*Exit Spirit.*]

*The Stage is instantly illumined by COMUS's Crew,
who enter preceding COMUS, seated in a Car, and
drawn by Beasts.*

COMUS *rushes down the centre of the Stage.*

Comus. The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east;
Meanwhile welcome joy and feast!

SONG, *by a Bacchanal.*

I.

Now Phoebus sinketh in the west,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
'Topsy dance and jollity;
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.

II.

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice, with scrup'lous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.

Comus. We that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry choir,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wav'ring morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies, and the dapper elves.

SONG, *by a Bacchante.*

I.

By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What has night to do with sleep ?

II.

Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens love ;
Come, let us our rites begin !
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

Comus. Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport !
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecate ; and befriend
 Us, thy vow'd priests !
 Till the nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.

DUET, *by a Man and Woman.*

I.

From tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety ;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Time for ever on the wing.

II.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul ?
 No dull stinting hour we own ;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

Comus. Come ! knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe.

SONG.

Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

[Dance of Fauns and Satyrs.]

Break off, break off ! I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground :
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright. *[Exeunt all but COMUS.]*
 Some Virgin sure,
 (For so I can distinguish by my art)

Benighted in these woods.—Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. Thus I hurl

[*The Stage becomes darkened.*

My spells into the air. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager.

But see, she stops,

[*The Lady is heard to call in Song, “Halloo !”*]
and seems

As she’d address herself in song.

Enter LADY.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound
Of riot, and ill-managed mirth.—I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill’d insolence
Of such late rioters ; yet, O ! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?

Comus. [*Aside.*] I’ll ease her of that care, and be
her guide.

Lady. My brothers, when they saw me wearied
out,

Stepp’d, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
But where they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; ’tis likeliest
They had engaged their wand’ring steps too far :
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noises as I can make to be heard farthest,
I’ll venture, for my new-enliven’d spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

[*Exit.*

Lady sings behind.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
Within thy airy cell,

By slow meander 'margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well!
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere:
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smiled: I have oft heard
Of Mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
Yet, they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And sweet in madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.
But see, she approaches.

The Lady enters.

Hail! foreign wonder!
Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by bless'd song

Forbidding ev'ry bleak, unkindly fog,
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise,
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo,
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you
thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near ush'ring
guards?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf,
To seek i' th' valley some cool, friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded,
Lady?

Lady. They were but 'twain, and purposed quick
return.

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful
bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Comus. Two such I saw what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrows came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager, what readiest way would
bring me to that place?

Comus. I know each lane, and ev'ry alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood;
My daily walks, and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pillar rouse; or, grant it other-
wise,

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe till fur-
ther quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy offer'd service. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on!
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

SONG, *by a Bacchanal.*

I.

Fly swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft transports that beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures of love.

II.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a pain;
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love and wine give, ye gods, or take back what you gave.

Enter Nymph.

Bach. Turn not away, but listen to my strain,
That shall in pleasing slumber lull the sense,
And, sweet in madness, rob it of itself.

DUET.

She. O, thou wert born to please me,
He. My life, my only love!
She. Thro' all the woods I'll praise thee,
He. My rural queen of love!
She. Thus happy, never
He. jealous,
She. Can any harm
He. assail us,
She. Can any harm assail us, my shepherd of the grove?
He. Can any harm assail us, my rural queen of love?
She. Feel how my heart is beating, my shepherd of the
grove;
He. The pulse of life retreating, my rural queen of love!
He. The pulse of life retreating,
She. my shepherd of the grove;
He. Thus love's sweet poison drinking,
She. dear idol of my love!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Labyrinth.**The Stage dark.**Enter the Two Brothers.*

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair
moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness, and of shades.
Y. Bro. Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but know
The sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,

Or, 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm,
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears ;
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat.

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother ; be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk : and Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best, her nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day.
But he, that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

Eld. Bro. My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Y. Bro. What hidden strength ?

Eld. Bro. 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity ;
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,

Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds.
So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. [*A halloo heard.*

List, list; I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air.

Y. Bro. Methought so, too; what should it be?

Eld. Bro. Either some one, like us, night-founder'd here,

Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. Bro. Heaven keep my sister! [*Halloo.*] Again!
Again! and near!

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll halloo;
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and heaven be for us.

Enter Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

Y. Bro. That halloo I should know—what are
you? speak.

Spir. What voice is that? my young lord? speak
again.

Y. Bro. O, brother, 'tis my father's shepherd,
sure.

Spir. O, my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
Where is my virgin lady? Where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ah me, unhappy, then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis, pr'ythee,
briefly shew.

Spir. Within the bosom of this hideous wood,

Immur'd in Cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
 And wanton as his father. This I learnt,
 Tending my flocks hard by ; whence, night by night,
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl ;
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 T' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense.

[*A loud laugh.*

But, hark ! the beaten timbrel's jarring sound,
 And wild tumultuous mirth, proclaim their presence :
 Onward they move, and this way guide their steps.
 Let us withdraw a while.

[*They retire.*

[*The stage illumined by the torches of the crew.*

*Enter COMUS's Crew revelling. The Elder Brother
 advances and speaks.*

Eld. Bro. What are you ? Speak ! that thus in
 wanton riot

And midnight revelry, like drunken Bacchanals,
 Invade the silence of these lonely shades ?

1 Woman. Ye godlike youths,
 Bless the propitious star that led you to us ;
 We are the happiest of the race of mortals,
 Of Freedom, Mirth, and Joy the only heirs ;
 But you shall share with us ; for this cup,
 This nectar'd cup, the sweet assurance gives
 Of present, and the pledge of future bliss.

SONG

By a Man.

I.

By the gaily circling glass,
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old.

II.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

[She offers the cup, which they both put by.]

Eld. Bro. Forbear, nor offer us the poison'd
sweets.

2 Woman. Oh! how unseemly shews in blooming
youth

Such grey severity! but, come with us;
We to the bower of bliss will guide your steps.

SONG.

I.

Would you taste the noontide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter you.

II.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry Phoebus scorching round.

III.

Round, the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,
While on the hyacinth and rose,
The Fair does all alone repose.

IV.

All alone, and in her arms
Your breast may beat to Love's alarms,
Till blest, and blessing, you shall own
The joys of Love are joys alone.

Eld. Bro. How low sinks beauty, when by vice
debased!

Fair were that form, if virtue dwelt within;

But, from the wanton advocate of shame,
To me the warbled song harsh discord sounds.

2 *Woman*. No more ; these formal maxims misbe-
come you ;
They only suit suspicious shrivell'd age.

TRIO.

Live and love, enjoy the fair,
Banish sorrow, banish care ;
Mind not what old dotards say !
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to-day.
From the fruits of sweet delight,
Let not scare-crow virtue fright !
Here in pleasure's vineyard we
Rove like birds, from tree to tree,
Careless, airy, gay, and free !

Eld. Bro. How can your impious tongues pro-
fane the name
Of sacred virtue, and yet promise pleasure
In lying songs of vanity and vice ?
From virtue sever'd, pleasure phrenzy grows,
And always flies at reason's cool return.
But we forget—who hears the voice of reason,
In noisy riot, and intemperance drown'd ?
Thyrsis, be thou our guide.—We'll follow thee,
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

[*Exeunt the two Brothers and Spirit.*]

1 *Man*. Come, come, my friends, and partners of
my joys,
Leave to yon pedant youths their bookish dreams ;
A beardless cynic is the shame of Nature,
Beyond the cure of this inspiring cup ;
Away ! nor waste a moment more about 'em !

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair :

There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Bower of Comus.*

COMUS *and Attendants surround the Lady, who is seated in an Enchanted Chair.*

Comus. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity ;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

SONG.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity ;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, &c.

Comus. Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore !

SONG.—*Euphrosyne.*

I.

Come, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony reign here ;
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing slanders, wordy wars,
 In our presence will appear ;
 Love and harmony reign here.

II.

Sighs to amorous sighs returning,
 Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
 Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
 Words to speak those wishes wanting,
 Are the only tumults here,
 All the woes you need to fear ;
 Love and harmony reign here.

Lady. How long must I, by magic fetters chain'd
 To this detested seat, hear odious strains
 Of shameless folly, which my soul abhors ?

Comus. Now softly slow sweet Lydian airs attune,
 And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love.

Enter Pastoral Nymph, who advances slowly, with a melancholy and desponding air, to the side of the Stage. She is observed by EUPHROSYNE, who, by her gesture, expresses her different sentiments of the subject of her complaint, suitably to the character of their several Songs.

RECITATIVE.

How gentle was my Damon's air !
 Like sunny beams his golden hair,
 His voice was like the nightingale's,
 More sweet his breath than flowery vales.
 How hard such beauties to resign !
 And yet that cruel task is mine.

BALLAD.

I.

On every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

II.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
Groves, flocks, and mountains please no more;
Each flower in pity droops its head,
All Nature does my loss deplore:
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

RECITATIVE.—*Euphrosyne.*

Love, the greatest bliss below,
How to taste few women know;
Fewer still the way have hit
How a fickle swain to quit.
Simple Nymph, then learn of me,
How to treat inconstancy.

BALLAD.

I.

The wanton God, that pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the Nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

II.

Farewell lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free,
To rid me of dull company.

III.

They have charms whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease ;
 Nor jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

IV.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain ?
 All I ask of mortal man,
 Is to love me—while he can.

[*Exeunt EUPHROSYNE, and Pastoral Nymphs.*

Comus. Cast thine eyes around, and see
 How from every element,
 Nature's sweets are cull'd for thee,
 And her choicest blessings sent.
 Hither Summer, Autumn, Spring,
 Hither all your tributes bring ;
 All on bended knee be seen
 Paying homage to your Queen.

[*The Lady attempts to rise.*]

Nay, Lady, sit ; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all bound up in alabaster,
 And you a statue.

Lady. Fool, do not boast ;
 Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, altho' this corp'ral rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vex'd, Lady ? Why do you
 frown ?

Here dwell no frowns nor anger ; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts.
 And first behold this cordial julap here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds !

Lady. Know, base deluder, that I will not taste it ;
 Keep thy detested gifts for such as these.

[*Points to his Crew.*

Comus. Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to these dainty limbs, which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy;
That have been tired all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted? But, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the Cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? Hence with thy brew'd enchant-
ments!

Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets
I would not taste thy treas'nous offer—None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.
Shall I go on, or have I said enough?

Comus. Enough to show
That you are cheated by the lying boasts
Of starving Pedants, that affect a fame
From scorning pleasure, which they cannot reach.

SONG.

I.

Preach me not your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell!
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

II.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long, if lost in care;
They only live, who life enjoy.

Comus. List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that same vaunted name, virginity.

What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;
 Think what, and be advised;—you are but young
 yet;

This will inform you soon. One sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*[The Brothers rush in with their Swords drawn,
 and wrest the Glass out of his hand. He and
 his Rout are all driven out.]*

Enter the Spirit.

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter
 'scape?

O, ye mistook! you should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
 We cannot free the Lady, that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless;—
 Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
 There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 That sways the Severn stream: she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song.

INVOCATION.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*—(*Spirit.*)

Sabrina, goddess, hear!
 We implore thy powerful hand,
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true Virgin here distress'd;
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest Enchanter vile.

[Music.]

[The Spirit waves, and the Scene changes.]

SCENE II.

Sabrina's Sub-marine Palace.

She rises from the Water, surrounded by her attendant Nymphs, &c.

RECITATIVE.—*Sabrina.*

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity ;
Brightest Lady, look on me !
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast,
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure :
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;
Next, this marble venom'd seat
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms, moist and cold—
Now the spell hath lost its hold ;

[The Lady rises out of her Seat ; the Brothers embrace her tenderly.]

And I must haste, ere morning hour,
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Eld. Bro. Inform us, Thyrsis, if for this thine aid,
We aught can pay that equals thy desert.

Spir. Pay it to heaven ! There my mansion is.

RECITATIVE.—*Spirit.*

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

AIR.

Mortals that would happy be,
Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

CHORUS.

Mortals that would happy be, &c. &c.

*[While the Spirit is carried away in his Aerial Car,
the Naiades and Nereides perform a Dance.]*

FINIS.



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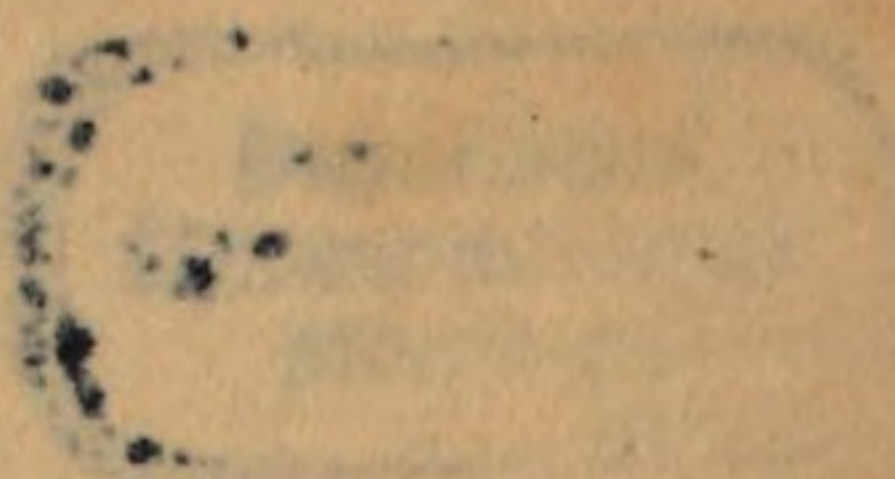
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